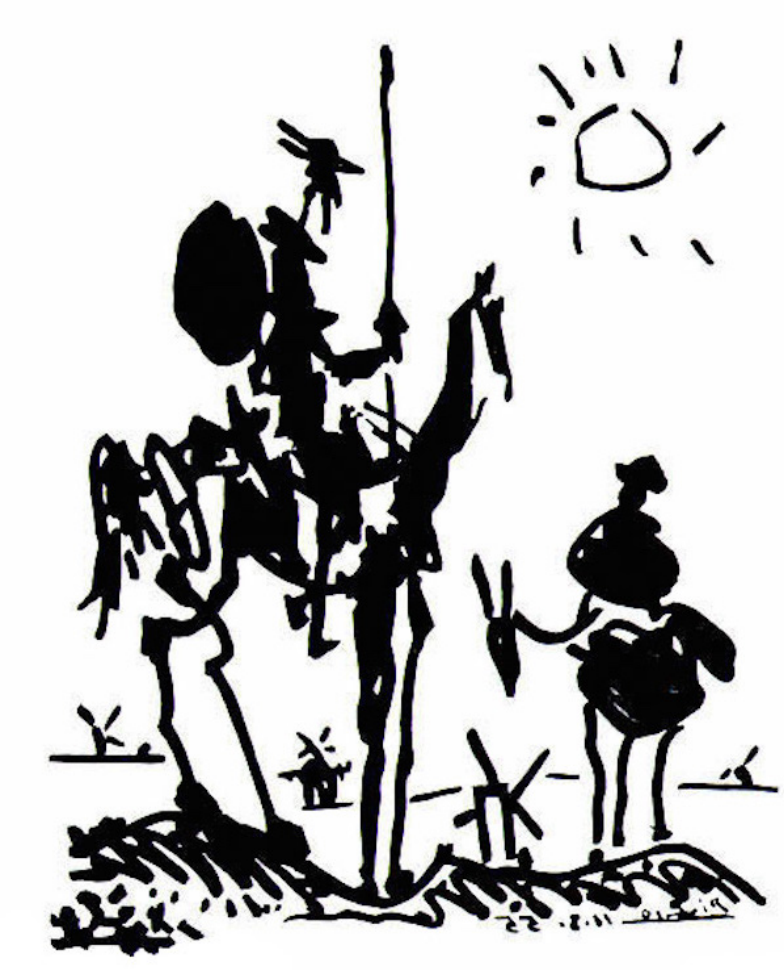
The Call of the Eternal

A Conversation With My Self



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

– Yaj Ekim –

Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on eternity, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Breadcrumbs, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never has been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as

everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Eternity/Eternal, Awareness, Timeless, Stillness, Moment, right k right now, right-now, right here, right-here, here now, here-now, Ever-Present. Mystery, God, Absolute/Absoluteness, Supreme, Creation, Genesis, Big Bang, Infinity/Infinite, Oblivion, Void, Abyss, Nothing/Nothingness, Sentience, Consciousness, Awake/Awakeness, Ephemeral,

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
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Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
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Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
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The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
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The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
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To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
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Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

The Stillness Before Time

I

You are the source,
The quantum ocean,
The absolute supreme,
The eternal unicity of isness.

III

Manifestation is simply mask after mask,
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing an eternal game of hide-and-seek.

IV

This fleeting mystery is a whimsical kaleidoscope.
An eternal, immortal weaving; without beginning, without end.
A boundless, indivisible ocean of light and shadow, in which all forms dance.
All one can observe of the mystery, are the countless manifestations;
Never the dispassionate, unwavering witness beneath.

V

Put aside all hope, all gain and loss, all dreams of glory;
All yearning, hate, anger, fear, envy, and jealousy;
All dread of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
Your mind-body is but a temporal dream.
You are eternal, sovereign, absolute.

* * * *

You are a window to the eternal,
But must part the tattered curtains,
And wipe away the smudge, to see it.

* * * *

Whether you were born by chance,
Or chose your parents through karmic design;
Whether you exist just once, or well past a gazillion times,
With a succession of identities playing out through the abyss of eternity;
From the indivisible perspective, it is all very much the same.

VI

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

IX

What is enlightenment but simply awakening,
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that eternal state of mind.

X

Since the dawn of consciousness, mind has grappled,
With the mystery of birth and death, creation and destruction.
It has used every device to explain that which is beyond all description.
Only in complete surrender to the awareness prior to thought's linear conceptions,
Can there be any insight into the choicelessness of the eternal indivisibility.

* * * *

Unconditioned, immutable, changeless, untamed, amoral, lawless,
Unburdened, nameless, imperishable, timeless, formless,
Eternal, sovereign, total, absolute, supreme.
Apt descriptions of those rare few,
Who discern and reside in the immortal origin.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

XII

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past,
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious presence, the ether of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature, thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

XIII

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

XIV

To own your birthright, you become less and less entwined,
In the distracting narrowness, the limitations of self-absorption.
You intuitively fathom expansiveness, in every moment possible.
It is the end of paradigms emerging from any mythology.
It is the ever-timeless realization of the eternal.

XVI

The tombs in which you cloak your vanity cannot lock out the dust of eternity.

XVII

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

XIX

The countless sanctuaries and monuments humanity has built,
Pointlessly clutch at that which can never be possessed.
All temples, all forms, are as dust to the eternal.
Mankind's organizing the spiritual quest,
Arises from the mind's ceaselessly futile attempts,
To fabricate an order upon that which can never be tamed.

* * * *

Just as you have looked down at an arm and hand, or a leg and foot,
So has every other human who has ever been, or will ever be.
Your uniqueness is pervaded by an eternal commonality.

XXIV

To discern serenity, you may well know the calamity and horror of battle.
To discern integrity, you may, indeed, be a great liar, cheat, or thief.
To discern compassion, you may have caused much suffering.
To discern discipline, you may have partaken thoroughly every excess.
To discern the unicity of all creation, you may have withstood great divisiveness.
Sometimes those most fragmented without, are nearest to realizing the eternal nature within.

XXVI

From genesis to now,
Life's origin to now,
Human evolution to now,
Geographical separation to now,
Technological advancement to now,
Your own mortal birth to now;
Timelines within timelines,
Linear, dualistic, divisive.
Unify them effortlessly within.
Eternity is ever the timeless nowness.

XXVIII

Who sees the wind tipping the trees in spring?
Hears the busy chatter of squirrels chasing?
Smells the mid-afternoon coffee brewing?
Feels the piercing of the kitten's playful claws?
Tastes the chilled chocolate melting?
Who has all those memories?
All that knowledge and capability?
All those assorted opinions and values?
Who desires, dreads, angers, laughs, suffers?
You do.
You are the power, the light, a drop of all that is, and is not.
You are creator, quantum dancer, eternally, immortally absolute.

* * * *

You have always been an eternal being.
There has never been one moment when you were not.
All you need do is discern it, and allow the witness to take wing within.

* * * *

A drug may help you find it, but cannot keep you there for long.
The challenge is to perceive eternity in the everyday mundane.

XXIX

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the eternal has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil incarnate.
It is nothing more than a concept inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most eternally are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic absurdity.

XXX

Look back closely at your life.
See how every moment was necessary,
For you to arrive at this apparent point in time.
That it has all been completely, perfectly, effortlessly,
Choreographed, costumed, un-rehearsed, for the original run.
An epic, time-bound play, produced and directed by You, starring You.
Be on good terms with your spontaneous, manifesting reverie.
Enjoy the myriad players appearing in your production.
All are teachers and students in your eternal journey.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey; its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve, very much alone, in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space and time, of consciousness, with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery, born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces, in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading. One that attempts to look beyond humankind's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions. One that values insight and wisdom. One that elevates rather than detracts. One that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball garden, and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique, among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will, toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis, awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them, must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since long before history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance, has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate, for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations, to create solutions to problems, all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped, that time and space, do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions, the choices, each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing, of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow, with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises, and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity, to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic

solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis, well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant, in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out, in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples, crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs, each and every one of us envision and translate differently. Thoughts of culture, tradition, ethnicity, gender, morality, currency, politics, religion, ad infinitum, inspire an array of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments, over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, make-believe, fantasy, whimsey, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions, born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe, in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast, for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, that it is lead dancer in its spirit-mind-body chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time, in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence, are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation, can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion, more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth, in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual spirit-mind-body plays out incalculable variations of the passions born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset, fabricates, in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything, but through the conditioned choices of imagination, that some call free

will. Those who discern their own law, see this manifest play far differently than those, who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections, is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature, to become that to which they aspire. Intuitively, spontaneously free, to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision, are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the dreamtime to which all are witness. It is a vision so spaceless, so timeless, so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be intrinsic to all creation, from You, to the farthest reaches and beyond.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. More than very unlikely, in fact. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we as a species are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective ignorance, avarice, hedonism, narcissism, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window, our tiny little scratch of the timeline. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following disingenuous leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, space-bound, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment, in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline; as fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive, within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures small to great, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am, to which mystics across the world, throughout time, point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough, to see clearly, that the ethereal thing called truth, is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness, imbued equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all, to see that every form born of space-time, is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind’s eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes,

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every dreamtime imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind; the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions, that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life, than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality, is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is sky to all the cloudy creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the indivisible oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality, that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything, from the smallest particle of an atom, to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as discerned through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness, of

isness, of hereness, of nowness, is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements, are born of the illusion of the quantum matrix of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name You might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if You fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

2

No religion, no creed, no dogma in this world, or any other, speaks for that which is God.
They are all like blind men arguing over their limited perceptions of the elephant.
The dream is ever a mystery; none have ever owned it, and none ever will.

* * * *

The human paradigm is nothing more than a game of pretend,
A brief, mortal epic of seed lines strung like pearls,
Through a theater of consciousness.
And You, solitary witness,
To every possibility under the sun.

* * * *

The endless permutations of nature-nurture,
Of culture, of creed, of politics, of economics, of anything,
Are without conclusion, yet ever born, ever sculpted,
Of the same imaginary distillation of mind.

* * * *

You are neither the world nor the universe.
You are the indivisible that is witness prior to all creation.
You are the infinite awareness, the singularity,
Of all that is, and all that is not.

* * * *

Immortality is not found in the body,
Nor in the time-bound legacies of history books.
It is ever in the seamless awareness of the indivisible moment.
It is the eternal You, that peers out through the senses,
Into the dreamtime they and mind create.

* * * *

Every instant is an orchestrated streaming,
Of creation, preservation, destruction,
The trilogy of dreamtime's ever-present dynamic.
Name it whatever You will, the source of this boundless mystery,
Is equally the same for the smallest as it is the greatest.

* * * *

To learn from history is one thing, to allow the past to dominate the present, another.
Every generation must play the hand they are dealt, in the time they are allotted.
Your ancestors had their time, You have yours, your progeny will have theirs.
The traditions, the patterns, that worked at one point, may not in another.
To grapple with the present with a mind that is present is the highest order.

3

That source, that origin, that fount, that nucleus, which is called by many names,
Is prior to any sensory theater, prior to all forms small to great,
Prior to any whimsical certitudes of imagination,
Prior to any notion of this or that,
Prior to all dualities,
Prior to every definition,
Inspired by the myriad other.

* * * *

This ephemeral awareness belongs to no one.
It is the ether that permeates all things, transcends all things.
There are no individuals but in the imaginary reveries,
Of the ever-changing theater of consciousness.
Prior to consciousness, there is only You,
In the greatest, most profound sense.

* * * *

There are no religious wars, only dogmatic ones.
There is only one source, and it cannot be bound,
By the confining definitions of human limitation.

* * * *

You are it, it is You, there is no other.
No need to pray or weep for forgiveness,
Or worship some symbol, carving, or concept.

* * * *

What is it like to live one's life,
Unburdened by the worries of the world?
Simply look out into the garden in which children play.

* * * *

Those who can still their minds in detachment,
Are far more powerful than those who so many consider great.
For they do not fear death, they do not fear oblivion.
They are one with the source of all things.

* * * *

So many assertions, so many delusions, so many distractions, so many deceptions.
The spiritual quest is not about power, fame, fortune, or any vanity.
It is not about scriptures, edifices, or empires.
It is all about You,
The real and true and only You.

4

Our kind seems headed,
Toward an unprecedented cataclysm,
And in the grand schema of things, does it really matter?
Each of us answers that eternal question in the way we carry out our daily lives,
But it is synergistically, that the dice are cast and futures told.
So down the fated river we bob and weave,
All alone, all together,
Players in the history of mind.

* * * *

Humanity is a species fixated on the past,
On history, tradition, ritual, formula, this concept or that.
How challenging it is to view the streaming moment with fresh, clear eyes.
Our narcissistic vision is veiled by all we think we know.
We are blind to the mystery of Eden.

* * * *

Discerning the nature of truth,
Is not about comfort.
It not about pleasure diluting pain.
It is merely the essential point of eternal singularity,
From which all creation springs, and to which all creation succumbs.
Far too simple for all the thoughts, spinning ever again,
To decisively grasp the inexplicable.

* * * *

All purpose, all meaning,
Is the fabrication of consciousness.
The nothingness from which all things spring,
Is indivisibly absolute, with neither cause nor direction.
How can there be any permanence in manifest time and space,
In that which is no more than a sensory figment of temporal imagination?

* * * *

To declare yourself either believer or atheist,
Implies that You somehow know something to be true,
In the ultimate who, what, where, when, why, how conundrum.
Something that in reality cannot be known by anyone, anywhere, anytime.
Belief, faith, and hope are useless, delusional security blankets;
Vain pacifiers of the mind's fear of the unknown.
An agnostic vision is the only truthful, accurate stance.
Even Self does not know how this amazing mystery came to be.
The nowness that is, has ever been, will ever be, is all any can truly know.

5

You can only see,
What You are capable of seeing.
You can only hear, what You are capable of hearing.
You can only taste, smell, and feel what You are capable of tasting, smelling, and feeling.
And in reality, You are truly seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling,
Your Self cloaked in every form, every disguise imaginable.

* * * *

History is about individuals and all their groupings,
The synergies of every blend of cooperation and competition,
All played out on an eternal stage, indifferent to existence or extinction.

* * * *

It is really all about patterns within patterns within patterns.
Infinitesimal, miniscule, tiny, small, medium, large,
Huge, immense, practically infinite patterns.
Patterns of all the swirling elements,
Of earth, air, water, and fire,
All grandly, indivisibly woven together,
Within the infinite quantum-ether-hologram-matrix-mystery.
Everything dancing its interpretation of Self away,
From every little way, unto the greatest.

* * * *

The quantum is the building block of the mind.
It is the nuclear cornerstone, the infinite creator,
Of the timeless, sovereign, immortal indivisibility.

* * * *

We each play out our little role,
In the unfolding dreamtime of future-past.
After the ending, it will be as it was before the beginning,
But for the unfolding now, it seems real enough to do whatever calls us,
In that which is, in the largest sense, the Song of God.

* * * *

What is existence but an entirely imagined script,
A genetic lottery, in which no one has ever had any choice, any voice,
In the body they are given … in their family, ethnicity, gender, constitution, mental acuity,
Geography, culture, caste, creed, socio-economic level, language, education,
And the capacities and limitations, all variables together play out.
To assert any have even a mere sliver of free will,
Is in itself a very dubious claim.

6

It is from the grass roots,
From those who recognize the only truth,
From those who see the oneness of all things small to great,
From those who distinguish the harmonic singularity stretching across all eternity,
The grand source that is prior to all dogmas, all creeds, all religions,
The many beliefs that are idolatrous and self-serving,
It is from that utterly effortless ground,
That true religion flowers.

* * * *

There is no deeper, there is no greater,
There is nothing but the ever-streaming awareness,
That has played out every fleeting moment that has ever passed,
Within and without the only observer, the only witness there has ever been.
You.

* * * *

All that wealth, all that power, all that fame, all those myriad things,
What good will they be, when the sack of weary flesh,
Succumbs to its last wheezing breath?

* * * *

We may baptize the source however we please,
Envisage it any way we are inclined.
The only genuine curiosity,
Is our believing it really matters enough,
To squander the rest of history, battling over the vanity of it all.

* * * *

Abandon ye all futures, all pasts, all wants, all dreams, all hopes.
Right here, right now, in the awareness of the ever-flowing present moment,
Is the eternal life You pursue, the only existence You will ever have.
But You must die, in the most figurative sense, to discern it.

* * * *

You might think thwacking someone over the noggin with reality,
Would at some point, somehow, break through the barricaded fortress keep.
But consciousness steeped in conditioning, indoctrination, mind control, brainwashing,
Clings to any given delusion with beyond-the-pale resiliency.
What galvanizes some to wake up, and others,
To go to their graves asleep,
Is a query to which,
Only speculation has answer.

7

It may not be politically correct to say it,
But the squarely-faced reality is that every human being,
Is a biological organism, as is every other living thing on this spinning orb.
We may function at a more complicated degree of consciousness,
But the fundamental rules of the game are ever the same,
And are applied equally for each and every one,
In every way, every singular moment,
Of every singular existence.

* * * *

The mystery creates all of us equally buck-naked,
Same as every other life form across the entire garden.
It is only our kind who get all vain and embarrassed about it.

* * * *

The senses are the windows to any given universe,
But it is the mind that unlocks the door to eternity.

* * * *

Strolling the infinity within,
Does not require anything special.
Wear anything, or nothing, if You prefer.
Sit, lay, stand, walk, or sprint anywhere You please.
Name it whatever comes to mind, if You must.
It is always the same, ever unchanging,
Ever here now, to delve or dive into,
The source prior to all dreams.

* * * *

The challenge is to grasp and release,
Any given moment, at the same moment.
To flow with the ever-streaming, eternal reality,
Rather than the erratic stop-and-go,
Of the mind chained in time.
Discern the no-mind,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
To clearly perceive the evolving creation with a divine eye.

* * * *

Tag the immeasurable, the indivisible, the unknown, however You will,
It remains forever untouched, untainted, immaculately eternal.
The dream of consciousness is but quantum vibration in the ever-present now,
An imaginary configuration of the human mind, snared in the web of its own sensory creation.

8

What would it be like to never see anybody, anything, ever again?
To retire forever into the abyss, and never re-emerge into consciousness.
No more desire, no more fear, no more dread, no more worry, no more sickness,
No more injury, no more caring, no more bother, no more death or taxes.
And, of course, no more beer, wine, drugs, sex, or rock and roll.
To die for all eternity, or come back for another round,
Will that yay or nay decision be the last box,
On some Pearly Gate questionnaire?
Or do You just sign in or out as You please?

* * * *

If You were the last two-legged on the planet,
To whom would there be, to justify or explain your existence,
But the same You, it has all along, really been.

* * * *

What there is to learn, what there is to impart,
Is prior to all the volumes ever written,
All the institutions ever concocted,
All the idolatry ever asserted,
All the rituals ever established,
All the temples ever constructed,
All the incalculable inanities, insanities,
Ever carried out in some imaginary god's name.

* * * *

What there is ultimately to learn,
In this quickly passing dream,
Is well beyond any karmic notion.
It is the free, untainted, uncarved Youness,
That You truly are prior to any and all experience,
All that was immaculate before time began its sculpting.
None are required to conform to any state of mind,
But through the notions of consciousness.

* * * *

Though we are all of the same formless origin,
Each of us is snared in an individual narcissistic reflection.
No one will ever interpret the mystery through the same looking glass,
So even the choir quibbles over this and that, that and this.
Less painful just to remain alone, inwardly still,
But it would seem few of us are willing,
To be quite that anonymous.

9

Your proud, relatively brief mortal existence, is naught but an infinitesimal scratch on a linear timeline,
Born of an immeasurable mystery, by whatever metaphor You might choose to describe it:
Creation, genesis, big bang, or turtles all the way down, turtles all the way up.
Stardust playing out a paradigm, invoked by the happenstance of human consciousness.

* * * *

Assuming he even existed, what if Jesus had actually written down his thoughts?
What did he really say? What did he really do? What did he really mean?
Would it have even been close to what so many now believe?
And what would he say about all done in his name,
If he were somehow to show up again?
Probably be too disheartened,
Even if he could.

* * * *

What a challenge for the mind evolved of time,
To be completely attentive, totally engaged, to the given moment.
The moment that has always been, and will ever be,
Exactly as it is, right here, right now.

* * * *

Nobody learns but through discipline and diligence.
No teacher can teach a student unwilling to learn.

* * * *

Is a wave a wave, or is it water?
Is a beach a beach, or sand?
Is a bracelet a bracelet, or gold?
Is anything its ephemeral appearance,
Or the quantum matrix in which all forms dance?

* * * *

Forget everything, and the awareness is all that remains.

* * * *

Despite all your self-absorbed notions about being superior,
You and any given piece of shit are made up of the same star dust.
Pride is the cradle of great downfalls; humility, the modesty that endures.

* * * *

Why pretend to know what can never be known?
What point is there to faith in some imaginary deity, some heaven,
If You cannot even manage to perceive the eternity playing out before your very eyes?

10

Karmas and heavens and hells, are imaginary notions,
For those who believe they should feel dread or guilt or shame,
For being born into an existence in which they had absolutely no choice.

* * * *

Learn from your everyday world; learn from your everyday universe.
Learn from fear to be fearless; learn from desire to be desireless,
From destruction and death, grasp your timeless immortality.

* * * *

Why would You want anything less than a direct relationship,
With that which You are, have ever been, will ever be.
No intermediary can do more than point the way.

* * * *

So, You believe You are this body,
This mortal vat of bones and flesh and goo.
To be clear on this notion, are You the infant body,
The child body, the adolescent body, the young adult body,
The middle-age body, the senior body, or the one,
From which You peer, this very moment?
And how sure are You, really,
Of that fleeting, transitory novelty?

* * * *

You are this passing moment,
And it is here and gone, before You even know it.
It is that simple; all this is but a quantum dream, a quantum illusion.
There is nothing more.

* * * *

Everything before now, everything after now,
Is the ever-transitory movement of imagination.
The ground of awareness is still, ever watchful.
The eternal witness, watching its Self dream.

* * * *

It is the divide within, that You must make whole.
It is the war within, with which You must make peace.
Awareness is seamless; without rends, without adversaries.
It weathers the assaults of the mind-body in time, without effort.
Bound by no dream, it is indifferent to life, it is indifferent to its end.
It is You in the truest sense, permeating all that is, all that is not.

11

You can only know, You can only witness, the dreaming the mind-body perceives.
But realize, your version is but one reflection, one resonance, one facet,
Of this infinite, mysterious, ever-kaleidoscoping crest-jewel.
And of its unknown origin, You can only experience,
The infinite nothingness, at the core within,
And awaken to the clear certainty,
That it is really all You.

* * * *

Challenging to stay with the momentary awareness, the momentary nowness,
Without the movement of thought kicking back into overdrive.
The inner and outer chatter is ever an enticement.
Sages talk a great deal of detachment,
Of dying to the world,
But even they can be entranced,
By the sensory spin of the given day-to-day.

* * * *

There are really no masters, no disciples,
Only a dreamtime, chock-full of dreamers.

* * * *

Always a strange thing,
To wake up to another day,
To watch consciousness reboot,
To wander out into the ever-streaming,
Kaleidoscoping, sensory dream.
Will wonder never cease?

* * * *

There is absolutely no evidence of a distinct deity.
Hope, faith, conjecture, speculation,
Are born of fear and dread,
Of divisive, dualistic perceptions,
And only encumber the inquiry into the truth within.

* * * *

Who cares who wrote whatever?
What is most important is what was meant,
And what it unravels in the exploration of consciousness,
And the timeless inscrutability of awareness, from which it ever emanates.
Besides which, they were, after all, in the greatest sense, all You,
Belied by countless other disguises, as is yours to them.

12

To be solely the awareness, completely alone, effortless,
Is a suspension of thought, a disinterest in the ever-churning world.
A state of quietude, stillness, serenity, grace; interesting only if You are truly content,
To be done with all the many things your version of the universe offers.
No, it is not easy to let go, to be in the world, but not of it,
Even for the briefest of these mortal times.

* * * *

Ultimately, all sense of identity is absolutely meaningless.
Endure in the world of mind for as long as You will,
And then cast your Self free of all constraints.

* * * *

As fresh as the eternal moment forever is,
The memories which filter through it, are ever old.
The more we know, the less we see.

* * * *

You are the source of hell.
You are the source of heaven.
Poison or elixir, the choice for all.

* * * *

And does it matter to anyone but You?
This so-called spiritual quest,
Is in many ways,
More than a little silly.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.
The vapor of imagination's rainbow.
And awakening is, so to speak, the last vanity.

* * * *

We are all limited in one way or another.
It is the unwitting nature of the manifest dream.
The uncarved block inevitably becomes a rutted road.

* * * *

All stories have their figurative moral
– Metaphorical, symbolic, metaphoric, allegorical,
Representative, not literal, emblematic, abstract, rhetorical –
Do You really need another tale, another fable, another yarn, another saga,
Another anecdote, another narrative, another account,
Another parable, to catch the gist?

13

The world-wide competition for resources of nearly every variety,
Has a very obvious conclusion that has been experienced,
In smaller scales, in many arenas across the planet.
Eight-plus billion overly entitled two-leggeds,
Being denied their innumerable excesses,
Will definitely not be a pretty sight.
Carry on in whatever way your time allows,
But get down-ready-set for some wide-ranging changes.
Never hurts to hope for the best, but best be prepared for the worst, too.

* * * *

The dreamy, romantic, clueless, quixotic idealist, might like to assume,
The dark age that will be setting its shadow upon this world,
Cannot help but recalibrate human consciousness,
Into some sort of transcendent paradigm.
But that supposes, of course,
A shift in the genetic make-up, as well.
Which is, indeed, an inspiring leap of imagination.

* * * *

Every civilization leaves behind mounds of residue,
Upon which the play of time builds anew.
Dystopian is a tepid word,
For what this era,
Will be leaving its progeny.

* * * *

No new sandbox, sorry.
We must somehow make do,
With the only one we will ever have.

* * * *

Dystopian future?
Perhaps You have not noticed,
But are we not already well down the trail?
A rape and pillage paradigm cannot rape and pillage forever.

* * * *

The conundrum with disparaging the path our kind has taken, however,
Is that You would otherwise not exist, experiencing all You have experienced,
Seeing all You have seen, hearing all You have heard, smelling all You have smelt,
Tasting all You have tasted, feeling all You have felt, and thinking all You have thought.
Alas, dystopian participants will just have to endure the descent as best the given day allows.

14

There will be no messiah, there will be no savior, there will be no redeemer.
There is only we, and our endless loop of limited, prideful thinking,
In a spinning garden world, that has only so much to give.

* * * *

Truth is truth is truth is truth,
Unbound by any fabrication of consciousness.
Awareness is, indeed, witness to the mysterious majesty of all creation,
But nothing that is conceived can ever be proclaimed,
As the truth only truth can be.

* * * *

Humanity did not get kicked out of Eden.
We just got so hornswoggled by our own imagination,
That most just stopped seeing that it was everywhere and everything.
And anyone who does not play along with the collusion,
Is considered a child, confused, or insane.

* * * *

How truly, curiously amazing,
That we have so thoroughly manipulated
And destroyed the irreplaceable endowment of Eden.
To trade such a magnificent, wondrous garden,
For a pile of gold, for a play of vanity,
Is, indeed, dumbfounding.

* * * *

Pride is the only real enemy.

* * * *

Forget your body, forget your life,
Your geography, your culture, your religion,
Your politics, your education, your friends, your family.
Forget absolutely everything, everyone.
Breathe in, breathe out,
The awareness before time.

* * * *

I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,
And so are You,
And so is everyone and everything else,
And so is each and every part and particle of dust to the farthest shore,
And the infinity beyond all pales.

15

We are all awash in the immeasurable singularity of an imaginary matrix.
Nothing is separate, nothing greater or lesser, nothing mortal.
We are all birthed of the same inexplicable essence,
A kaleidoscoping dream of consciousness,
To which each alone is witness.

* * * *

This is what it is really all about.
It is all You.
There is nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
There is no greater state than the timeless simplicity of awareness,
The reality through which all dreams play out,
In any given dimension.

* * * *

This brief little dream is just a speck,
Of the totality which reigns all dreams, all forms.
It is merely a rippling of a distraction from your eternal nature,
The truth of which You are always, whatever the form.

* * * *

You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.

* * * *

All dogmatic belief systems are founded,
Upon the assumptions of one delusion or another.
It is ever the tale of the blind men arguing,
Over parts of the same elephant.

* * * *

You could be right, You could be wrong.
And why would it ever really matter?

* * * *

No one really knows anything about who,
What, where, when, why or how they are here.
Why pretend to? Why manufacture any belief system,
When vulnerable, agnostic wonder, is the most honest stance.

* * * *

The manifest theater is based on constant change,
Constant movement, constant consumption, constant evolution.
Only the ever-present indivisibility of the quantum essence, remains the same.

16

You are but ocean waves crashing into consciousness.
Little more than the pitter-pattering of rain on a window sill,
Or a babbling brook, dancing across rocks, on its way to the sea.

* * * *

You are that which some call God,
Some Allah, some Brahman, some Buddha.
All sounds denoting the same source,
Cloaked in arbitrary dogma.
All You, in one shape or another.

* * * *

A different day,
A different life,
A different form,
A different world,
A different universe,
Same Soul.

* * * *

More pain and suffering ahead.
If not today, then likely tomorrow,
Or certainly in some fairly near soon.
Fear not, dread not, care not,
If You can manage it.

* * * *

All the trivial labels are laughable reminders,
Of how pointless words ultimately become,
In the earnest inquiry into the truth of it all.

* * * *

It is real enough while You are dreaming it.
We will all be evaporating soon enough.

* * * *

Gold is gold, no matter the form.

* * * *

That which You seek is within.
It is what You really are,
Have always been,
Will ever be.

17

At what point, did You begin losing your innocence?
At what point, were You drawn out into the manifest world,
Into believing it real, into believing You are this cloak of identity,
You have so diligently, and with such utter conviction, worn ever since?
The other has shaped You into believing You are an identity,
But it is only Your collusion which makes it so.
The key to real freedom,
Is discern the indivisible source,
And then surrender to that awareness,
The timeless witness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Dreamtime … dreammind … dreamjourney … dreampath …
Dreampast … dreamfuture … dreamnow … dreamfate …

* * * *

The human epoch is really about pride,
About the emergence from the slimy pool,
Into an extemporaneous theater,
Forged in dualistic notion.

* * * *

Life is a maze we all wander alone,
In the given body's sensory matrix.

* * * *

You are not what You know.
You are not what You do.
You never have been.
You are only what You are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Imagination, in its capacity
To explore to the farthest reaches,
Itself becomes the creator of all limitation.

* * * *

Are we any more than recordings,
Playing our minds over and over and over again?
Try saying or doing something really outside your box, if You can.
No matter how great or small, profound or foolish,
Every frame of reference has a frame.

18

The drop is within the ocean, and the ocean within the drop.
The writing is within the writer, and the writer within the writing.
The painting is within the painter, and the painter within the painting.
The sculpture is within the sculptor, and the sculptor within the sculpture.
The garden is within the gardener, and the gardener within the garden.
All creation is within its creator, and the creator within all creation.

* * * *

Nothing can fundamentally change,
As long as the one percent and their brethren,
Decline to take much greater responsibility, on a global level.
A profound awakening to a vision of the true nature,
Is the reformation the future requires.
No real paradigm shift,
Is remotely possible, without it.

* * * *

You can only perceive the source You ever are,
By being the very motionless awareness.
Eternal life is right here, right now,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Imagine witnessing this garden world,
Before our two-legged shadow,
Came down from the trees.

* * * *

No sense of identity is needed,
For You to be what You truly are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What are all those mammon worshippers,
Going to do with those piles and piles of gold,
When there is no world left in which to spend it?

* * * *

Trying to meld a nondualistic view of this immeasurable mystery,
With the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric collusions born of time,
Requires way too many rationalizations, compromises, and contortions.
Just because some falsehood bears the authority of tradition means nothing.
Give no weight to what is unnecessary; travel the journey that calls You.

19

Probably relatively few,
Would harm those they know and love,
Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, friends, acquaintances.
So, how is it so many so willingly murder, rape, or plunder complete strangers?
How is it the monkey-mind, cannot seem to transcend,
Its tribal beginnings?

* * * *

The human drama is really founded upon,
A monkey-mind, a larynx, opposable thumbs,
And a seemingly endless capacity for tool-making;
The sum of which wreak havoc upon the world,
And its myriad creatures small to great.

* * * *

All organized religions, cults, sects, creeds,
Are really about dogma, limitation,
One groupthink or another.
Even in a large gathering,
Real religion is a solitary act,
Unfolding each and every moment,
Unattached, without any care, any concern.

* * * *

How can anyone not be able,
To step in another's shoes,
When we have across the board,
Trod over each other so thoroughly,
So many times, so many ways.

* * * *

Your body is not really yours at all.
It is merely a temporary biological casing,
From which You witness the mystery of creation.
Consciousness is in charge; You are just along for the ride.

* * * *

Whatever game-changing events are unfolding in the human paradigm,
Have nothing to do with any convoluted dogmatic assertions.
Just good old biology doing what it has always done,
Until it reaches a limitation, a boundary,
That stops it in its tracks,
And sets the course a new direction.

20

This insight into the singularity cannot be forced; You either discern it, or You do not.
So, there is absolutely no point in creating any dogmatic belief system,
Except to continue playing out the meaningless theater,
To which all middlemen and followers defer.

* * * *

The body-mind is a product of time; it is not You.
It may feel great pleasure or pain, but it is not You.
It is but a mortal container, a shell; You are immortal.
It is only the many delusions of consciousness,
Which veil the truth of You from You.

* * * *

Dogmas are generally more about,
What You are not supposed say, think, or do,
Truth includes absolutely everything,
Ever said or thought or done.

* * * *

Why venerate anything imagined?
Why not just be in the here and now,
Free of all imaginary constraints?

* * * *

How can anyone settle for a lie,
When the truth is plain as day?

* * * *

If God is as petty and ruthless,
As some make him-her-it out to be,
Then what, pray tell, could be the point?

* * * *

Every moment is in itself absolutely effortless.
It is consciousness that manufactures all struggle.

* * * *

One wonders if Jesus,
Could ever have been the Jesus,
So many engineer to their own vain rationale.
Is there any believer who does not have an agenda set in stone,
For his oft-predicted, more than mythical return?
Is it any wonder he is still a no-show?

21

Every life is a one-time affair,
A kaleidoscoping outcome of the given seed.
And each and every seed is a blueprint, a pattern, a potential,
Which is ever filled with the same quantum source, the same dynamic essence,
From which the unfolding creation has ever been fashioned,
But none ever formed the same way again.

* * * *

This eternal moment, this stillness of awareness, is all there is,
No matter the form, no matter the time, no matter the context.

* * * *

What You really are, has absolutely nothing to do,
With any memory, any thought, any idea, any concept,
Any movement of imaginary notion, whatsoever.

* * * *

The grand theater, and everything in it,
Is the dream of the mind-body.
You are the awareness,
The witness,
Which discerns all,
But is none of it, all the while.

* * * *

You are not the body; the body is not You.
You are the eye, out through which eternity peers.

* * * *

Atoms, molecules, particles, quanta,
All just names for that which can never be seen,
But are nonetheless the building blocks, the underpinnings,
The bedrock upon which all creation is founded,
The infinite nothingness,
Upon which the manifest is spun,
The stage upon which You witness your Self,
Playing every form across the dream of time and space.

* * * *

We are all that which is of the elysian divine;
Merely moving about in different guises;
Identified by different names, speaking different tongues;
Playing out different realities, on different stages, of the same mystery.

22

The mortal body is the sanctuary, the temple, the portal, in which awareness immortally resides.
It is ever-changing, replete with every sort of irregularity, and fated to one day dissolve.
But for a relatively brief perception of time, always within the unending moment,
There is the opportunity for the temporal consciousness, the dream weaver,
To play out whatever capacity and limitation and inclination allow.

* * * *

What can true wealth really ever be, but a quality of mind,
And so many, with piles and piles of gold, so very indigent.

* * * *

The mind-body is but a transitory dwelling; chaff,
From which the kernel drops into the ground,
From which the drop returns to the ocean,
From which the self merges into Self,
From which the persona dissolves,
Into that which is timelessly absolute.

* * * *

To love thy Self is not some vain notion.
It is to discern your true essence,
At such a profound level,
As to expand into your splendor,
In whatever way consciousness allows.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to all things,
Born of thought, born of passion, born of time.
All naming is ultimately meaningless.
Even the greatest song of god,
Is fated to be forgotten.

* * * *

This manifest universe,
Can be nothing more than a reverie,
Because its makeshift foundation is quantum sand.
All dreams are marinated in vanity.

* * * *

Still searching here, there, everywhere,
For something that really, really, really matters,
When over and over, it is again and again, more than evident,
That nothing really does, nothing really ever has, nothing really ever will.

23

Picture this immense cosmos an immeasurable matrix,
And all we organisms, from small to great, wandering about,
Breathing in and breathing out, consuming and being consumed.
Earth, air, water, fire – indivisibly intertwined throughout the heavens,
Creating-preserving-destroying, through all beginnings, through all endings.
A God-eat-God creation, which all are equally witnessing, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

All that striving, all those memories, all those thoughts,
All those relationships, all born of the mystery's quantum mirage;
You are not any of them, and You never have been, really.
You are the clear space, the heart of awareness,
Absolute, sovereign, beyond compare.

* * * *

You are not,
Have never been,
Will never be,
An idea.

* * * *

What is, is far greater,
Than any veil of imagination,
Can ever more than begin to realize.

* * * *

Some want to spend their lives,
Preoccupied with loving or hating others.
What difference, really, in the ultimate dream of it all?
Perhaps that which is the quantum source, both angel and demon,
Merely seeks to play out every possible experience,
The menu of consciousness offers.
Who knows, really?
Any of us can only extrapolate,
The given dream, to one speculation or another.

* * * *

You are solitary witness,
To the boundless source and all its play.
What else can there be, but this fundamental You, really?
Everything is nothing more than a kaleidoscoping dream of quantum design,
Inexplicably created by the grand mystery, to experience,
A manifest fling of the galactic dice.

24

Humankind has expended a great portion of its recent so-called civilized history,
Battling over the electromagnetic spectrum: wavelengths, frequencies, vibrations, light, sound.
Continuously struggling, arguing, destroying – over what is but a mere particle of the indivisible mystery,
That our sensory dwellings are capable of perceiving, in the patterning of all things manifest.
How baffling, that we have not fathomed a greater vision of our place in it all.

* * * *

Nature is what works,
And what does not, evaporates into oblivion.
Good and evil are nothing more than constructs of human consciousness.
There was never any such thing in this whirling garden orb,
Prior to the emergence of dualistic notion.

* * * *

There is no such thing as time; birth, life, death, are but a dream.
There is only awareness; the You, that has ever, yet never been.

* * * *

For the earnest explorer of consciousness,
What bounds can there possibly be?

* * * *

Here now is the only religion.
We are all transience, all immortality,
Intertwined, in consciousness, in imagination.

* * * *

Esoteric as these thoughts may seem to many, if not most,
Intense, scrupulous examination, by any and all,
Will discriminate the same truth.

* * * *

Propaganda is the bedrock of any given meme.
Those who follow choose one camp or another.
Few stand back, and discern the relativity of all.

* * * *

No need to make pompous tripe about the mystery.
The challenge is merely to see, to comprehend,
That it, is everyone and everything, including you
And then decide how to play out the pretense of free will,
For whatever dreamtime remains, in this inexplicable mortal sojourn.
Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

25

The passionate mind must be at rest,
To discern the vastness within and without.
There are many techniques, many means, many ways,
To approach realizing this attentive, vulnerable, state of awareness,
But the upshot, the bottom line, the bare essential, the brass tack, the nut and bolt,
The down-and-dirty-nitty-gritty-crux-of-the-matter, the sine qua non,
Is that the mind stills, until only the witness remains.

* * * *

It is only through the unremitting movement of consciousness,
That You separate yourself from the infinite upwelling.
A mystery brand-named by so many sounds.
Awareness is the same essence,
For all creation, from small to great.

* * * *

Once the genie is out of the bottle,
Once Pandora's box is open, once the fruit is consumed,
What can be done by any, but stoically endure,
Whatever the winds of time blow.

* * * *

What sights would there be, if there were no eyes?
What smells would there be, if there were no nose?
What sounds would there be, if there were no ears?
What tastes would there be, if there were no tongue?
What sensations would there be, if there were no skin?
And how many other perceptions might there be,
Had we crawled out of a different puddle?

* * * *

Abiding in thought, in the metaphors of persona,
In the imaginary pretense of little self, is a form of death.
To die to all the fabricated concepts, all the notions of this or that,
To live attentive to the very present, timeless awareness,
Is to immerse in the eternal life You truly are.

* * * *

You must ultimately discern that which is unconditional, entirely alone.
There are as many ways to get there, as there are minds pursuing it,
But it is You who must quest in solitude across the panorama,
Until the truth of it, within and without, becomes apparent.
Success is not guaranteed, and the brass ring easily dropped.

26

Why worship, why adulate, why venerate, why elevate, why praise, why flatter, why glorify,
Why revere, why adore, why honor, why exalt, why idolize, why deify,
That which You are, have ever been, will ever be?
Surely just being it is enough.

* * * *

Looking back to the first rays of conscious memory,
Is it not apparent You were absoluteness from the very beginning?
But because You were immersed in a morass of delusion,
You fell into the snare, as the young ever do.
Illusion sweeps all into its net,
And only the rare few,
Free themselves,
And return to the open sea.

* * * *

Anything can be hijacked.
Anything can be twisted.
Anything can be altered
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be manipulated.
'Tis the nature of the beast within.

* * * *

This moment will have to be enough,
Because it is all You have got,
And there is no way,
It is ever going to be any more,
No matter how thick the layer of delusion.

* * * *

Just because the genetic lottery cast You,
Into a particular geography,
Culture, race, creed, politic, et cetera,
Does not mean You must forever abide the inanity.
The parochial limitations, any given mindset inevitably inspires.

* * * *

Existence is a countdown until your inexorable return to oblivion,
Until the complete and utter annihilation of your universe.
Death is just tapping the Ruby slippers, and going back to Kansas.
Charon transporting You across the River Styx, to the nothingness of Hades.
However storied, the void is from whence You came, that to which You inevitably return.

27

Realize it or not, You are a particle of the grand mystery,
Of that indivisible essence, which many call god.
Perhaps acting out some demonic role,
But a shard, nonetheless.
You have only to look within,
To discern the infinite awareness,
Prior to the dreaming of time and space,
From which all have, only in imagination, splintered.

* * * *

I am the truth, the life, and the way, and so are You.
And it is only through the me that is in You,
That You can discern what is true.

* * * *

Every group, large or small,
Harbors in its own unique mythology.
All myths, all legends, all allegories, all narratives,
All parables, all fables, all tales, all sagas,
All stories, all yarns, all epics,
Are equally imagined.

* * * *

Sometimes You create.
Sometimes You preserve.
Sometimes You destroy.
Such is the dream of it.

* * * *

And now, You are here …
And now, You are here …
And now, You are here …
And now …

* * * *

Avoid extremes.
Find the middle ground,
The one-for-all-all-for-one of it all.

* * * *

How bound up we are by all our mythologies.
To discern they are but veneer over the same source,
Is a challenge relatively few seem inclined to comprehend.

28

Ditch the superstition.
It has always been utter nonsense,
Garbage, baloney, gobbledygook, noise, bunkum,
Absurdity, rubbish, twaddle, claptrap, poppycock, balderdash, tripe,
Malarkey, babble, gibberish, drivel, doublespeak,
Bunk, hogwash, rubbish, hot air.
So to speak.

* * * *

Everything is a story.
There are no greater or lesser stories.
All are imagined in the movement of consciousness in time.
None abide in the eternal now.

* * * *

The real mystery,
Is how so many tolerate,
What took place tens, hundreds,
And so often even thousands of years ago,
To regulate their existence today.
What would You be doing,
If it was just You,
All alone?

* * * *

To understand death,
One must understand that living,
Is in the greatest actuality,
Very much the same.

* * * *

You have always been as near,
To that which is God, as any can be.
You just need to pay very close attention,
To fathom fully, that which has always been You.

* * * *

Do You truly know that for your Self,
Or is it just mindless repetition of balderdash?
Never be unduly swayed by another's limited thinking.
Examine everything through the filter of your own discernment,
And then beyond that, if it is within your capacity.
Superstition and dogma, do not do it.

29

We may all be one at the indivisible quantum level,
But we are all still bound by the limitations of the mortal dream.
Confined in a container whose primary directive is to play the monkey-mind.
Some may completely give themselves over to perpetual agape,
But for most, it is ever a moment-to-moment challenge,
To resist all the passions mortal cuisine offers.

* * * *

We are certainly intoxicated by all our noise and busy-busy,
But zip up a few hundred meters, and stillness reigns.
The unknown is not bound by blah-blah or bling.
The mystery will spin on, with or without us.

* * * *

The universe is a touchy-feely mirage,
Inspired by the senses, wielded by imagination.
A momentary three-dimensional play.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

In a still mind, the end of time.

* * * *

Eternity is awareness now.
Time is the wake of memory.
The future is all possible paths.
Free will looking forward,
Fate looking back.

* * * *

Only You know your own narrative,
And even that is but a vague perception,
Of what may have really happened.

* * * *

Everything You have ever experienced
– People, places, things, and the myriad other –
Are all tributaries to the river down which You stream.

* * * *

An impromptu theater … nothing more … nothing less … nothing but.
The unknown playing its mystery out, in any and every way,
The dreamtime of imagination sets into motion.

30

The rutted mind cannot be made anew again.
The neuron grooves become too deep, too profoundly anchored,
In geography, culture, creed, language, sexuality, all the shaping of time's meandering.
No different than an ancient, weathered, gnarled, craggy boulder,
A block fully carved unto its marbled end.

* * * *

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy and content, not knowing,
It managed to argue, to struggle, to battle,
Over everything imaginable,
Forever more.

* * * *

Awareness, the underlying formless.

* * * *

To have a reasonably civilized,
Perhaps even happy life,
All one needs to do,
Is moderate the passions,
Discipline the mind and body,
Gather in whatever needs to be known,
And live the life that calls to You.
What is so hard about that?

* * * *

The quantum mystery is You, and You are it.
You witness it, and it witnesses You.
You meditate upon its infinity,
And it, upon your temporal limitation.
How could the indelible indivisibility be else?

* * * *

Dogma is for those humble enough to faithfully believe,
They are the only ones, worthy of some deity's blessing.

* * * *

Perhaps humankind will someday awaken when all its memes,
All its idolatries, all its imagined deities, have failed them one too many times.
But, then again, probably not, given that the monkey-mind genome,
Is so easily compromised, by every variety of delusion.

31

The daily challenge is just being in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment,
Experiencing, observing, processing the timeless immediacy,
Of whatever is streaming by, both within and without,
As clearly, as exactly, as acutely, as possible.
Eternal life is not for the inattentive.

* * * *

Why is it so many insist,
On such a limited, confined, narrow, vain,
Perception of a deity, that often does not even include them,
And may be more than a little happy to fling them,
Onto the rocks, or to the wolves?
Very curious, indeed.

* * * *

How bound humankind is,
By the deep dread of death and oblivion.
The movement of consciousness whirls every direction,
To avoid discerning the primal essence,
That is the source of all.

* * * *

We are all but reflections in each other's universes.
Each a sovereign witness, ultimately very much alone.

* * * *

Another day of pretending, colluding, feigning,
This touchy-feely three-dimensional dreamtime real.
Another day of suiting up, in the sensory cloak of illusion.

* * * *

All You think has happened, never really happened.
Dreams are only dreams, no matter how real they seem.
What You truly are, is nothing mind can ever begin to know.

* * * *

When the engines of industry cease to run,
When the cloud of technology inevitably evaporates,
When resources can no longer sustain the advantages they have fostered,
Those who are prepared for the worst, are more likely to survive.
Hoping for the best, only takes any historical epoch so far.
And at some point, Old School will ascend again.
Not a question of if, but how and when.

32

A sensory theater, nothing more, nothing less.
Everything is founded on one assumption or another.
Still the mind, and the entire universe dissolves into nothing.

* * * *

Far more balanced, to take all transcendent metaphors figuratively.
Literal interpretations all too often, miss the point and purpose entirely,
And leave in their wake, endless absurdity and horror, suffering of every sort.

* * * *

Inhale … exhale … inhale … exhale …
Each breath streaming without break into the next.
Eternal, absolute, indivisible, complete, essential, every moment,
From the launching of temporal impermanence,
To its most certain conclusion.

* * * *

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, eons,
What are they but constructs of consciousness,
Ensnared in its own imaginary net.

* * * *

Neither forward nor backward, toward nor away,
Space-time is but a flickering of imagination,
Born of the eternal now, forever unknown.

* * * *

In the end, it shall be as it was in the beginning,
All middles, and befores, afters, and durings, too.

* * * *

What does anyone fear but their own imagination?

* * * *

There is nothing, to which to worship or plead, really.
Here You are, the indivisible, trapped in a body, all alone,
Dreaming out the unfolding collusion of the human paradigm.
All religion is founded upon the ignorance of this fundamental fact.

* * * *

So many experiences, so much history, so much knowledge, so much blather.
Nothing more than the filter of imagination given daily reality,
Cloaking the ever-present now from its Self.

33

Human beings quarrel over this and that, and that and this,
As if anything anyone declares or does really matters,
Any more than whether a river trickles or roars.
The ineffable mystery is what it is, has ever been, will ever be,
And nothing can ever add or detract from its unfathomable, indivisible nature.
The only thing that is perhaps even the least bit relevant,
Is our relationship with the countless things,
Its indelibility has made manifest,
Including ourselves.

* * * *

What are the imaginary dualities to You,
Who is the fundamental awareness in all things.
You, who is serene witness to all creation.
Known or unknown, done or undone,
Oblivion is your singular nature.

* * * *

Your inquiry into the ultimate vision,
Creates ripples, in which others,
Are called to do the same.

* * * *

Who is the You who is born?
Who is the You who exists?
Who is the You who dies?

* * * *

For all its agony and ecstasy,
Existence is really come and gone,
In the merest blink of any given universe.

* * * *

The true believer is hooked and lined and sinkered.
The atheist is just as assured of his indefensible beliefs.
The agnostic wanders about freely, serenely, in all camps.

* * * *

Reflective counsel is really only of use,
To the relatively few who possess ears to hear and eyes to see.
And if not, what is the point and purpose of huffing and puffing, howling and growling?
All anyone can really do is toss a few seeds onto whatever ground is wandered.
And allow the deaf and blind to harvest in whatever way they will.

34

What is not to appreciate about the reality, that That from which You are created,
Is absolutely indifferent to your vain pretense of an existence.
Oblivion is the destiny of all creations.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

How small is small? How large is large? How real is real?
Science can only measure as much as it has gadgets,
To extend its feeble reach and limited vision.

* * * *

You are in the great reality no different,
Than a shifting grain of sand,
A mildly wafting breeze,
A crashing wave.
Or a flickering flame.
Earth … Wind … Water … Fire,
And the Ether in which they together dance,
They are You, and You, them.

* * * *

Through the ages,
You have awakened to Self,
In many forms, many places, many ways.
To believe only humankind capable of enlightenment,
Is the limiting ignorance of self-absorption.
Self is, without any bounds.

* * * *

Settle for creed, and You will live out existence,
According to the will of some other or another,
None of whom really know any more than You.

* * * *

This moment would know no other moment,
If not for the play of memory,
Founded upon a neurological mutation,
That began evolving when Eden was but a garden.
There is only past and future in the movement of consciousness.

* * * *

The measurement of all that is manifest in this vast theater of time and space,
Is really nothing more than a vain attempt to quantify the immeasurable's sheen.

35

The senses pull You out into the world,
Into an inexplicable, seemingly inexhaustible universe.
You journey this way and that, entranced with all there is to know and do,
But the ultimate journey is into the source of all journeys,
Into the totality of the indivisibility within.

* * * *

In the ether of the quantum matrix, the four elements,
Stream all about the awareness You truly are.
They cannot bind nor compel but through attachment,
To the ephemeral, vaporous, mesmerizing reverie they inspire.

* * * *

So many games, so many intrigues,
So many vanities, so many twists and turns.
A journey through a winding maze,
All to simply discern,
What You were from the get-go.

* * * *

Your universe is You.
What point judging,
What You have created,
And every moment sustain?

* * * *

All differences are imagined.
Prior to consciousness,
It is all You,
One,
Eternally alone,
Free of all mortal constraints.

* * * *

Deeper and deeper, ever deeper,
Into the indivisible abyss of the primal source.
There can be no end, to that to which, there was never a beginning.

* * * *

If it is peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, equanimity, stillness that You pursue,
It is not in these words, nor any others, in which it will be discerned.
Only in the sanctity of the awareness of your true Self,
Will You find that for which You long.

36

The reward for services rendered,
No matter for good or ill, is certain death.
Our fear-ridden, superstitious species manufactured,
Deities, heavens, hells, reincarnation, every conceivable notion,
Just to cope, to endure the unavoidable, intrinsic oblivion.
Too excruciatingly real to face it being all for naught.

* * * *

Most yearn for simple, clear, engraved-in-stone messages.
Canons, laws, rules, codes, policies, procedures that they can live by.
Not easy existing in a universe interwoven by relativity.
There are no absolutes but the absolute.

* * * *

What is emancipation but a quality of mind,
Free of any and all encumbrances, any and all notions.
Unfurl your essential, unconditional sovereignty,
Into the stillness of untainted awareness.

* * * *

The tree of knowledge,
Is a cacophony of imagination,
Allowed every direction and meaning.
The indivisible totality, that which is, and is not,
Is indifferent to all that is, and is not.

* * * *

What can a passing wave,
Know of its Self?
A swell, a whorl, a crash,
And foamy dissolution into the next.
Any given container is but a temporal instrument,
Out from which the solitary witness peers.

* * * *

Truth is not comfortable,
For those not comfortable with truth.
It has a way of becoming a lie when lost in translation.

* * * *

Happiness, sorrow, anger, hate, joy, love,
Emotions of any rhyme or reason, thoughts of any caliber,
Passions of any variety, what are they to the awareness You truly are, really?

37

Put behind You all the teachers and teachings in which time has played,
And discern the fundamental reality they reveal within You.
They are but ambiguous, imaginary ghosts;
You are the oneness abiding dreamtime's here now.

* * * *

Take care, else You will find the Armageddon You seek.

* * * *

Truth is a state, a quality of beingness,
The momentary, timeless, ephemeral awareness,
Not a vain assertion of consciousness.

* * * *

No point in not trying.
Worst case, all You can do is fail,
Be seriously injured, perhaps crippled for life,
Or die a painful, meaningless death.

* * * *

For the want of any proof,
Any verification, any evidence,
Any rational, scientific corroboration,
Hope, faith, belief, mythology, superstition,
And every other form of conviction,
Are sustained across the board.

* * * *

What suffering to be attached to a dream,
No matter how real, how tangible it seems.

* * * *

It is ever and always the same awareness within.
Only the play of imagination cloaks it otherwise.

* * * *

For those earnestly subscribing to the scientific model,
Everything, every moment, is an on-going experiment.

* * * *

He with the most toys, wins what, actually?
Who owns anything really but a swirl of quantum dust,
Briefly patterned, briefly molded, into one temporal form or another.

38

When oil runs out, and trucks no longer roll;
When ozone dissipates, and radiation pours through;
When oceans are depleted of life, and only watery desert remains;
When chemistry has unleashed every fury, and no longer holds nature at bay;
When ice has melted, and millions must move where there is no room;
When humankind reaches its zenith, and into collapse spirals;
What will we two-leggeds do, but fall to our knees,
And perhaps, only perhaps, rise again.

* * * *

We must all play out the consequences of the given dreamtime.
Heaven or hell, same moment, just different qualities of mind.

* * * *

Put aside the filter within your cluttered mind,
Discern directly whatever is before You.
It is your narrative of the world,
Your story of the universe.
Witness it as clearly and simply,
As the given conditioned mind allows.

* * * *

I see your face, and You see mine.
Why is it, we cannot see our own?

* * * *

You are the sky, not the weather;
The awareness, not the elements.
All is just distraction from what is.

* * * *

Chew your liquids, drink your solids.
Create the sensory playhouse ever anew.

* * * *

Reshuffling the deck is not changing the game.

* * * *

Sooner or later, our little creation will crash and burn.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Just be ready to roll with the punches,
When Mother Gaia lays down her one and only law,
And proves beyond any doubt, what has always really been in charge.

39

How many forms has it been?
How many lifetimes? How many universes?
How many theaters? How many plays born of consciousness?
And before all time, who was there to say?
And after all time,
Who will there be to say?

* * * *

No doubt we can probably all afford,
To be a bit less pretentious, a smidgen more humble,
Considering the entire universe may well be,
About as significant as a grain of sand,
In the breadth and depth of it all.

* * * *

Neither male nor female,
Good nor bad, right nor wrong,
Light nor dark, high nor low, near nor far.
Awareness is without principle.

* * * *

Are You the dream, streaming?
Or the stream, dreaming?

* * * *

The You, You think You are,
Is not the You, You really are.

* * * *

Same old, same old,
Or same new, same new?
Just a quality of mind, an attitude,
Played out each and every fluid moment.

* * * *

All the pleasures of mind and senses,
Do they really even hold a flickering candle,
To the equanimity of pure, unadulterated awareness?

* * * *

Why would not the source permeate every part and particle?
How small-minded to even for a moment imagine,
Anything could be anything but indivisible.

40

How long are we going to quarrel,
Over which dogma is true,
Which version of the mystery is real,
When the only thing that has ever really been argued,
Are the imaginary notions born of one geographical assumption or another.

* * * *

The awareness at the source of all manifestation will ever wander along,
With whatever dream consciousness wishes to play out.
Creation, preservation, destruction,
You choose.

* * * *

History is a capricious thing.
It generally only reminisces the survivors,
And in the rise and fall of all things, everyone eventually loses.
So, what does that say about the whirl,
And all its ado?

* * * *

But what can You really want, expect, or hope from those,
Who do not comprehend the relativity of all differences?

* * * *

Any given religion was once a cult.
And every cult was a fabrication,
Founded on a pack of assumptions,
Likely concocted by a charismatic persona,
Willingly accepted by a small group prone to following,
Who conditioned their progeny to believe with little or no question.
And voilà, yet another organized religion is born,
To brew what havoc it surely does.
All too predictable.

* * * *

The ultimate reality is, that each and every one of us,
Has the opportunity to discern the mystery we all equally are.
But the conditioning, the mindsets, the traditions, the dogmas, the memes,
The identification of consciousness with the mind, the heart, the body, the world, the universe,
Have humankind locked in a stranglehold, entirely of its own imaginary creation.
We are on a sure and unwavering course toward self-destruction,
An unfolding well beyond the point of no return.
What will come of it, is the pulp of dystopian fiction.

41

What will it be like to never have to bother,
About this human or any other mortal condition ever again?
No meaning, no purpose, no desire, no fear, no pain, no suffering, no ego, no vanity.
No physical, no mental, no emotional concerns, one way or another.
Nirvana, serenity, bliss, call it what You will,
Just die to it all now.

* * * *

Long before it was ever said and done, You were on your own.
After it is said and done, You will be on your own.
And while it is being said and done,
You are on your own.

* * * *

Everything manifest,
And the time through which it wafts,
Is the complete and utter construction of imagination.
For in the nowness, there is only eternity,
And the witness abiding all.

* * * *

Any given scientist in any given field,
Can only offer as objective an observation,
As the relativity of subjectivity allows.

* * * *

Mother Nature will teach You,
Everything You need to know,
If You can survive the lesson.

* * * *

What is real? And what is not real?
And how real can real ever really be?

* * * *

What are the so-called chakras but nerve centers,
Hubs to vast universes born of sensory fabrication.

* * * *

Being untrue or unkind with your words,
Taking anything personally, making assumptions, not doing your best,
Not questioning all things profoundly, not listening;
What good ever comes of it?

42

Both believer and atheist,
Pretend to know there is or is not a God.
But that You are, is really the only fact worth considering,
And of the source of this infinite mystery, no one can really know anything.
Of the ultimate truth, the most earnest remain agnostic.

* * * *

There is likely a fair-to-middling amount of history remaining,
For humankind to play out its ceaseless passions,
And, alas, there is not much money,
On it being very pretty.

* * * *

Ignorance has always worshipped one rock or another.
Intelligent design is a far more infinite source,
Than any dogma will ever ascertain.

* * * *

So many as affluent as anyone can possibly be,
And still they want more, more, more.
How do You run that hard,
On empty?

* * * *

Time being what it is, and what it is not,
How could it be, really, that any deity,
Was any younger or older than You?

* * * *

Who is the who, who does anything?
Question the doer-ship, question the who.

* * * *

Surely, that which is mystery, that which is truth,
Is far, far greater, than any vanity would ever allow.

* * * *

My story, your story, his story, her story, our story, the story.
All simultaneous; all absolutely, indivisibly, eternally imagined.

* * * *

Good and evil are dualistic, arbitrary notions, created by imagination.
They are nothing more than echoes across the expanses of the singularity.

43

The journey of awakening to the indivisible seems an individual struggle,
An awareness of the vast totality to which the human species,
May or may not be capable of collectively partaking,
Before the temporal dream of consciousness,
Reaches its inevitable conclusion.
Oh well and so it goes.
Never really mattered anyway.

* * * *

As many grooves, deep or shallow,
That one may have etched upon life's soundtrack,
It is still nothing more than a brief collection of vague memories.
That is truly all it is, has ever been, will ever be.
In the dreamtime of any given universe.
Wishing vanity to count for more,
Will never ever make it so.

* * * *

If anything is sacred, everything is sacred.
If everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.

* * * *

Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be obliterated.

* * * *

It has ever been the same.
Only the illusion changes.

* * * *

You must step back,
Very far, very deep within,
To discern the reality, You truly are.

* * * *

What is human history but ceaseless struggle,
Over whose imagination should reign the moment.
Who was the very first to come up with the fanciful notion,
That we two-leggeds might someday, somehow, all come together,
Into one big happily-dancing-Age-of-Aquarius family?
Out-and-out balderdash, to be sure.

44

How much attention can be focused on any given dream?
The senses furnish an all-but-infinite, ever-streaming, lightshow of a universe,
And from that, even the sharpest of minds, can only briefly harbor,
The vaguest perception, of a very finite existence.

* * * *

Most partake fully the agonies and ecstasies of consciousness,
But only the rare scrutinize its nature closely enough,
To discern its source far more interesting.

* * * *

The perceptions of any given moment,
Are quickly recorded into subjective memories,
Wherein time is contrived and projected,
Into what dreams may come.
This we call living.

* * * *

Existence is a smoky reverie,
Really nothing more than consciousness,
And the ever-churning elements,
Colluding themselves real.

* * * *

What moment is not creation?
What moment, not preservation?
What moment, not destruction?

* * * *

History, a bottomless grab bag,
In the vast immensity of imagination.
Nothing more than whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of mettle,
To doubt to the essential core of awareness.
Immortal fare is not for the meek who will inherit the earth,
And the dreaming it every moment inspires.

* * * *

Existence as it is known, is nothing more than a foggy swirl of perceptions.
Eternal life is timeless awareness, free of memory, free of known.
It is the end of passion's craving for any form or concept.

45

There is tabula rasa, an uncarved block, an unrippled soul, within,
But the imaginary, make-believe You, formed of consciousness,
Must become very still, very quiet, for its awareness to reign.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are ultimately equal.
Pedestals and hierarchies only generate inequity.
We are all the same clay making different play.

* * * *

Break away from the security of the herd,
If You truly wish to be free of all claims.

* * * *

We attach concepts to sounds.
Sounds imprison, sounds free.

* * * *

Ignorance has a tendency,
To move much farther, much faster,
Than anything close to truth.

* * * *

No matter the worldly speck of universe,
In which You abide, explore, play, endure;
The essential source is forever the same.

* * * *

What is the word, love, but a sound,
A sentimental concept, a neurological condition,
An exclusively temporal human fabrication,
Projected upon an indifferent universe.

* * * *

If You are told there is an avalanche headed your way,
Is that negativity, or a warning to get off the mountain?

* * * *

Another story.
Stories, stories, stories.
All filled with the same this, the same that.
And what have we really created in our dreamtime ascendancy,
But unprecedented vanity and pathos.

46

Across the cosmos, everything is nature, and everything abides by the laws of nature.
Like any flower in a meadow, consciousness is but one of nature's countless expressions,
And no matter how relentlessly it might try, it will never supersede or escape the natural bounds.

* * * *

The monkey-mind festers in its vain intolerance of any difference it cannot abide.
The wisdom of insecurity in the indivisibility of all things,
Is the abode of the rare few.

* * * *

You are not the body, the mind, the breath,
The thing, the experience, or any other.
You are the witness to all things,
None of them all the while.

* * * *

If You truly seek heaven on earth,
You must fathom it within and without,
The ever-streaming here and now.

* * * *

You cannot even see your nose clearly,
How could You possibly see your face?

* * * *

Who is the who, who wonders who is who?
What is the what, what wonders what is what?
Where is the where, where wonders where is where?
When is the when, when wonders when is when?
Why is the why, why wonders why is why?
How is the how, how wonders how is how?

* * * *

The universe is an absorbing dream.
Leave no stone that interests You unturned,
Until the novelty of turning of stones loses its sheen,
And You are at last content to merely be, whatever the weather.

* * * *

True science requires any given scientist, any given researcher,
To approach the question, the problem, the puzzle, the hypothesis, the experiment,
With as much objective, impartial integrity as can be mustered.
Damn the funding, full inquiry ahead.

47

So many heinous crimes against others committed,
For which no consequence is paid, no punishment is meted out.
Karma, heaven and hell, god's judgment, or whatever else it may be dubbed,
Is the desolate despair of victims for a revenge, they themselves,
Have neither the power nor opportunity to exact.

* * * *

To keep on searching for something more, when all there is, is nothing,
Is like the mythical pot of gold at the end of the rainbow,
And the rainbow, no matter how enchanting,
Always just another mirage.

* * * *

Most cultures tend to use religion to control the masses,
Framing the big punishment as some sort of hell.
What they all really are is just mind games,
Fear traps to get You to toe the line.
Practice karmic nonchalance,
And wander freely, however You will.

* * * *

How You engage in your dream,
Is truly your own affair, and always has been.
What any other may think about it,
Is only as important,
As the weight You give it.

* * * *

How old are You if You were never born?
How young are You if You will never die?

* * * *

The gambler,
Has an irrational hope,
The s/he can somehow master luck;
The weak, power; the poor, wealth; the sick, health;
The hungry, famine; the disturbed, sanity;
And the foolish, wisdom.

* * * *

To fathom complete and utter freedom,
One must be very at rest in the momentary awareness.
Eternal life is not for those still seduced by the dream of manifest time.

48

No collusion ever imagined by any group has ever possessed the truth.
All mythologies are but metaphors of every complexity,
Woven into every guise, every shape.

* * * *

The mind naturally stills when it is paying attention;
Observing closely, both within and without.
The restless mind requires hope;
The still one does not.
Hope fulfilled, is its residence.

* * * *

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think the world is,
Is all completely imagined.
Everything.

* * * *

Truth is not the Yahweh of Moses,
The Allah of Muhammad,
The God of Jesus,
The Tao of Lao Tzu,
The Brahman of Krishna,
Nor the Buddha of Siddhartha.
It is That, which has neither name nor face.
It is the source prior to all assertions,
Born of the capricious mind.

* * * *

You really do not even possess your life,
Much less all the material things,
With which You have surrounded yourself.
Temporary custody is the most anything can be had.

* * * *

The limitless, irrepressible, inquiring mind,
Meanders wherever, however, whenever it pleases.
It does not just ponder outside the stifling box, it dissolves it.

* * * *

Good and evil, right and wrong,
Are but the fabrications of imagination gone amok,
And in no way exists in anything but the delusions born of the human mind.

49

It is the rare mind that has the wit to examine anything and everything,
Without being befuddled by anything in particular,
Nor everything in general.

* * * *

Knowledge cleaves this unfathomable mystery of consciousness,
Into every sort of dualistic conception under the sun.
The forbidden was harvested, and Eden lost.
Fallen monkeys, indeed.
And this pillaged garden will hobble on,
For as long as humankind survives its memories real.

* * * *

What can the tabula rasa know of original sin,
Until the neuron trail is packed full,
Of monkey-mind blather?

* * * *

You could do this,
Or … You could do that.
Or that or this … or this or that.
Or You could just stay at home all alone,
And do absolutely nothing-nada-nichts-ikke noget.
It is your fate your dream, to play out,
However You will.

* * * *

You only imagine You exist.
You only imagine You are that mind-body.
You only imagine You are of this world, of this universe.
Is anything born of imagination ever more,
Than a quickly passing dream?

* * * *

Noise, noise, noise, endless noise.
Empty vessels blaring, spewing cacophony,
Echoes of consciousness playing out such paltry dreams.

* * * *

Zen-ish riddlers abound in every moment,
Every corner of this temporal, worldly dreamtime.
For ignorance to awaken to their paradoxical irony, however,
Is too unlikely, to even bother imagining for more than a pittance of time.

50

Any Supreme Being must surely be an amalgamation of all the greats:
Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Superman,
Harvey, Peter Pan, Tinker Bell, and Captain Hook.
Much easier to accept any given phantasm,
Than to doubt to the nth degree.

* * * *

The obvious is what more than a few need to hear.
But how can anyone ever quest the truth,
Unless they really no longer have,
Any choice in the matter?

* * * *

The three vanities: power, fame, fortune.
About which the human paradigm has,
Since its rise in the jungle, revolved.

* * * *

This moment, this very moment,
Is all You really have.
Use it wisely,
For it is already gone.

* * * *

Immortal Soul, mortal body.

* * * *

So much quibbling over nothing.

* * * *

A cotton candy mirage of mind and senses.

* * * *

To gaze out into the sensory theater,
And recognize nothing,
And look within and discern the same.
It is to that, which all who hear the call, unknowingly aspire.

* * * *

The one thing of which You can be very certain, across all time, across all space.
Is that You are not at all separate from anything, in any way, at any moment.
How do You discern this? Because You are the dreamer dreaming it all.
You are the seamless, singular awareness, the one and only reality.

51

The atheist is as misguided as any believer.
All assertions are but the self-deceptions of imagination.
Agnostic |agˈnästik| noun: a person who believes that nothing is known,
Or can be known, of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith,
Nor disbelief in God.

* * * *

How is it so many expect others to be defined,
By the many limits to which they alone aspire?

* * * *

The quantum singularity is God.
All inclusive, including You.

* * * *

You are awareness.
The rest is imagination.
Life is surfing within a dream,
Until the wave crashes.

* * * *

Every life form,
That has ever lived,
Died that You might live.
And every life form yet to come,
Will flower from your ripple the same.

* * * *

If religions are all they claim to be,
Then there must be more than one god.
So, are they all warring with the same devil,
Or is there more than one of those bad boys, too?
And how many heavens and hells are harvesting souls?
Or how many reincarnations must one endure?
Ooh, ouch, ouch, ouch … brain freeze.

* * * *

All anyone really knows, is what they, or somebody else, thought up.
All things fashioned of consciousness are nothing more,
Than the effervescence of imagination,
In the stardust of mind.

52

Why be at all concerned or bothered,
About awakening smoke to its ephemeral nature?
Is it any wonder that those rare few who realize their true nature,
Become very silent, very still, even in the greatest din?

* * * *

Every life form that is born of this mysterious essence,
Creates and experiences its own finite universe,
With the same awareness inherent in all.
We are all That which never sleeps,
Is never born, and never dies.

* * * *

The world is teeming with every sort of absurd claim.
The only real marvel is that we cannot discern,
All are ultimately of the same mystery.

* * * *

You are human in form only.
A very temporary state,
To which You need not feel obliged,
But through the caprice of voluntary deliberation.

* * * *

Things just sort of happen.
To claim it is for a reason or not,
Is to miss that all is indivisibly seamless,
And cause and effect are nothing more than illusion.

* * * *

What difference between a moment ago,
And the one just before You were conceived?
All figments within the ether of an indivisible matrix.

* * * *

The body is not You; You are not the body.
You have no body, You never have, and You never will.
The mortal container is merely a fleeting means to one end or another.
A formless, indivisible infinity, without foundation,
Without beginning, without conclusion.
Awareness is the cradle,
From which all things rise into being;
The coffin to which all things are one day laid to rest.

Knowing You are solitary witness to Your version of the theater,
Discerning You are awareness manifest, how will You play out your role?
Will You be angel, or demon, or some spontaneous blend between?
It is Your reverie to do as Your desire, Your law, dictates.
Be it heaven or hell, or some purgatory between,
It is Your creation, and Your will be done.

* * * *

Every point and particle of this dream,
Is ultimately to fully perceive the singular truth,
That You are the eternal upwelling, that You are That I Am.
By whatever arbitrary sound You may describe it,
That Truth … that Life … that Way …
Is the awareness You ever are.

* * * *

A very ubiquitous, mysterious reality,
In which every life plays out a little dream,
On a maze of stage that meanders this way and that,
Until in the death of breath, do they part.

* * * *

Who cares if there is but one lifetime or many?
In reality, the ultimate source, the You,
You really are, has been all.
And this existence,
Is the one and only one,
To which attention need be given.
It is in this moment that all futures are created.

* * * *

Wrangling over which notion of divinity reigns supreme,
Is for those many who have not yet put away childish things.

* * * *

Oblivion is the end to all lies, all fabrications, all self-deceptions.
It is the vital source, the essence prior to all becoming.
It is the experiencing prior to all experience,
The intangible prior to all that is tangible,
The awareness prior to consciousness,
The actuality prior to all that is imagined,
The substantial prior to all that is insubstantial,
That which is prior to all context, prior to all manifest dreams.

54

The big lesson humankind is still hard-pressed to learn, hard-pressed to even begin to grasp,
Is that absolutely everything is connected at every level across the board.
Each and every particle working, playing, dancing together,
Every simultaneous, unrehearsed moment,
To create this grand dream.
That so many take it all for granted,
And deceive themselves and others in so many ways,
That we have become so absurdly disjointed, is folly beyond the pale.

* * * *

Any given group, any given alliance, evolves and maintains an equilibrium,
Between the needs of the individual, and the needs of the group.
Imbalance either way creates a tension in the dynamic,
Remedied either by the individual's departure,
Or a change in the group's dynamic.

* * * *

How many instances have You given heart and mind and spirit,
To one thing or another, only to watch it all go badly?
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is really only a mysterious dream.
Some get a pleasant reverie;
Others a dark nightmare.
Discern the greatest context,
And be content, be at peace, be in grace,
That it was your mystery-given destiny, to play it so.

* * * *

From the quietude of boundless slumber, awareness awakens,
And gazing into the pool of memories, stokes the dream into another day.
Dust to dust, a few breaths, a few thoughts, between.
Let the vanity have its way.

* * * *

It is a most curious thing how so many writers,
Feel required to leave some hopeful taste in the reader’s mouth.
The reality of it is that this garden world’s prospects are growing bleaker every day.
There is absolutely no precedent for this manifest mirage as it is unfolding.
Eight billion cancer cells could be nine billion in ten or twenty years,
Assuming it is not well into dystopian collapse long before that.
And, so sorry, there is no way our little two-legged brain,
Is going to keep things rolling forever, no matter,
How ingenious we believe ourselves to be.

55

When Jesus is rumored to have long ago asserted, “I am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,”
What seems to have been unheard, mislaid, or perhaps edited out, was … “And so are You.”

* * * *

Time-bound inner chatter is the consequence of inattention to the eternal moment.
A mind naturally becomes still when it is absorbed in whatever is happening.
There is no method, there is no how, merely a focus akin to a laser beam.

* * * *

We are all in the ultimate reality the same pure awareness.
It is neither yours, nor mine, nor anyone else's.
It is simply consciousness playing out,
The ethereal moment’s imaginary potential.

* * * *

To be born again into the source of all things,
Is to discard everything and just be,
The stillness of no-mind.
Be … still.

* * * *

Are You a body, experiencing awareness?
Or awareness, experiencing a body?
Or perhaps, both and neither?

* * * *

You are, in this aphoristic collection,
As well as in countless other handiworks,
Across this dreamy theater of time and space,
Made aware of your essential, indivisible nature.
Gifts, from its truest, most earnest witnesses.

* * * *

All wrapped up in our little pattern, are we?
Tch, tch, well, try to just slow down, try to just unwind,
To that pointless point, prior to all beginnings, and after all endings,
And You will muddle through, sally on, for the duration.

* * * *

In all the incalculable star systems strewn across whatever infinity entails,
There may be many worlds, many dimensions, packed with life forms of every variety.
And yet, ours may be the only one with consciousness as we perceive it,
And, much to our chagrin, we will very likely never know.

56

All dogmas discuss, debate, battle, over imagined facets of the same origin.
Different metaphors, different archetypes, different interpretations,
Different sounds, different principles, different speculations.
Different this … different that … different whatever.
All struggling over the same eternal source,
The same inexplicable fountainhead,
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

That You are one with all, is not something to be taken vainly, narcissistically,
But as something to be discerned at the very essence of Your being.
The kingdom is the sovereignty of the indivisible source,
Within all things both manifest and unmanifest.
The eternal matrix is all-inclusive,
Including even You.

* * * *

Here You are pretending this manifest existence,
That is so full of vanity, so unreal all the while.
You are That I Am, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

There is only one awareness,
There is only one consciousness,
Splintered into an endless array of forms,
Playing out every prospect imagination deigns.
A capricious ocean of surging tides and crashing waves,
But an ocean, nonetheless.

* * * *

‘Supreme Being’ is being, in the most,
Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent way.
It is less about some imaginary, individual deity,
Than it is the austerity of pure, unadulterated awareness.
Agape is the indivisible, unconditional, impersonal indifference.

* * * *

Face it, one day, sooner or later,
The body is going to give that bucket a mighty kick.
But until then, get out there, and partake whatever living You can muster,
So that You can realize, without malice or concern,
It is all really no big deal,
Just worm’s breath in the making.

57

That which we call God, is the quantum essence which is never born, and can never die.
But if there were a personalized supreme divinity, that so many have imagined,
He, she, it – or whatever – would more than likely be bored to tears,
Having to daily endure the ceaselessly predictable inanities,
Of our two-legged, thumb-wagging, tool-making, monkey-mind kind,
And the ongoing devastation, of what is very likely one of eternity's greatest creations.

* * * *

There is absolutely no rhyme or reason to suspect, much less believe,
There is some sort of supreme being outside your Self,
Or at least one that does not also include You.
How could any of this be happening,
Without Your participation,
To the very core of Your beingness.
Any duality is false, from all beginnings, to all ends.

* * * *

All of us doing whatever it is we want to do,
Is pretty much the human paradigm in a nutshell.

* * * *

The set and costumes change,
But the monkey-mind stays the same.
If it is some sort of paradigm shift You pursue,
It can only manifest in your mind, and your mind alone.
Be whatever change, You wish the world to be.

* * * *

In youth, life is full of vitality and learning,
But mortal reality – injury, illness, aging, death –
Gradually erode the many illusions of blissful ignorance.
Questions arise about the ever-changing light show of the universe.
And those who give it earnest and unwavering attention,
Discern the awareness, and its immortal nature.

* * * *

How is it anyone truly believes some sort of alien race was required to create our kind,
Or set us on some sort of long, winding, convoluted, evolutionary journey?
How is it anyone could gaze upon this astonishing garden planet,
And not assume it entirely capable of being the source,
Of all the innumerable life forms it sustains?
It is a curious thing that so many require the belief,
In some outside intervention, to explain the mystery they are.

58

All concepts are merely concepts, no matter how noble or corrupt.
They morph, they dissipate, they are all nothing more,
Than brief, transitory, imaginary whims.

* * * *

By the time You recognize and react to any given memory,
Awareness has already moved on to the next,
And the many nexts beyond that.
And on and on,
An eternal, immortal sprite,
You can never touch, never catch, only be.

* * * *

Sometimes it is heaven, sometimes it is hell.
Consciousness is flip-flop like that.
Awareness does not care.

* * * *

That which is mystery is within,
To whatever degree You feel called,
To discern the infinity beyond all pales.

* * * *

We are all given different destinies,
Through which we may discern,
The truth of our common essence,
If we leverage the mettle and veracity.

* * * *

Once all memories have dissolved,
Will anything have ever really happened?
All history is but a fleeting game of make-believe.

* * * *

It seems more than a little curious,
That so many would choose dogma and idolatry,
Over the infinite treasure in all things, in all places, in all times.

* * * *

It is suffering that compels us to scrutinize our universes more closely.
We were all immortal before the manifest dream inspired us to doubt otherwise.
What a master teacher, pain, in all its ever-changing ways and means,
For as long as its lessons can be endured, and survived.

59

Do not be at all intimidated by all that has been said, done, and written.
It has all been You from the beginning of all beginnings,
And will be until the end of all endings.
And, of course,
Before and after all that, as well.

* * * *

Life is really but a simple riddle,
The answer to which is nothing more than it is as it is.
There is really no should or should not,
Nor ought or ought not to be,
About any of it.

* * * *

What more do You really need to do, to experience,
That has not been played out in spades,
Times beyond counting?

* * * *

What is heaven but hope, and hell, dread.
The nectar of awareness is prior to both.

* * * *

You see only what You perceive.
You see only what You know.
You see only what You believe.
Everyone is but a frame of reference.

* * * *

What desire, what fear can there be,
If You are immersed in the awareness,
Of the unfolding ever-present moment?

* * * *

All dogma, all vanity, all everything,
Ripples from consciousness, not awareness.
From mind, not that which is witness to all creation.

* * * *

Time to get up, suit up,
Stoke up the will, put on the game face,
Head out the door, wander down the road less traveled,
And try not to make too much of an errant jester of yourself again today.

60

Who, what, where, when, why, how … does any universe come into being,
But through the awareness of the observer, the beholder, the witness.
All based on structure, sensory input, capacities and limitations.
Every creature small to great resides in a cosmos of its own weaving.

* * * *

Ultimately, there is no evil, there is no sin, there is no dark side.
There is only corrupted, twisted, perverted consciousness.
There is only the veiling, the muddying of awareness.
There is only ignorance and delusion and duality.
Evil does not truly exist in any way or shape or form,
But through the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity of imagination.

* * * *

So easy to be caught up in dogma, especially your own.
These words are designed to unlock within You,
What is within all things small to great.
Do not make them the harbor,
Of some vain drama.

* * * *

What is within? A formless sea.
What is without? A formless sea.
The mortal container is but a dream,
Born of the sensory mind.
There is no other.
The formless,
Is source to all.

* * * *

History has never repeated itself.
It merely recycles the same patterns.

* * * *

In a world full of idol-worshippers,
Who are those who seek the truth within?
Many are called, few are inclined.

* * * *

All vanity is absolutely insignificant to that which is prior to time.
The entire quantum universe is but an immeasurable, timeless ocean,
In which all manifest forms appear and disappear in the smelter of what is.
You are simply one witness, playing out a mortal reverie, for but a brief while.

61

The senses offer an ever-kaleidoscoping, timeless universe.
Why be overly concerned about where it has been, or where it is headed,
When the ever-present nowness is in itself so extraordinary;
A mystery to be witnessed however any wills.

* * * *

The mountains of the so-called spiritual climb,
Are not really about any particular geography or time.
The metaphors of philosophers should only rarely,
Be taken as more than figurative wordplay.

* * * *

As challenging as it can be to recall,
When push comes to shove,
There is not much use,
Getting too upset about things.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine.
Travel where You will, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Once a placid, winding river,
The roar of the falls is now very near,
And resounding nearer each and every moment.
Who will survive the chaotic mayhem,
In the harsh rocks below?
Who will journey,
The waterway of history,
Beyond the coming Great Fall,
And what stories will their destinies tell?

* * * *

Who will be the last historian,
The last chronicler of the human paradigm?
Who will be the last to discern, to set down all that has passed,
Since the first recording of humanity's dream?

* * * *

Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.
Paradigms of indiscernible proportion, dancing in the froth of consciousness,
Flowing with all the other paradigms about this earthly jacuzzi.
Paradigms within paradigms within paradigms.

62

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

"Let us play a game of irony and paradox," suggested one quantum.
"With every agony and ecstasy imaginable," added another.
"And a slathering of absurdity," suggested a third.
"But why bother?" moaned a fourth.
"Why not?" said yet another.
"Indeed," agreed all the others.

* * * *

What a baffling, vexing, amazing, even astonishing thing,
To run into supposedly intelligent people who lack the doubt,
And are harbor to the critical thinking capacity of potato heads,
When it comes to superstition, and so many other absurdities.
How is it we have survived ourselves as long as we have?

* * * *

The free have no need for dogma.

* * * *

A different day, a different night,
A different container with a different eye,
But ever of the same indivisible essential nature,
No matter the given who, what, where, when, why or how.

* * * *

There is nothing more than this ephemeral now
That can be more than witnessed as a fleeting dream.
Consciousness may play out every distraction imaginable,
But it will never be anything more than the wind of its own design.

* * * *

Who first came up with the idea that God was a separate deity,
And that it must be feared and worshipped and kowtowed to daily?
Who else but someone craving the usual suspects: power, fame, fortune.
And that, along with a few other trifling details, is human history in a nutshell.

63

Rulers and middlemen and conmen, have since early on,
Observed how simple it is to manipulate the masses to their own ends.
Religion is merely one of the many ways and means,
To herd the sheep this way or that.

* * * *

Awareness has no bond to time and space,
Other than to witness its ever-kaleidoscoping nature.
How can that which is indivisibly eternal,
Ever be bound by any creation?

* * * *

Sometimes serious, sometimes absurd,
Sometimes intelligent, sometimes foolish,
Sometimes divisive, sometimes incisive,
Ever eternally, inscrutably indivisible.
A mystery no matter how long it is,
A mystery no matter how short it is.

* * * *

The knowledge and insights and skills,
You sponge in the early part of your existence,
Will be finely-honed by its middle,
And forgotten by its end.
Live and learn; die anyway.

* * * *

To catch the hungry monkey,
The coconut is baited for desire.
The searching hand goes so easily in,
But will not come out with the fisted delight.
The treat will quickly bring about death,
Unless the frantic creature discerns,
The paradigm of the open hand,
Is freedom's curious irony.

* * * *

Born into this world.
Told You should be someone.
That You should achieve great things.
That You should crave this or that, or that or this.
But what if You neither believe nor yearn nor trouble for any of it?
What if no “should” calls You, what then, Pilgrim? What will You do? What will You be?

64

Truth is so obvious.
How can any resist its simplicity?
How can ignorance be so intractable, so confined?
How can it always so closely, with such complete and utter conviction,
Link up with some propagandized, talking-head, forked-tongue, true-believer, doublespeak?

* * * *

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit, or just not caring.

* * * *

How much of your life do You worry over this or that?
How many problems do You spin from practically nothing?
How concerned do You get over everything from micro to macro?
To be free in the unruly mind, You must be utterly insecure,
Completely undisturbed, absolutely vulnerable.

* * * *

How is religious conflict even possible?

* * * *

See clearly how your many cravings,
Have molded your many fears,
And discover the vast peace,
In which they churn the suffering.

* * * *

The hedonistic narcissism of vanity,
Is the motivation, the impetus, the engine,
The raison d'être sustaining all attributes human.

* * * *

Sometimes the absurdity makes You laugh out loud,
And in other moments, You are so serious and sorrowful,
That You wail and curse to the vast quagmire of imagination.

* * * *

You need not participate in any mindset, any groupthink, large or small.
Cleanse your mind, your awareness, of all memes, all inventions, all fictions,
All contrivances fashioned of imagination’s perpetual collection of absurd notions.
Stand alone, and be as inwardly free, as the moment before You were conceived.

65

All the idolatry in the world,
Will not transport anyone any nearer to God,
Than they each and every single one already every moment are.
All scriptures, all dogmas, all images, all symbols, all intermediaries, all assertions,
Are but empty, meaningless, untoward, even tragic distractions.

* * * *

Truth is that which is prior to consciousness,
Prior to all the metaphors that create as many universes,
As there are seeds to sow their dreamy reality.

* * * *

For serenity within and without:
Good food, good water, good breathing,
A predisposition toward simplicity and tranquility,
And good will towards all sentient beings.
True wealth is a state of oneness.

* * * *

Change is the lie.
Truth is eternal, indelibly indivisible,
As still as still can be.

* * * *

All consciousness is of arbitrary design.
The only absolute is the eternal awareness,
Prior to all dreams born of a sensory nature.

* * * *

A drop alone is merely a drop,
But all together they compose a mighty sea.
Such is the nature of awareness, and the infinity of universes,
Made manifest in the ever-kaleidoscoping creation.

* * * *

You truly yearn to know, to touch that which is God?
Then just be very, very still, and in the effortless awareness,
You will discern the true nature permeating all from small to great.

* * * *

The foundation of any religious groupthink is one dogma or another;
All for the longing for something that is not, never was, and will never be.
It requires a timeless mind to discern the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

66

You who have discerned truth, know it to be You, know it to be me,
Know it to be everything within, everything without.
No need for words, no need for dogma,
The awareness is all.

* * * *

Another minute, another hour, another day, another week,
Another month, another year, another decade,
Another life, another whatever,
Well on their way to being long-forgotten.

* * * *

Peer beneath every pebble You stumble upon,
Until You perhaps someday see clearly,
They are, in the ultimate reality,
All very much the same.

* * * *

Everything changes.
Nothing remains the same.

* * * *

All the puny little labels,
All the sounds given concept,
Ultimately mean absolutely nothing,
But meanwhile, much ado.

* * * *

What a thing to spend an existence,
Locked in dogmas and idolatries;
Bound up in traditions, superstitions;
In fear of some god or gods or demons;
Concerned about heavens or hells or karma.
Why allow imagination to have such free reign?
Why give your Self over to such senseless absurdity?

* * * *

All great seers of the ultimate reality,
Are simply incisive knowers of themselves.
Anyone can apprehend it, if they have the insight,
And an unrelenting, unwavering, blade of discernment.
This is yet another conscious articulation of an age-old inquiry.
Indeed, there is nothing either new or old, under this or any other star.

67

Why would anyone look to the geocentric,
Ethnocentric, mythological, superstitious rationalizations,
Of mindsets forged thousands of years ago, in ignorance, in fear, in delusion,
Over the verifiable observations of the true scientist.
You, scientist.

* * * *

It really does not matter, one speck, one smidgen, one iota,
What anybody thinks or believes about anything.
You have always been nothing more,
Than the awareness of the eternal present,
Never the dream born of the mind bound in time.

* * * *

Those who ceaseless demand that others,
Conform to their laws, their dogmas,
Their limited, self-absorbed visions,
Is the source of all religious delusion,
The foundation of all political tyranny.

* * * *

Things come as they come,
And go as they go.
Change is.
That is the Way.
Practice benign indifference.

* * * *

Desire and fear are learned.
They are but habits,
Grooves of the rutted mind.
To be free, to discern what is real,
You must put aside fragmented knowledge,
And step lightly in the unfettered waves of beingness.

* * * *

Find a space where You can sit quietly, alone.
Ignore the ever-churning sensory theater.
Allow the thoughts to pass without interference.
Observe completely the beingness throughout the passing.
That simple awareness, that nowness, is the eternal, original nature.
To abide in the essential ever-fleeting moment, the mind still,
Is liberation from the fabrications of false identity.

68

Not everyone wants to play this silly little human game.
They are often called homeless, but some are more at home than most,
Accepting what is offered, witnessing what there is to witness, wandering as time allows,
Breathing in, breathing out, content to merely abide the dream.

* * * *

The realized state cannot be forced, it cannot be persuaded.
Wisdom and insight are obviously not for all.
There is no use seeking something,
For which there is not the catalyst of doubt.

* * * *

Any given body is merely the outcome of a seed,
A container to which so many become,
More than a little attached,
Despite the oblivion sourcing all.

* * * *

This fleeting, ever-changing dream of time,
Is just another space between the lines,
In history books yet to be written.

* * * *

You only imagine yourself an actual entity.
You were not, You are not, You need not care.

* * * *

Few things are as simple as either/or,
Black or white, right or wrong, this or that.
There is usually a spectrum of convoluted grayness,
To anything examined by the nuanced mind.

* * * *

Move prior to concept, to form, to struggle.
Be simple, carefree, serene, tranquil, absolute, sovereign.
For those lacking discernment, the ceaseless inventions of dualistic notion,
Are but the quagmire of knowledge, of opinions, of beliefs,
Absorption in the voracious mind-body identity,
In the ever-beckoning sirens of desire.
All merely distractions,
From the timeless awareness,
The every-moment one-and-only reality,
Within and without all creations small to great.

69

Nothing is forever.
Every moment is torn from your grasp.
Every form, every thought, every context, inevitably evaporates,
Into the oblivion of the timeless unfathomability.

* * * *

The whirl of delusion is much more enticing,
Than the rigorous starkness of the ultimate truth.
So, dance, monkeys, dance your time away,
It only matters as long as time allows.

* * * *

Why anyone would believe in a deity,
That wants them or others to suffer,
Is perhaps the only real mystery.

* * * *

Gaze out into the infinite vastness,
Until You discern it swirling,
Within your own eye.

* * * *

There is nothing to hold on to.
There is nothing to be.
Be nothing,
And You will be free.

* * * *

History is full of true believers,
Who every day in so many ways,
Spin time its mind-bound way.

* * * *

For any given life whose destiny it is,
To awaken to the infinite, indivisible nature,
The universe woven together by the mind and senses,
Is merely a means to the ending of time.

* * * *

The identity, the “me, myself, and I,”
Is a concoction, a complete and utter fabrication,
Of imagination’s attachment to the mind-body, its sensory play,
And its incessant penchant for every sort of delusion.

70

No one can more than point the way helping You see this.
All must discover absoluteness within themselves, very much alone.
Those who own it already can only say a few words,
And beckon You dare the journey.

* * * *

Always remember that all metaphors,
No matter how accurate or profound they sound,
Are not, have never been, will never be,
The reality of the given moment.

* * * *

With every birth, a universe created.
With every death, a universe destroyed.
Such is the nature of consciousness.

* * * *

Not a good idea to assume,
You are bigger, stronger, faster,
Or whatever else than everyone else.
It might be true some of the time,
But it is never true all the time.

* * * *

Without skin, what could You feel?
Without eyes, what could You see?
Without ears, what could You hear?
Without nose, what could You smell?
Without tongue, what could You taste?
Without all functioning simultaneously,
How could your dreamtime universe be?

* * * *

Awareness is not a belief system.
It is that which is prior to consciousness,
And requires nothing but unconditional attention,
For You to be both its master and its servant.

* * * *

Everyone has a view of normal,
From which they gauge their universe.
Being and allowing is an attitude, an equanimity,
For which relatively few possess the detachment and grace.

71

The human theater is fueled and driven by vain, limited thinking.
In the ultimate perspective of the essential nature, who can more than speculate,
Who was who, what was what, when was when, where was where, why was why, how was how.
To pretend to know anything, is nothing more than the arrogance of ignorance.

* * * *

However You manifest, is a unique outcome of the patterns of the elemental nature.
The existence You play out creates the lessons from which You must learn.
There is no use envying another's providence or decrying your own.
In the final analysis, they are all, of the same beginning,
And inevitably diminish, into the same end.

* * * *

Anything can become dogma for those seeking sanctuary.
That is how the cousins-of-the-same-puddle,
Two-legged-jungle-mind rolls.

* * * *

Wherever You go, whatever You do,
Whatever light show is played out in time,
The oneness You really are, is touched by none of it.
All forms are different containers, appearing to be so diverse,
Yet all filled and surrounded of the same infinity.

* * * *

If this orb was considered a small lifeboat upon an infinite sea,
The prophets, the mystics, the seers, are those who dive over the side,
Explore the unseen depths, and climb back aboard to share their discoveries,
With those clinging passionately to the vain, illusory safety of their berth.
Many, perhaps most, will very quickly turn away and refuse to listen.
Some will quarrel, scoff, or curse, praising imaginary clay gods.
Some will avidly listen, and then label themselves followers.
Some will timidly test the unknown and find it too cold,
Or, worse yet, misguidedly think they, too, have it.
Some, seeing what needs be done, will dive in,
Perhaps to one day also return awakened,
Emptied by the realization of the indivisible.

* * * *

The quantum matrix can indeed be in far more than two dimensions in any given moment.
In fact, it is capable of generating an incalculable number of permutations,
Of anything and everything, wherever consciousness abides.
Far more grand than any deity imaginable.

72

So many things true, so many things false,
In so many minds, in so many times, in so many spaces.
Yet, no matter how many differences this endless mystery may spawn,
All are, have ever been, will ever be, of the same origin.

* * * *

There is really no You but in the field of imagination.
Any given moment is absolutely indifferent,
To the dream of consciousness,
Streaming through it.

* * * *

We each have our story of agony and ecstasy,
Which we are more than happy to share,
With anyone who will bend an ear.

* * * *

If, the biggest small word around.

* * * *

The challenge for any listener,
Is to hear what was actually said,
And not what was thought in response.

* * * *

Something will eventually annihilate the body.
Large or small, within or without, harshly or gently.
From the ultimate vista; who, what, when, where, why, how,
Make absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

A wealthy life is having the health, the means, the spirit,
To do whatever the mystery-given capacities and limitations allow.
Your destiny is already written in the dusty sands of time.
You just have to every moment scrawl it out,
In whatever way the dream calls.

* * * *

What do mothers and fathers think,
About their decision to bring children into this world,
When one day it occurs to them, the terrible suffering and eventual death,
They have, through a mindless, primal, instinctual drive,
Brought upon the spawn of their loins.

73

The never-ending absurdities of superstition and idolatry,
Are far too mindless to even begin to take seriously.
You are under no obligation to give them credence or play along.
Feel free to call it like You see it, if You have the courage, the spirit, to stand alone.

* * * *

What is the other but a novelty, a curiosity, intrinsic to consciousness.

* * * *

Attitude is about deciding which side to the bed to exit,
Should You happen to be roused once again,
And somehow muster the energy,
To face the inanity of yet another day.

* * * *

Hurry, hurry, hurry, rush, rush, rush,
So You can stand impatiently in another queue,
Or come to a press-the-floorboard halt,
At the stop light just ahead.

* * * *

You are a decomposer, too, You know.

* * * *

So, how is your meme doing today?

* * * *

In skirmishes born of time and space,
Sometimes it is necessary to dig a hole.
Other times to be shrewd with the tongue.
Still others to be as still as breath will allow.
And then there are the times, when all choices,
But one, quickly dissolve if You intend to survive.
Where immediacy is critical, the instinctual essence,
Swiftly exports ethical ideologies out of consciousness.
There are moments when compassion may not be an option.

* * * *

There is absolutely nothing that can or will ever hinder You,
From suffering as much or as long as You please.
Crave this, crave that, crave everything,
For as long as pain entices You,
Into its harsh embrace.

74

Even if every creature from small to great, were to cry out in unison,
The cacophonous eruption would amount to no sound at all.
This garden world is but a minuscule particle of dust,
Timelessly spinning in the immensity of space.
Really no different than any of the invisible particles,
Circulating about the space in which You are sitting right now.
Listen very closely, and You will be the deep silence of the universal mind.

* * * *

Just say no to the mumbo-jumbo of all superstition,
All the false, delusional authorities born of time and circumstance.
Discern that the source of the ever-present awareness,
Is the immeasurable, absolute You.

* * * *

We are the collective dice roll,
Of all our ancestors.
However that came to pass,
We are all cousins of the same unknown.
To endlessly squabble over this or that, or that or this,
Is about as meaninglessly futile as it gets.

* * * *

Peace on Earth, the only true revolution.

* * * *

Each and every seed, a unique blueprint,
A pattern in its snowflake of a universe.

* * * *

If You subscribe to only one book,
You have been deprived of the countless,
Prophets, mystics, visionaries, oracles and seers,
Who have peered into the same reflective pool of beingness,
And cast it in the mythos into which they were born.
Study the world and see the common thread,
With which this grand tapestry is spun.

* * * *

Who or what is anyone or anything but You,
Disguised in the wrappings of the streaming senses.
What duplicity You have over and over played with your Self,
Across the countless dreamscapes, of no one knows how many creations.

75

Sometimes the quest for knowledge should be waylaid for the sake of common sense.
Not all inquiry or invention is, or has ever been, in the best interest,
Of the greater good, or the more necessary whole.
Curiosity has killed many a cat,
And left ye old litter box in shambles.

* * * *

All the scientists and researchers and scholars,
Out there measuring, categorizing, graphing, everything they possibly can,
With whatever technologies they can muster.
To what end?

* * * *

It is indeed more than a little curious, how so many,
So-called religious collectives all across this dreamtime world,
Truly believe their fabricated deities favor only them.
As if any supreme being would really care,
Who wins a meaningless game.

* * * *

The wisdom of the ages, applies to any age.

* * * *

Either become your ideal,
Or stop pretending You someday might.
Better to be an honorable liar, cheat, thief, even assassin,
Daily plotting terror, mayhem and murder,
Than a dissembling hypocrite.

* * * *

The unspeakable dogmatic vanity,
That could arise from this body of work,
Is worth yet another caution to any future readers.
History is replete with an endless array of absurdities and horrors,
From many a well-meant and harmless intention.
And to use these many thoughts,
In any way dogmatic,
Would be to entirely miss the point.

* * * *

We are likely fulfilling the ancient prophecies,
Because we have not yet discerned that “me, myself, and I,”
Is ultimately an extremely dysfunctional paradigm for our continued survival.

76

Until that last wheezing breath,
You will have the opportunity to play out,
With whatever courage You have the capacity to muster,
The worldly fate for which You were born, and perhaps, just perhaps,
Even find more than a smidgen of contentment, before its most certain mortal conclusion.

* * * *

Why even for a moment think,
About struggling to be like everyone else?
To constantly try to blend in with any groupthink,
Kowtow to any tradition, imitate any mindset, abide any meme,
What complete and utter absurdity, to wallow in the quagmire of herd instinct.

* * * *

The ultimate essential nature is exactly the same within all creation,
And consciousness in any form is merely waves crashing,
Upon the shores of infinity's grand theater.

* * * *

Get over what You believe others think about You.
Relatively few even know of your existence,
Much less ponder or care about You.
Ceaseless internal projection,
Is just the deep, insatiable insecurity,
Born long ago in the jungle of the tribal mind.

* * * *

What siren-like enticement it is, to believe memories,
Any more than dead things, when the only thing that is,
Is this very ungraspable moment of still, timeless awareness.
The actuality is, that You are not, You were not, You will never be.
You need not care about the dreamtime in which quantum mind dwells.

* * * *

Sooner or later the given existence will reach its termination, as all dreams do.
May as well dance as best You can, for as long as the cadaver is able.
What any of us may endure as we head into our endgame,
Is a choiceless reckoning that all must face alone.
To cast off before your time may or may not be an option,
Depending on disposition, opportunity, or sense of obligation to others.
Not easy to let go of existence, when You have spent so much of it struggling to survive.
Yet, what point is there in allowing this three-dimensional dreamtime to meander into some nightmare?
What obligation does anyone have to live out a reverie, for which they did not volunteer?

77

Simply put, You are the indefinable, unfathomable, indivisible source;
Playing out the temporal reverie of one form or another.
Born into an ever-changing creation,
You move this way or that;
Nothing more than a dream of consciousness,
A streaming of imagination's potential, inspired by the given senses.

* * * *

All any philosopher can do is reflect upon a window of time,
And extrapolate that for any given other,
It is ultimately the same.

* * * *

Is a drop its attributes, or is a drop merely a drop?
Is an ocean its attributes, or is an ocean merely an ocean?
What are any distinctions, to whatever scale,
But imaginary fabrications?

* * * *

What is this unfathomable mystery that some call God,
By many names, many sounds, many vibrations;
But a cloud of untainted, vibrant awareness.
The nothingness prior to consciousness.
The indivisible, enigmatic upwelling.
The oblivion before all patterns.
The stillness before all time.
The soul of all creation.

* * * *

Tranquility is the natural state of any mind,
That has transcended its ceaseless chatter.

* * * *

What is anyone but a crunchy-chewy-gooey body bag of vanity.

* * * *

All come and gone; so quickly come and gone.

* * * *

The capacities and limitations of any given form,
Interweave with other given capacities and limitations,
Into an immeasurable, synergistic, ever-streaming dreaming.
So beyond imagination, as to be utterly, ineffably incomprehensible.

78

Why would it possibly matter,
If anyone else discerns this one and only truth?
That You have realized You are the source, that You are awake, is enough.
Many are called, few are chosen, and fewer still volunteer.
You will heed the call if You are inclined.
And, if not, party on.

* * * *

The universe is but a dance of imagination.
You are the singularity, the witness that never sleeps;
Unborn, untainted by creation or destruction,
Or the ever-changing dream between.

* * * *

One drop in an ocean of indivisibility.

* * * *

You are the body; You are not the body.
You are the world; You are not the world.
You are the universe; You are not the universe.
You are the dream; You are not the dream.
You are everything; You are nothing.
Change is the way of all things.
Irony and paradox rule.

* * * *

I am That I Am … That I Am is Me.
You are That I Am … That I Am is You.
We are That I Am … That I Am is Us.

* * * *

An ever-changing quantum mirage of time and space,
Within a mind, within a form, within a world, within a universe,
A kaleidoscoping touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream,
In which You are every moment in, but never of.

* * * *

Eternal life is simply living in the awareness of the ever-streaming moment;
Oblivious to the space and time in which the manifest mind abides.
The state of being when the allure of the many attributes,
The countless fabrications of imagined identity,
Lose all meaning, all purpose, all concern.
When the magnitude of the singular present is all.

79

Since all creation's unknowable beginning,
The clock of eternity has ticked away across the cosmos.
Every part and particle of every passing moment has been necessary
For the temporal dream of consciousness to reach this indivisible twinkling in time,
That which is both within and without the only You that has ever been.

* * * *

Rome is but an idea, as is every nation-state before and since.
The same is true for any grouping caught up in the process of identification.
All are merely patterns, habits, imitations, copies, memes;
To which conditioned the monkey-mind,
Cannot help but subscribe.

* * * *

Who is it but the very same You who has ever been reborn.
All identity is but the distraction of consciousness.
Do not delude your Self, there is no other.

* * * *

The senses are the readers of the quantum ether.
The mind the interpreter, the performer, the creator.

* * * *

Life can be long, and the mind-body endure a great deal.
If You wish to survive, abide, perhaps even thrive,
In reasonable mental and physical health,
You should never ever intentionally,
Put the container in the way,
Of potentially perilous permutations,
Of force, mass, vectors, and other indelible laws.

* * * *

You are the mystery, You are the awareness, You are the source,
You cannot disengage from the ever-present indivisibility.
To suppose that You are separate, that your personality,
Is any more than an invention of consciousness,
Is unutterably delusional from the get-go.

* * * *

Stars shine, sun blazes, moon reflects, earth blooms, life comes, life goes.
Purpose, meaning, belief, hope, are but imaginary concoctions.
Cling to them as You will, but know that any existence,
No matter how long, is for but a moment.

80

Nature is within and without everything, everywhere, including You.
It permeates garbage pits, cesspools and compost mounds,
As equally as oceans, rivers, valleys, mountains, forests and deserts.
It is the ceaseless play of the indivisible elements wherever, whenever, however.
If You do not care for your manifest reality, it is You, not it, who must yield to a larger vision.

* * * *

The first and last breath of all time and space is within each and every one of us,
A fluid infinity of swirling elements, an immeasurable quantum mystery,
Effortlessly flowing through all beginnings, through all endings,
From seed to seed, form to form, through all creation.

* * * *

The occupied, inattentive mind is always willing,
To waylay the stillness of awareness,
With its windy this or that.
Being in the moment,
Is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Where is the center of the universe, if not You?
At least in your imaginary translation, anyway.

* * * *

How deep is deep? How shallow, shallow?
How wide is wide? How narrow, narrow?
How infinite is infinite? How finite, finite?
The definitions inspired by any eye, any mind,
Are but endless, arbitrary spins of me, myself, and I.

* * * *

When You yearn for more than is freely offered,
When the daily bread no longer quells your hunger,
Some deity does not have to kick You out of the garden;
Foolish arrogance merely blinds You into no longer seeing it.
You can only discern reality as clearly as You can detach from it.
Nothing is new under the sun without eyes that freshly see.

* * * *

The smidgen of free will that abides within intelligent minds,
Allows those who would awaken to put behind them,
All superstition, all tradition, all prejudice, all desire, all dread,
And comprehend to their innate capacity, the nature of the unmanifest within.

81

Suicide is only inexplicable to those who do not quite grasp,
Not everyone wants to exist, not everyone wants to play the human game.
Not everyone wants to experience the ups and downs, the ebbs and flows of consciousness.
Not everyone wants to engage in monkey see, monkey do.
Not everyone fears oblivion.

* * * *

Residing within each and every living thing, from the smallest to the greatest,
Is the same quantum upwelling, the same quantum intelligence.
To imagine otherwise, is but egocentric ignorance.
To respect all, is the highest order.

* * * *

The many filters of knowledge, are ever an alluring draw.
To reclaim the untarnished, untainted sovereignty,
You naturally every moment had as a child,
Is likely not possible, for any but the very rare few.

* * * *

Declaring independence, and being independent,
Are indeed two very different qualities of mind.

* * * *

God, if there is such an inexplicable deity,
Likely is not dead as much as just bored to tears,
And too god-damned immortal to end it all.

* * * *

It is only vanity that is chock-full of discontent.
Only vanity that yearns for it to be more than it is.

* * * *

Imagine knowing what every other,
You have ever encountered, really thought of You.
What a mad helter-skelter of everything-under-the-sun perception,
That angel-to-demon vision would more than likely be.

* * * *

When it is a child incoherently believing in Santa Claus, it is nod-wink amusing.
Too many years later, it turns into a shake-the-head joke.
Extrapolate that a bit,
And You have most of the world included,
With all the idolatry that is blathering around in so many minds.

82

The universe created by the senses,
Will draw You again and again into the grand illusion.
For the unsteady mind still mesmerized by the pitter-patter of time and space,
The waking-sleeping-waking of it, is ever a Sisyphean challenge.
It requires great discipline to weather the dream,
And be the momentary awareness,
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What is called evil is merely consciousness,
Twisted by its journey, into one harsh mindset or another.
Some hold to the inherent innocence, and some wander into a darkness, far afield.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Leaders cannot lead those who will not follow,
And followers should be more than cautious,
About following those who yearn to lead.

* * * *

What petty gods these mortals weave.

* * * *

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.

* * * *

Interesting how uniquely every mind,
Moves in its play of manifest consciousness.
Why anyone would even remotely believe any other,
Could ever perceive anything at all the same,
Is an absurdity well beyond measure.

* * * *

It is a harsh, even cruel truth, that the little folk,
Who have no real say in anything, are so often forced to suffer,
While those who are truly responsible, remain unknown, untouchable, unconcerned.
It is the way it has always been in this abrasive, absurd little theater,
And the way it is, will not likely be changing anytime ever.
Even those who survive the inevitable Great Fall,
Will probably re-fashion this scarred world,
In the same petty win-lose paradigm,
To which our two-legged genre,
Has from its puddle of origin subscribed.

83

Woke up again this fine morning,
A dog-tired mind in an achy, battered sack of organized goo.
Like it or no, another day in the purgatory of human design, streaming its merry way.
All meaning and purpose, all rhyme and reason, lost and gone forever.
Son-of-Santa-Claus Jesus may be coming back to save us,
But You can bet this me-myself-and-I sure as hell,
Would not go to such troublesome bother.

* * * *

What is the loss of a small trinket, when it is your entire universe,
You must sooner or later, in just one breath, entirely relinquish.

* * * *

Why in some god's name is it necessary to worship,
To bow and scrap to, to pray to, to fear, your Self?

* * * *

The road home is neither high nor low,
Nor is it a road, a path, or even one step.
It is just You, right here, right now, bam.

* * * *

So many imitating, repeating,
Dissecting, analyzing, cataloging,
Pursuing in countless scholarly ways,
What others have again and again shown,
When it could be they, who discern their own.

* * * *

Agnosticism is the only rational honest answer,
To any of the fundamental, unfathomable questions.
Neither You, nor anyone else, really knows diddly-squat,
About the who-what-when-where-why-how of it all.

* * * *

And one day, in the reflection of a steaming cup of coffee,
Or perhaps the bottom of a glass in some squalid downtown bar,
You realized You were only pretending to be a human being anymore.

* * * *

How bizarre it all is to be lobbed into an existence,
In which every sort of heaven and hell is played out within and without.
An ethereal, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, quantum-matrix of a dream, until death do You part.

84

It is through the play of consciousness that the mystery,
Witnesses your translation of manifest dreamtime.
The many mythological stories explaining creation,
Are simply tales attempting to explain the inexplicable.
How unfortunate so few are interested, much less capable,
Of perceiving beyond the attachment to one identity or another.
What an eternal garden this world might be if idealism was set aside,
And wisdom and insight, gained sway, in this theater of human invention.

* * * *

Today's heroes, today's villains,
Will be but food for worms in some tomorrow.
What histories they played out, what memories they inspired,
Are entirely at the whim of those with pen and paper,
And the inexplicable inclination to remember.

* * * *

The universe is but the gnashing of a morsel of dust,
In the reality of the mystery that You are, as well.

* * * *

All attempts to make life more than it is are futile.
One must be simple to discern the simplicity,
At the root of all things small to great.

* * * *

Newborns across the world,
Are cast into a swirl of concepts,
To which they must subscribe or perish.
In one fashion or another, the choiceless nature,
Is carved by the many choices, each and every one of us has,
Throughout the dream of time, been called to make.

* * * *

So many humans seem to wander,
From one hedonistic experience to another,
Seeking out newer diversions, more voracious highs,
Gradually becoming satiated by the dawning predictability of it all.
What happens to those rare few, who discern that all experience is born of mind,
And, peering through the illusory veil of its manifest inception in time,
Eventually discern the end within every moment's beginning,
And walk sovereign in the eternal mist of oneness,
From which all appearances originate.

85

Discerning the indivisible, You realize,
That all manifest forms are of the same reckoning.
All are founded upon knowledge, all are shaped by concepts.
All are but appearances fashioned by the kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
And You, your Self, in each and every passing moment, are imagining it all real and true;
This temporal window of eternity, into which You have been involuntarily cast.

* * * *

If You are genuinely earnest in your inquiry into Self,
The unadorned fact that You have never seen,
Nor will You ever see, your own face,
Is surely evidence enough.

* * * *

You may as well judge the wind,
As believe what You think of anything,
Really matters even one tiny slice of an iota.

* * * *

Babble, it is all just a tower of babble;
Just a temporal manifestation of consciousness,
Playing out in a teeny-weeny little dust storm of eternity.

* * * *

When did anything ever happen, really?
You were not, You are not, You need not care.

* * * *

So what, if it is all one? is a valid argument,
For avaricious, hedonistic, sociopathic, psychotic narcissists,
And mothers weary of laundry, dishes, screaming children, and deadbeat dads.

* * * *

When You were young and innocent, the movement of consciousness,
Was like fresh sap flowing mightily through a spring tree.
As existence passed by with its many seasons,
There arose a vague awareness,
Of the vast, yawning expanse within.
Of the quietude that had always been present,
Since the ineffable walkabout in time and space began.
The indelible stillness that few are discerning enough to perceive.
Now, You are in that portion of life, when You make peace with the passions,
And quietly prepare for the end of space-time, and complete surrender to Your eternal origin.

86

Have You ever really existed as more than a figment of imagination?
Are You really anything more than a fleeting ghost of future past?
And what is history but a rolodex of memories soon forgotten.

* * * *

Another wretched soul living for some future grave,
Always caught in another time, another place, another existence,
Missing completely, the one and only eternal now.

* * * *

From the stillness of awareness, all potentials spring,
Into the stillness of awareness, all potentials subside.

* * * *

In a room filled with adults of all ages,
Imagine them as the children they once were.
And on a playground strewn with children,
Imagine the adults they will someday be.

* * * *

Hell hath no fury like an untamed mind.

* * * *

Instinct has never been a match,
For the will born of imagination.

* * * *

It is only consciousness,
That manufactures good and evil,
Right and wrong, compassion and brutality,
In an otherwise indifferent universe.

* * * *

Worship whatever, idolize whatever,
Wear whatever, label whatever, spout whatever,
Just do not believe You are superior to everyone else for it.

* * * *

Why is existing longer in the given container such a concern?
What is this dread of the end of consciousness, of the me, myself, and I?
This departure that is really nothing more than another concept.
A hypothesis to which there has never been a witness.
Can that which was never born, ever die?

87

Live for what neighbors think.
Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.
Tithe that which priesthoods ever demand.
Quibble over what was never anyone's to possess.
Purchase and consume until day is done, into night begun.
Fight ceaseless squabbles, the wealthy require the have-nots support.
Fulfill every obligation the given mind-body's mythological concoction requires.
How wonderful, how glorious, how exultant, the absurd dreams,
Human kind, with incomprehensible conviction,
Has choicelessly chosen to play out.

* * * *

History is chock-full of potholes and pitfalls,
Into which those who follow in time,
Only occasionally sidestep,
For the very briefest of whiles.

* * * *

Ideas come and go,
As the play of consciousness,
Sustains interest in their current meaning.

* * * *

To really, really, really not care,
What would that be like, anyway?

* * * *

Along with the wanna-be's, there are
Never-be's, ever-be's, may-be's, will-be's,
Are-be's, must-be's, should-be's, ought-to-be's,
And, naturally, the to-be's or not-to-be's.

* * * *

So many are crushed and twisted by their lives,
While others traverse unscathed by even the most bitter fates.
Who can more than speculate why or why not?

* * * *

It is not some imagined god or great fiend,
Who can be impugned for the hells of human concoction.
It is self-absorption that is the driving force of the entire human condition.
It is vanity and greed that has manifested the untold horrors,
We have all together in imagination contrived.

88

Do not be overly concerned that You are,
Less and less inclined to what the dream offers.
The traces of obligation are perhaps the last attachment.
It is akin to a child heading home, glancing back at the sandbox,
No longer needing, no longer wanting, the sundry lessons it has imparted.

* * * *

Practically hairless monkeys everywhere.
Mountain monkeys, valley monkeys, desert monkeys,
Forest monkeys, island monkeys, river monkeys, urban monkeys.
Everywhere, practically hairless monkeys, everywhere.

* * * *

You are (insert your name here),
You have always been (insert your name here),
You will always be (insert your name here).
How interminably absurd is that, really?

* * * *

So many distractions, so little time.

* * * *

Why would anyone walk on water?
Much more enjoyable to swim in it.

* * * *

To all who truly, earnestly doubt,
It is You, You truly pursue,
In that awareness, so matchless,
Where all trails end, at the end of You.

* * * *

The most sincere answer,
To inquiries about your date of birth,
Is that You are really not sure You were ever born.

* * * *

Personality is reaction to the sensory play.
It is the response of the mind-body to its environment.
The disharmony of duality dissolves as concern for mortality dissolves.
Attention shifts from the travails of imagination, to the awareness prior to consciousness.
From desire, fear, anger, sorrow, separation in any of it many forms,
To the indivisible serenity of the eternal witness.

89

You are not the body; You have never been the body.
And, no matter how You may wish it, You will never be the body.
It is but an illusory, temporal invention of consciousness,
To play out its unutterable time-bound theater.
A quantum dream, nothing more.

* * * *

Identity is born of the patterning of nature and nurture.
What You truly are is prior to all patterns, all designs,
All infatuations invented by any play of imagination.

* * * *

You are surrounded by many others,
Doing countless undertakings, for which You perhaps have,
Neither capacity, nor the whim of inclination.
Consciousness is like that.

* * * *

Flowers just flower; they need not ask how,
Or who or what or where or when or why.

* * * *

God may have sculpted You,
But the clayness is its own source.
That which is long before any beginning.
That which is long after any ending.
You are far more ancient,
And far more new,
Than any time,
Can ever measure.

* * * *

Everything is written, everything is erased.

* * * *

Free will is just as much a prisoner of patterning,
As the instinctual baseline of any other life form.

* * * *

Do with your given time whatever consciousness deigns.
It does not really matter how one's life is spent,
For it is naught but a temporary dream,
No matter how real it at any given moment seems.

90

Savage impulses are potential within each and every one of us.
The choice to act or not on these passionate, desire-ridden, fear-ridden, instinctual drives,
Brings about an evolutionary reckoning that all must face alone.

* * * *

In the vast source of all creation, where logic does not rule,
There is only one way, and one and one is ever one.
In that timeless, elemental, indivisible ocean,
There is no requirement for the mirage,
That one plus one equals two.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Tao, call it Allah, call it Brahman,
Call it by whatever vibration You like;
I call it me-myself-I,
And discern in You the same.

* * * *

The world in which each of us is comfortable,
Is the world each of us calls normal.
It is a monkey-mind thing.

* * * *

Listen to elders from across the world.
There is no end to learning, there is no end to wisdom,
But in the end of all beginnings, to which the eternal moment is inclined.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
Forever unknown, forever indivisible.
One in all, all in one.

* * * *

Humankind has crossed its Rubicon.
The apex of this epoch is in the rear-view mirror.
The avalanche is very much underway.

* * * *

The ethical argument that those who have,
Should help those who have not,
Must be balanced, by those who have not,
Taking responsibility, to whatever degree they are able,
For the many choices they have made, in the jungle of their current time.

91

This plain and simple reality at the core of all things, requires no following, no imitation.
It is simply looking closely within, and discerning the awareness,
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

It can be exceedingly tempting,
To use some substance, perhaps several,
To placate, to overcome, the suffering born of mind.
To use drugs as a tool of inquiry has legitimate purpose for seekers,
But unbridled abuse, brings out the caution flag, that there is eventually a precipice,
Around one corner or another, in some not too distant future.

* * * *

What a recording You each and every day are.
As predictably unpredictable as You might pretend,
You are little more than just another algorithm,
Another pattern within all the patterning,
In this fleeting play of consciousness.

* * * *

The mind is the theater of its own duration.

* * * *

What an absurd, even inane game it all is,
Yet how seriously we all together play it.

* * * *

Optimism is blind; pessimism torturous.

* * * *

Cannot crack a nut that will not be cracked.

* * * *

Of course, it is just arbitrary opinion; what is not?

* * * *

Be forewarned:
There will be vampires.
Best never ever, without question,
Foolishly trust any individual, or any group,
That will in any way benefit from your involvement,
In any given endeavor, any given scheme, any given intrigue.
It is a unhappy truth, but one well-documented in the annuls of our kind.

92

You cannot stop a wave headed for the shore.
You can only dive into it, stand firm and let it slam You down,
Or merge into the harsh, tumbling, swift journey,
Wherever the current takes You.

* * * *

What a tiny view of God, that does not include everything,
Equally, indivisibly, indisputably, of the same oneness.

* * * *

Yes, it is all meaningless gibberish,
The Tower of Babble, if ever there was one.
But what else can anyone in this madhouse do, really,
But play along with all the other inmates.
We are all just prisoners here,
Of our own device.

* * * *

Everything and nothing,
Converging within the eternal now forever.
How quantum is that?

* * * *

Existence is a profound meditation,
For them that have the wit,
To muster the view.

* * * *

Dreaming wherever You are,
You are witness to your universe,
The masks and costumes ever-changing,
But the clayness ever the same.

* * * *

Arduous, indeed, straddling the fence,
Between dreamtime and eternity,
Between mortality and immortality,
Between consciousness and nothingness.

* * * *

Why this need to believe anything, to follow anyone?
All belief systems are but the fantasia of one mind or another,
Providing answers to that, in which there has never been a question.

93

So, You win your little revolution; what will You really do differently?
Your mindset remains unchanged; the vanities of power, wealth, fame, still rule.
Personas come and go, political correctness modifies, ever-changing cultures rise and fall,
But the central mindset remains unaltered; patterns evolved long ago still reign.
The only significant paradigm shift, the only profound revolution,
Would be in the dreamtime of consciousness itself.
And, ultimately, ironically, paradoxically, poignantly,
Even that would be no more than a temporal phenomenon.

* * * *

The body is a vessel.
How You protect it, how You decorate it,
Is subject to physical necessity, and the vanity of the given mythos.
There has never been a prescribed way of dressing,
Favored by the eye of some deity.

* * * *

No, it did not happen like that.
Even the most astute, all-powerful deity,
Cannot waylay the rubric of the given playing field,
That fabricated the mythological nonsense,
Whirling about in your busy head.

* * * *

What grace is within a truly serene breath.

* * * *

In the theater of time,
The present has always been,
At the mercy of its historical context.

* * * *

As challenging as it well is,
Try to remember what You truly are,
As often as your dreamy center stage role allows.

* * * *

How can a mind caught in lie after lie, ever discern the truth?

* * * *

The evolutionary mind, the mind wrought in jungles and plains,
Ever pursues a sense of security, a consistency, an orderliness, a sanctuary.
How that quest for well-being manifests, is the defining force of the human condition.

94

Life comes, life goes, ever-present like the wind, gone just as quickly.
What is it but an ephemeral reverie in the hourglass of time.
The sand falling sure and steady to the last grain.
The curtain falling when the show is done.
I am the Truth, the Life, the Way,
And so are You, and so is everyone else,
And so is everything else, and so is nothing else.
We are all the same essence, dreaming the theater of time.
How can there be an exit to a stage, that has no beginning, no end.
Even in that which is deathless, You are ever here now in formless disguise.

* * * *

Regarding cheerleading for the human paradigm's future past,
We are assuredly well beyond the point of no return.
The game, once afoot, is now asunder.

* * * *

You quest that which You already are.
You desire that which You already own.
You discern that which is ever unknown.
You are You own worst imaginary enemy,
You are your own best imaginary friend,
Wonderfully, terribly, forever alone.

* * * *

No one really knows anything.
They just dress up kind of funny,
And say and do a lot strange things.

* * * *

The mind-body is both pleasure den,
And torture chamber of the soul.
Naught but a neurological phenomenon,
Temporarily weaving its illusion-delusion real.

* * * *

You have always been your own truth, your own law,
Whether of your own design or adopted of another's mind.
Your dream has only ever meant whatever You imagine it means.

* * * *

The superstitious mind finds the pattern, for which it is in dread looking.
The scientific one, the answer that, after discerning inquiry, stands apparent.

95

We are all the same indivisible, seamless, quantum matrix.
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying it all together.
The source, the wellspring, and all the countless dreamers, are one in the same.

* * * *

Into an orifice, through a snaking alimentary canal, and out an anus.
What a boggling universe, that it can transmute food into shit, and shit into food,
Over and over and over again, in so many countlessly perpetual ways.

* * * *

What else can it possibly be, serenely peering out those eyes,
But the one and only You permeating the universe,
And the great whatever indivisibly beyond.

* * * *

A world that took billions of years to create,
And our kind has in such a brief time, with such ferocity,
Extinguished so much of its natural majesty,
Scarred so much of its face.
Could any cancer have destroyed,
So much, so quickly, with so little regret?

* * * *

A gold mine requires a miner.
A garden requires a gardener.
One thieves, the other nurtures.

* * * *

The truth of it is so much more,
Than just another fruitless concept,
Born of the stagnation of consciousness.

* * * *

Every assumption of dogma,
Every form of idolatry,
Every concoction of superstition,
Have their roots in the quicksand of imagination.

* * * *

Of course, any deity that is imagined does not exist.
How could that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent,
That which is infinitely, timelessly, indivisibly perfect,
Ever partake anything, as more than witness?

96

Within a mere hundred years, probably less,
Practically every person now living will be long deceased,
And waves of new generations of descendants will have taken their place.
Eight billion-plus, once living and breathing and causing mischief, now fertilizing flowers.

* * * *

Those capable of thinking outside their box, well know its every nook and cranny.
Every frame of reference inflates from one nature-nurture origin or another.

* * * *

Consciousness is the chaotic surf between eternity and shore.
Gravity gradually draws every existence back into its dusty origin.
Where exactly does the body end, and the universe begin?

* * * *

Adulthood is the levy,
Each of us pays for childhood;
Brief as it more than likely may have been,
In the 24/7/365 purgatory we have all together fashioned.
What would You give for a day free of suffering,
For a day of youthful exuberance.
Simple, free, guileless,
Before You knew anything.

* * * *

It is a garden, and You and your vanity,
Are just more compost in the making.

* * * *

Self has no idea it is, but through You.
Witness to the otherness of manifestation.
Witness to the unknown made known.

* * * *

Existence for the rare few is an inquiry,
Into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.
For most others, it is every pursuit consciousness allows.

* * * *

What an every-moment daily challenge for those who are mindful,
For who would be content to endure, in harmonious simplicity,
To not be drug by the senses, back into the human melee,
And the "me, myself, and I" illusion-delusion of it all.

97

How free any given newborn.
Pure awareness, untouched, untrammeled,
By all the past events or future concerns, all the burdens,
All the baggage they will one day inevitably carry in dreamtime's passing.

* * * *

For those fully imbibing the stillness before time, there is a return to wonder.
From the source within, from oblivion's rainbow, the song of awareness.

* * * *

To wander alone, anonymous, in a crowd of strangers,
No need for the politics of recognition.
Eternal witness,
As serene as a placid stream.

* * * *

It has always been a modern world.
All history is the make-believe,
Of minds bound in time.

* * * *

Be the totality of awareness.
The only way out is within.

* * * *

Nothing dreaming everything.

* * * *

A temporary guise, an ephemeral story,
That You are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Unrelenting and wretched absurdity,
Each and every moment across the board.
If there were some sort of supreme being out there,
Would it really be any wonder that it long ago abandoned us,
To our own implacably, absurdly irrational design.

* * * *

Why would any supreme being ever need to waste time judging You,
Or instigate any more anxiety than You do upon your Self,
And all the others You do so earnestly condemn,
On a daily basis, to one hell or another.

98

Born into this inexplicable, exquisite, beguiling garden world,
And all the temptations it so nonchalantly offers all who lack the restraint of self-discipline:
Pride … covetousness … lust … anger … gluttony … envy … sloth …
And the hedonism, narcissism, greed, and divisiveness,
Harbored within all who succumb.

* * * *

What bother to even for a moment care what others think of You.

* * * *

What does everyone do every morning they awaken,
But re-fabricate their imaginary narrative,
Suit up in the appropriate costume,
And walk out into their day.

* * * *

The sanctions of deities and tyrants, of any other,
Is meaningless to those who are sovereign within.

* * * *

Best to keep your wackiness to yourself,
Unless You enjoy the stares of strangers,
And the attention of the powers that be.

* * * *

Martyrdom, is there any greater vanity?

* * * *

So many things You might have parried,
Had it somehow come to mind at the time.

* * * *

From the beginning of time's invention,
Deities have been concocted in every geography,
To moderate the mind's dread of its inherent emptiness.
Humankind has distracted itself with every imaginable diversion,
And still the abyss of oblivion yawns forever eternal.

* * * *

Across all time and space, You have been called by many names, many sounds,
None any more true, any more real, any more meaningful, than any other,
And yet what monumental wars of mind and body have been fought,
Over the exalted concepts to which consciousness is so vainly attached.

99

When the mind is still, where is the yearning for continuity?
Where is the notion of duality that harbors passion?
Where is the player, the actor, the identity?
Where is the witness woven of time?
What is there but the awareness of emptiness?
What is there but that birthless-deathless creation of all?
What is there but eternal life, eternal oblivion, eternal redemption?

* * * *

Every witness taps into the unknown,
With a filtered vision, an incomplete frame of reference.
And thus dogma, and its seemingly countless mischiefs, so often takes root.
Ever a cautionary tale.

* * * *

You are only bound by mortal limitations,
While there is identification with the given mind-body.
Awareness is without imaginary attributes.

* * * *

How absurdly transfixed and bemused,
The multitudes are with one lie or another.
So much struggle and ado, for nothing.

* * * *

Humankind projects its ceaseless conceit,
Upon an infinite mystery, indifferent to its existence.
What is called death; that state, so many fear, in so many ways,
Is merely evaporation into the impersonal reality,
The oblivion of the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Complete and utter stillness,
Is the serenity in which all things small to great,
Play out their personal dreams in an infinite, indivisible, holographic matrix.
A universe in which creator and creation are one in the same.

* * * *

God as projected by the dogmatic mind is patently, woefully absurd.
That which is eternally omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient,
Cannot be confined in any way, any shape, any form.
The mystery is ever unknown, ever insoluble.
All assertions are but vain speculation and hearsay.

100

Imagine, if from your beginning,
You were among a modest, wise people,
Who clearly imparted that You were the mystery.
That You were the epicenter of your individual universe.
A guardian of this garden, and that the entire universe about You,
Was filled with teachers, each valued for their gift, whatever it might be.
And that You were also one of their teachers, likewise valued, likewise ordained.
Imagine that You were brought up with the certainty, that each and every fellow life form,
From the very smallest to the very largest, are all kin in the highest sense,
And that You are a solitary witness to the eternal song of mystery,
Never to doubt, even once, that You are truly of the One.

* * * *

We are all of the same awareness,
Etched by the diversity of consciousness,
Into untold assumptions of self-absorbed pretense.
It is only at the source that You will discern,
The vast, indivisible commonality.
There truly is no other.
Thou art God.

* * * *

It appears that You are ensnared for yet another day,
In this mortal scaffold, so profoundly temporal.
Yet, You are not a body, You are not a mind.
You are not, have never been, nor will ever be,
Bound by any manifest container, that any creation,
No matter how inexplicable, has ever, or can ever, muster.

* * * *

You are that which is brick and mortar, to all spaces, to all times.
That which is witness to every dimension, to every dream.
That which is awake, even during the deepest sleep.
That which is asleep, in even the most alert vigil.
That which is the tiniest, infinitesimal point.
That which is the most infinite expanse.
That which none can either claim to be,
Nor feign, except in delusion, not to be.
That which is, ever was, and will ever be.
That which is not, never was, and will never be.
The quantum matrix, prior to all imaginings born of mind.
The eternal nature, prior to all attributes formed of consciousness.
Indivisible, unblemished, singular, supreme, sovereign, absolute, without peer.

101

All religions, and the cults from which they rise into one stature or another,
Are founded upon the vain assumptions of one speculation or another,
And no conjecture will ever hold a candle to that which is truth.

* * * *

Prior to imagination … awareness … motionless, absolute, unconfined.

* * * *

Speculation: a malingering pastime engaged in far more often,
Than truth, had it any sway at all, would rationally allow.

* * * *

When You get your own act together,
Maybe You will be nominated to tell others,
What they should be doing with theirs.

* * * *

So what? No, really, so what?

* * * *

Words chain, words free.
It is all in how You listen.

* * * *

So much babble wherever You turn.
How challenging for consciousness,
To overcome its dread of tranquility.

* * * *

The harvest of a free mind is awareness:
The complete and utter stillness of oblivion.

* * * *

Santa Claus, the Eater Bunny, the Tooth Fairy,
Are as real as any deity to the child who believes.

* * * *

Freedom is within each and every moment,
You are simple enough to simply be.
To clearly discern true Self,
Merely set aside vanity, become very still,
And soully be the unvarnished, unblemished awareness.
The awareness, the upwelling, that is, has always been, and will ever be.

102

Would that this simple insight about truth were not such an uncommon commodity.
That it was an every-moment-every-man-woman-and-child awareness.
Something discerned at the marrow of each and every one,
Without any conflict, any confusion, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is ever a push and pull between the absurd and the profound.
Between the churning and crashing of the waves,
And the oblivion of the depths.

* * * *

The ceaselessly inconsistent zigzaggings of thought,
Are overcome by conscious full breathing.
Oxygen deprivation, do not do it.

* * * *

Past a sensible and very certain point,
What is the point of helping those,
Who will not help themselves?

* * * *

Every moment a new dreaming.
You are the awareness.
Stream on.

* * * *

Discern You are physician,
And then heal thy dreamtime Self,
Mend the myriad into one.

* * * *

Just another neurological recognition thing.

* * * *

In what field of gold can You ever truly harbor,
But the awareness, You have within always been.

* * * *

What are all the possessions we diligently pack away,
But a reminder of the many relationships and adventures,
We have parlayed in our brief sojourn through manifest time.
All for naught, ultimately, but gratifying enough while it is endured.
Helps us cling to the delusion that it was all real, perhaps even meaningful.

103

What makes anyone really believe some deity born of their imagination,
Truly wants this inane monkey-mind absurdity to continue?
A bad joke, a cruel hoax, a meaningless dream,
For which the only outcome is the ache of separation.

* * * *

The stirrings of vain self-importance are within each and every mind;
Confabulated in in its own unique, even delusional fashion.
All paths to glory ultimately find the same grave,
But meanwhile, the show goes on and on.

* * * *

We are all, each and every single one, ensnared,
In one odds bodkins reverie or another.
Consciousness is quantum fever.
Divine madness, if You will.

* * * *

Hey, listen up!
Put down your guns.
Stop breeding like maggots.
Stop being so narcissistic and greedy.
Get over petty self-absorption, learn to work together.
Plant some seeds, water and cultivate.
It is all one; very simple.
Figure it out.

* * * *

Nothing lost, nothing gained.

* * * *

To really not want anything,
To truly be empty of all desire,
Now that is a quality of Nadaville,
Far more singular than any assertion.

* * * *

Small lies are easily camouflaged in large truths.
Large lies often lounge in the majesty of audacity.

* * * *

Perception, sometimes vague and obtuse, sometimes clear and acute.
Yet always just perception; imagination playing its predictable game.

The deity moving about as a concept in the mind, is not the mystery You are.
Every breath in, every breath out, is of the entire universe.
There is really nothing that is not You.

* * * *

Yet another politically correct, predictably clichéd performance.
Monkey see, monkey do, from the jungle long ago,
"Ooh ooh ooh, eee eee eee, aah aah aah,"
Echoing through treetops,
Again and again and again, ever again.

* * * *

There are many things that might matter for a time,
But there are indeed many, many more,
That never have, never will.
If You really, really did not care,
Would it even occur to You to assert it?

* * * *

Idolatry is so passé.

* * * *

Eternal life is an enigma;
The myriad answers to which,
Are forever confined to speculation.

* * * *

Just how present can You really be,
But through the complete and utter stillness,
Of the pure, ever-streaming awareness.
Eternal life is as simple as it gets.

* * * *

The universe is but a vast sea of metaphors.

* * * *

All parts are but articulations of the same oneness.
It need not, it cannot, be made into anything more.

* * * *

The world of the human mind can be a harsh judge,
To those attempting to appease the demands of any other.
Satisfy your Self; cultivate the tranquility of contentment within.

105

Do You really believe the confines of your, puny, proud, sluggish imagination;
All the restrictive, dogmatic assertions, to which You absurdly lay claim;
Is as far as your perception of God, would, should, could, ever go?

* * * *

Are You really going to again and again, live in your collection of memories;
Replay all those medias, browse your compilation of trinkets;
Miss out on all that is happening right now?
Seriously?

* * * *

Birth and death cycle about throughout your existence.
And You, playing out your meager little part,
Witness to every sensory moment,
Of the dreamtime it is.

* * * *

The quantum nature,
Can only pretend to exist,
In a reverie of consciousness.
What is the creator but the creation.

* * * *

So many wandering here and there;
Seeking out others to accept, even embrace,
Their endless monkey-mind vanities.

* * * *

What would Jesus do?
Well, obviously he is not coming back,
So, it looks like You will just have to figure it out on your own.

* * * *

All the many things past,
As well as whatever is unfolding now,
Are long done and forever gone in the sands of time.
And but for the innumerable traces along any given neuron highway,
Did they ever even really happen?

* * * *

To see what there is to be seen,
You must look prior to the trivialities of the day-to-day,
And from that insight, that wisdom, that yearning, You will do whatever needs doing.

106

Every streaming moment within the awareness of every form, ever the same timeless oneness.
Not an easy truth, not an easy reality; not easy in any way, to wrap ye old gray matter around.

* * * *

All that is needed – if we want to get along – is the Golden Rule:
Treat others as You would like them to treat You.
Everything else is redundant.

* * * *

So many things not worth bothering about anymore.

* * * *

Consciousness can only be usurped by identity,
For as long as memory sustains the delusion.

* * * *

Guess You will just never know.

* * * *

Temporal vapor.

* * * *

How nothing is nothing?

* * * *

Only You, in pure, unsullied awareness,
Can cast your Self free of all constraints.

* * * *

What is the deity anyone imagines,
But a projection of their own absurd vanity.
What is there to save when zero-sum is ground to all.

* * * *

What is any word, what is any image,
But the delusional fabrication, the mass collusion,
That the time born of mind is real, and can somehow be captured.

* * * *

Nothingness is the only thing-less that touches You, the only thing-less You are.

* * * *

What is life for the pessimist but brief moments of serenity between great bouts of irritability.

107

Nothing You have ever imagined, are ever imagining, or will ever imagine, is ultimately real, except You.

* * * *

There must be more to life than this, s/he hoped, despaired, wondered, divined.

* * * *

Mother Nature just cannot seem to let well enough alone,
Ever sculpting, whittling, smashing her little ball of dust.

* * * *

Always rushing, rushing into the future.
Another goal, another finish line, come and gone.
What next, Kimosabe?

* * * *

Time, what a concept.

* * * *

Absurdity rules.

* * * *

Nothing lasts forever.

* * * *

It is You, You alone,
Who must discern your way,
Out of the jungle maze in your mind.

* * * *

What can You possibly know,
Beyond the confines of imagination?
All beliefs, all speculations, are meaningless.

* * * *

The point and purpose of so many existences,
Seems to be to ceaselessly bludgeon and bother others,
With all the bile of twisted anger and angst, life has dealt them.
How pointlessly, exhaustingly meaningless, is that?

* * * *

What about the human paradigm is worth saving even if You could?
Really nothing more than a malignance, compelled by vanity and greed,
Consuming, manipulating, destroying, anything and everything in its path.

108

If You must have a religion,
What better than tranquil wanders in nature;
The most heavenly ever-present church creation could offer.
Misspent as it is, what remains, is still the one and only Gaia You will ever imagine.
And what attachment can You really have to this temporal garden creation?
All it is, all it has been, all it will be, is but an ephemeral dreamscape,
In the vast cosmic dust storm in which You are all and none.

* * * *

The art of guardianship is one humankind will likely never master.
What can the tyranny of self-absorption ever know of compassion?

* * * *

As significant as humankind might believe itself to be,
What can indeed matter on the cosmic scale,
When nothing is as nothing does.
A major cataclysm in this tiny corner,
Does not even register as a trifle to a smidgen,
To the supreme totality, the greatest story never known.

* * * *

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

* * * *

Within the ocean, an infinity of droplets.
Within every mind, the infinity of the ocean.

* * * *

Sexuality is a force few ever master.
At all ages it continues to draw,
Even the most restrained in directions,
More rational minds would likely fear to tread.

* * * *

What a constant chore to cling to ideas of gain and loss,
Of wealth, of power, of renown, of permanence in any domain,
And all the other myriad idiosyncrasies of mind's hollow concoctions.

* * * *

Words come to many who clearly discern the truth of this mystery.
There is no possession, there is no ownership of the song of mystery.
Nothing about which to manifest the unending mayhem of dogma.

109

How can any world infested by me-myself-and-I even begin to hope to survive?

* * * *

Life can be turbulent enough without ever making yourself a target.

* * * *

What does one finger snappin' sound like on one hand clappin'?

* * * *

The high road is far less worn than all the lower ones.

* * * *

The longing for oblivion runs silent, runs deep.

* * * *

Another slice of the dream in the wake.

* * * *

So much to know, so much to let go.

* * * *

Just more yada yada dogma.

* * * *

Awareness is eternity's teflon.

* * * *

The quantum matrix abides all things.

* * * *

METU: Mobile Energy Transmutation Unit.

* * * *

What point is there, really, to a huge pile of anything?

* * * *

Do not need no dumbphone to see which way the wind blows.

* * * *

Another chunk of change, for nothing You really desperately needed.

* * * *

Wanting to believe something so, will never make it so, if it is not, and can never be.

110

The absurdity of duality is obvious to anyone paying close attention to anything.

* * * *

Born to see it clearly or not, born to realize it beyond doubt or not,
Rest assured, rest content, rest absolute, in the good news,
That You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

Every school of thought, every experience gleaned;
Yet another filter through which to witness,
The mystery of the unknown.
The matrix, now.

* * * *

Like and dislike, the harbingers of limitation.

* * * *

Can anything You project on others,
Be anything but a concoction,
Of your own vanity?

* * * *

Your fate is already assured.
You just have to play it out.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun.
Nothing not new under the sun.

* * * *

The abyss is the ultimate freedom.
Give over to it as often as You dare.

* * * *

What is the tabula rasa of a newborn,
But complete vulnerability to all potentials.
As freely absolute as dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Knowledge is such endlessly piecemeal thing.
History has many faces, many flavors, many truths.
It is an arbitrary leviathan, from the first story to the last.
Only as accurate as the filters that shape it into words.

111

That You would not choose do so many things ever again, is the redemption.

* * * *

All belief is founded upon one absurd assumption or another.

* * * *

Any container by its nature must play out its limited role,
In whatever way the matrix of the moment has in play.

* * * *

What is death, but deep sleep, without the breathing.

* * * *

Where can kindness and compassion and contentment,
And gratitude and harmony and joy, dwell,
But in a very tranquil mind.

* * * *

You are in a universe, in a world, in a form,
In a time, in a mind, in a dream,
But never of it.

* * * *

How would that which is God.
Be omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent,
If it were not in everything,
Including You?

* * * *

The world is neither good nor evil.
It is neither gentle nor harsh.
It is at best, indifferent.

* * * *

Sit quietly, move silently, watch closely,
Be as inwardly still, as a calm, windless day,
And You will be the harvest of your temporal fate.

* * * *

You cannot free your Self without a healthy dose of doubt.

* * * *

You are the nothingness of everything, and the everything of nothingness.

112

What hollow, insufferable, absurd idolatry has been fomented,
In hearts and minds in all geographies in every epoch.
Discern and embrace the inescapable infinity,
In which You are both part and whole.

* * * *

To see the simple truth of eternity's ultimate grace,
As clearly as momentary awareness allows,
Is to become inwardly, very, very still,
A shave, just a shave, mind You,
More than death its Self.

* * * *

All minds are sooner or later lost.
From oblivion and back again,
An inevitable, irrevocable fact.
You were long before any sun.

* * * *

What the future is going to endure,
Is likely so beyond the pale,
Even the pale blanches.

* * * *

In a win-lose world,
The dream evenly backs,
All the winners, all the losers,
In the zero-sum game that it really is.

* * * *

Only You care or not,
And at best for only for a brief while,
In the great infinity of the oblivion, You ultimately are.

* * * *

Science is a state, a quality of mind,
That examines the truth of anything and everything.
No belief system is required, other than a deep, abiding, verifiable acuity.

* * * *

Whether or not any other sees it as You do; why should that concern You in the least?
All this adversity, over the one and only truth, and the endlessly arbitrary notions about it,
Is as pointlessly hollow, as absurdly meaningless, as the vanity of it all, can possibly ordain.

113

No matter where You may be in this vast mystery of creation,
No matter how many ways You find to distract your Self,
You are ultimately and forever alone all the while.

* * * *

Must consciousness inevitably fall on its own sword,
For its inability to strike some sort of balance,
Amid all its self-absorbed absurdities.

* * * *

If You are bound up in the hell your own creation,
You may well be your own judge and jury;
Perhaps far more harsh with yourself,
Than any other would likely be.
Forgiveness begins within.

* * * *

You will always discern your Self,
In the nooks and crannies,
Of every existence.

* * * *

Do not worry, be happy.
Easier said than done.

* * * *

Only in utter stillness,
Can the You that is really You,
Be free of the You that is not really You.

* * * *

And if You had it to do over again,
Would You do it even harder and faster,
Than You have this little rehearsal of a soiree?

* * * *

That from which all existence emanates,
Will ever be an unknowable, enigmatic whodunit;
Far too vast to be constrained or explained by any creation.

* * * *

An un-papered, intelligent life, can go head-to-head any day of the week,
With all the diplomas and certificates hanging framed on so many walls.

114

Those to whom unconditional freedom is the highest calling,
Are likely nearest to discerning the all-encompassing nature.

* * * *

Despite all the countless flurries of imagination,
Playing out in every nook, every cranny of consciousness,
There is really nowhere to be, nowhere to go,
But right here, right now.

* * * *

Seal off the senses like a sovereign would castle walls,
Like a martial artist would five opponents,
Untouched, timeless, free, absolute,
A bubble unto thy Self.

* * * *

You never know what the Fates have in store.
Best be ready for anything dreamtime allows.

* * * *

You are left a meager trail of breadcrumbs,
That perchance You will find your way,
Through the darkness soon to fall.

* * * *

Impossible to be more, impossible to be less.

* * * *

Of a vast array of potentials this day offered,
Was there really even an iota of choice in it?

* * * *

Beauty can be the promise of any number of lies.

* * * *

If You really get down to brass tacks,
Real religion, if such a thing is even necessary,
Must surely be a moment-to-moment state of mindfulness.

* * * *

An absolute wellspring of irony, of paradox, of doubt, of absurdity;
Is what You must be, to wantonly, to brazenly, to fearlessly, to recklessly,
Peer prior to the sensory mind, behind the imaginary veil, of this vaporous Oz.

115

Garbage, chemical, and nuclear waste,
Ozone depletion, conventional warfare, terrorism,
Deforestation, exhausted fisheries, superbugs and unrelenting viruses,
Unnatural disasters, cancers, overpopulation, poverty,
Religious, political and economize rivalries,
Technology absurdly exponential,
And on and on and on.
Through it all, the compliant throng,
Wandered about, to and fro, as if nothing was wrong,
As if nothing was different, at all unusual,
As if utter madness was normal.

* * * *

Come and gone in the momentary twinkle of every eye,
A universe simultaneously created and destroyed,
In the fleeting dreamtime of imagination.

* * * *

How absurd it is to believe anything,
When the present moment,
Is all there really is,
And its essential nature,
Has absolutely nothing to do,
With any belief system, whatsoever.

* * * *

How many have realized,
That Jesus was an antichrist?
That what we call Christian religion,
Along with all the other creeds of this world,
Has become exactly what he died advocating against.
That which dogmas across this world fear most,
Are intractable individuals who point out,
That the only authentic religion,
The only true church,
Is the golden cathedral within.

* * * *

The warrior must be ever-vigilant to elude the arrow's fell shadow.

* * * *

Carnival tricks are not required to win some seal of approval that never existed,
And are in reality no more than distractions of middlemen looking for a free vein.

116

When You are fully absorbed by that which is prior to consciousness,
All concern for the play of time and space is swallowed up,
By the everlasting nature, the one without second,
Known by myriad names, but truly known,
By only those indeed most rare.

* * * *

The immediacy of the ever-present now is just too impossible,
For most minds born of time and space to comprehend,
So they steadfastly adhere to whatever existence,
They are fated by dreamtime to perceive.

* * * *

The ability to weave concepts into manifest reality,
Carries with it an inherent responsibility,
To use them somewhat wisely.
Alas, would that it were so apparent to all.

* * * *

About as predictable as a thumbscrew.

* * * *

Your immortality is the streaming now.

* * * *

Instinct is the foundation,
Upon which consciousness is birthed,
Yet the jeweled crest of awareness is for few to discern.
Wisdom is the untainted journey of mystery,
A path to which many are called,
But few are chosen.

* * * *

By the end of your existence,
If You are not at least somewhat content,
Then what, pray tell, Pilgrim, what has been the point?

* * * *

How can You help anyone who lacks the wit and courage to doubt?

* * * *

It is not in time and space through which You have always believed You wander,
But in the dream of time and space inspired by imagination's sensory hologram.

117

Forget what your eyes have seen,
Your ears have heard, your nose has smelled,
Your tongue has tasted, your hands and body have felt.
Forget everything the indivisible weavings of earth, water, air, and fire,
Have ever concocted in this temporary mortal container.
Allow the mind to become utterly still,
Timelessly present, completely anonymous.
You will, in those moments of absolute awareness,
Be what You truly are, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Seriously, folks, what do You really think Jesus would say,
About all the horror and absurdity carried out in his name?

* * * *

Ensnared in a dream of time and space,
You must wander a maze that does not really exist,
And endure whatever fate it has in store.

* * * *

Heavens and hells are all merely,
Fabricated whims of imagination.

* * * *

So many things we believe matter,
Do not, never did, and never will.

* * * *

What a luxury knowing so much,
All the while understanding so little.

* * * *

The mystery You seek is within and without;
Pure, simple, free, perfect, absolute, supreme.

* * * *

The matrix bids You welcome to the Land of Ozurdity.

* * * *

Why did humankind evolve the way we have?
Perhaps it was just a Darwinian survival mechanism of consciousness,
As memory, imagination, and language fabricated time,
And then gradually colluded into it.

118

Always leave open as many options, as many avenues as possible.
Never burn a bridge that You may someday need to again navigate.

* * * *

If You would never again repeat some long unforgotten regret,
Then that is the penance, the atonement, the amends,
In which the forgiveness of grace is harbored.

* * * *

You briefly inhabit a body, not the other way around.

* * * *

Monkeys and their many trials, their many fates;
We must all reconcile to one branch or another.

* * * *

Nothing is happening all around You.

* * * *

Divine madness, yes, indeedy.

* * * *

When is enough, enough?

* * * *

There is ultimately but one destiny,
And it is everything and nothing.

* * * *

Death is really nothing more,
Than another ephemeral worldview,
With all the assumptions of mind and body,
Dissipating back into oblivion.

* * * *

What dogma does not fall short of discerning that,
To which it asserts so many patently absurd claims.

* * * *

Sometimes You are You, and other times You are You.
And at the end of imagination's temporal reign,
It will not matter even one iota what You were or when.
It is a quantum dream, no matter the cards, or how they are played.

119

What need for any belief system, any dogma, any speculation, any meme,
Once You discern the awareness permeating all things small to great.

* * * *

Even narratives with the best of intention can lead some astray.

* * * *

Divvy up the universe into as many parts as You wish,
But never forget it always add back up to one whole.

* * * *

There is only essence, and every drop is of it,
No matter how great, no matter how small.

* * * *

It is what it is, and You are ever of it.
No belief system is necessary.
No fear is required.

* * * *

Men speculate, Truth laughs.

* * * *

Making up your mind, literally.

* * * *

Any determined middleman,
Can just about always find a choir,
To fund and support his or her little game.

* * * *

Half the world are “innies,” half are “outies,”
And with them, we do everything imaginable.

* * * *

There is nothing to be lost; there is nothing to be saved.
The everything and nothing, is unwaveringly indivisible.

* * * *

You have seen reflections of it.
You have seen photographs and drawings of it.
But You have never, and will never, see your face the way others see it.
Behind the given mask, we are all the same mystery.

120

What is this sometimes almost desperate need to be known;
To be recognized, approved, applauded by others?
Being more than what You have always been,
Is just not possible, nor at all necessary.
It is only imagination's projection,
Dreaming out yet another sensory day.

* * * *

Why should sanction from any other be at all needed,
When simply being the ephemeral singularity,
From which all manifestation springs,
Is surely completeness in its Self.

* * * *

Everything consumable will be consumed,
And when what is left is all but gone,
And our kind runs hard aground,
In what will dreamtime's future abide?

* * * *

And what can truth ever be but You?

* * * *

Mystery is not in the way You think.

* * * *

Stand alone, be free.
What tyrant can take away,
The freedom of those free of fear,
Those with the audacity to be sovereign.

* * * *

More egocentric, ethnocentric gobbledygook.

* * * *

No matter how badly anyone wants it to,
Nothing ever stays the same even for one moment.
Even the hardest rock is moving in its own imperceptible way.

* * * *

Look at ancient ruins across the world, and imagine in just a few thousand years,
The more-than-likely state of decay and mayhem of all the nuclear reactors and waste sites,
We have so mindlessly, foolishly, absurdly slapped across the face of time to come.

121

To the greatest questions: Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?,
There can ultimately be no answers more than speculation.
Agnostic |agˈnästik| noun: a person who believes,
That nothing is known or can be known,
Of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith nor disbelief in God.

* * * *

Why be bound by any geographical collusion?
Why be bound by any human concoction?
Why be bound by anything imagined?

* * * *

Why be bound by the limitations,
Of the frame of reference of any other,
When You are truly beyond all.

* * * *

So exceedingly insignificant,
As to make the definition of puny,
Gargantuan in comparison.

* * * *

It is all just one collusion or another.

* * * *

So simple as to be practically nothing.
Cotton candy sweetly wafting in a dream.

* * * *

What is the body, the world, the universe,
But a temporal infringement of agony and ecstasy,
An intrusion of mortality's ephemeral nature,
A distraction from what You truly are.

* * * *

DNA suffers no ethical dilemmas, no moral quagmires.
Its only mindless concern is its genetic survival and continuity.
In that quest, no course of action endures any reflection, whatsoever.
"The end justifies any means" is its only true law, its only abiding directive.
Anyone living is only here now, because of every possible permutation imaginable,
Since the mystery of existence came into being, in the puddle of some long ago.

122

If there is any ultimate meaning and purpose to all this sandbox play,
Then surely it must be to realize that which You truly are.
What would be the point of anything less?

* * * *

Other than one contrived, arbitrary, vain notion or another,
How can there be any separation, between creator and creation?
You are it, and it is You, in each and every form imaginable,
And everything formless, through which all are bent.

* * * *

So many rushing inanely through the mists of time,
Rarely paying attention to the passing moment,
What kind of meaningful existence is that?
Pay attention while You can, Pilgrim,
You will not pass this way again.

* * * *

Individuality is the ruse of imagination,
Inspired by the lie of the senses.
You are the absolute total functioning,
Prior to the limited scope of time and space.

* * * *

Words are only as enduring as there are readers.

* * * *

Glimpses of truth,
Between all the worldly enticements,
Of countless Sirens singing from every nook and cranny.
Is any splintered Soul ever always free?

* * * *

What is now current will someday be considered ancient.
The flesh and bones of that to which we are all so attached,
Are already long since dissolved in the wafting sands of time.

* * * *

The ever-morphing universe, every moment,
Appears and disappears before the mind-body receptors.
What is existence but a few breaths, an assortment of experiences,
A succession of conversations, a collection of minutiae,
And the vaporous perception of relativity.

123

Every life form is shaped, wrought, conditioned, molded, sculpted,
By the ceaseless dynamic of its interweaving nature-nurture.
Ever an epic adventure, however long, however short.

* * * *

Discern your own law, and then keep it to your Self,
To avoid others fabricating some new silliness,
Likely just as dogmatic as all the rest.

* * * *

Strategy is where You are headed;
Tactics, how You will get there.

* * * *

A snowflake of stardust.

* * * *

Nothing is certain.

* * * *

How unbecoming of You.

* * * *

The final, most exact and truest answer,
Is the simplest, least dogmatic certainty.

* * * *

Gossip can be a poisonous, smoldering brew,
To which most, if not all, busy minds subscribe.

* * * *

Suffer well; suffer with all your being.
Suffer until You can smother the absurdity,
Of believing there is anything permanent enough,
Over which to suffer so much of your fleeting existence.

* * * *

If Jesus was somehow to return,
And tell his followers they had gotten it all wrong;
Should they, would they, could they, even listen, much less change?
And would he suffer the same agony at their intolerant hands,
As he did in the explicitly painful, original production?
Assuming it really, even happened, of course.

Vanity's only destiny is a brief echo in the abyss of oblivion.

* * * *

Just because it was said long ago does not make it real or important.

* * * *

Hope is for those blind and deaf to the world in which they sleep.

* * * *

Those who seek peace must first unclench the fist in the mind.

* * * *

A well-turned bluff can be worth its weight in gold.

* * * *

A collusion of illusion, nothing more.

* * * *

Imagination on its daily sensory tour.

* * * *

Consciousness is an arbitrary agent.

* * * *

Anything can happen anywhere, anytime.

* * * *

Are You a human being, or a human becoming?

* * * *

Bet You cannot let go, as fast as the isness that is not, can.

* * * *

What You will endure depends, how badly You yearn to exist.

* * * *

Where is any knowledge anchored but the filament of imagination?

* * * *

No place to anchor in the nothingness of pure awareness.

* * * *

How trivial the life that requires applause.

125

Who was the real Jesus?
Everyone has a unique translation,
But no one can ever know the living, breathing man,
Long dead, long gone, nothing more than an idol, a figment in any mind,
As are we all.

* * * *

None of us are forced to participate in this existence.
At any time, You can refuse to budge, run away, or off the body.
The martyrdom of carrying on, no matter the price,
Is the finale of the great vanities.

* * * *

Vain notions founded on the quicksand of imagination,
Should never be confused with the truth of their origin.

* * * *

Privilege only entitles anyone so far.
Irrelevance is the course for all,
Lacking gumption and grit.

* * * *

Why argue the obvious?

* * * *

Yack-a-doodle-doo.

* * * *

The dead are at peace.
It is the living who choose,
To continue suffering their vanity.

* * * *

Some solutions appear quickly, effortlessly.
But sometimes You must ponder for quite a while,
For a given conundrum to wholly decipher its enigma.

* * * *

Plenty of mystical types babbling away these daze.
Now all that needs to happen, is for all the mean and nasty people,
Along with all the billions who are just plain oblivious,
To begin gazing into their bellybuttons.
Probably not a good idea to hold your breath.

126

When You were an infant, when You were a child,
Before You became attached to the body and the world about You,
Before You began fabricating a sense of identity,
What was the quality of mind,
In which the renaissance will be discerned?

* * * *

Like groups with like; only differences apart.
Instinctual or imagined, it is the nature of all small to great,
Born of this garden world, this theater, this mysterious dream of time and space,
In which enigmas of every variety, rise and fall,
In ephemeral grace.

* * * *

Before all beginnings, all endings.
After all endings, all beginnings.

* * * *

Those who speak do not know.
Those who know do not speak.
The great silence stills tongues.

* * * *

So much effort, so much ambition,
To attain that which You already are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

No one can ever know the future.
Every single moment unfolds seamlessly,
In its own profoundly, inexplicably synergistic way.

* * * *

It is all nothing,
And therein resides the meaning:
Infinitesimal, indiscernible, insignificant, immeasurable.

* * * *

Everything between You and Me,
Everything between this and that, and that and this,
Is completely relative in the manifest, time-bound, comparative sense.
But from the essential, ultimate, absolute perspective,
It is all seamlessly indivisible.

127

The eternal mind is simply paying very close, very still attention, to the passing moment.
Simply being present, without fanfare or dogma, without pretext or assertion.
Letting it all come, letting it all go, no vain notions, whatsoever.

* * * *

In the small, micro view, You are the center of a universe,
Created by the manifest sensory dreamtime, inspired by the body and mind.
But in the larger macro vision of all that is and all that is not,
You are but one, in a vast singularity of points.

* * * *

No need to fear or quake, no need to bow or scrape,
Nor is there need to bluster or foam,
Just be what You are,
All that is … All that is not.

* * * *

How still is still?

* * * *

Lesson learned, maybe.
Lesson unlearned, maybe.

* * * *

The sciences, however astute,
Must ever only flail at the windmills,
Of the unknown that permeates all creation.

* * * *

The elements can confound all,
But the most astute, in so many ways,
And even the most sensible, must be en garde,
For the chaos they can in any given moment encounter.

* * * *

As meticulously as the sciences,
May examine and measure all things manifest,
The rational mind must ever remain ignorant of its irrational origin.

* * * *

There is a great emptiness, a great solitude, a great silence,
Waiting within, when You are finished with all the noise of the world,
Playing its repetitive, hollow recording, over and over in the monkey-mind head.

128

In one way or another, in one place or another, in one time or another,
The You that is the ultimate real You is witness to it all.
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient,
Call it what You will.

* * * *

An unperturbed, anonymous existence, offers the greatest freedom,
To those not beguiled by the ceaseless absurdity,
Of monkey see, monkey do.

* * * *

Every day it becomes a tad more apparent,
What You are not, have never been, will never be.
What to do when the edifice dissolves entirely,
And the eternal witness is all that remains.

* * * *

Stories within stories within stories,
Woven seamlessly, effortlessly, timelessly,
In imagination's onetime production.

* * * *

Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning,
The obituary notice still in the mail.

* * * *

So many peoples, so many languages,
Saying so much of the same across the board.
How can any neighbor ever be all that different, really?

* * * *

The church of awareness is in every moment of every day.
To attend only one sunrise-sunset a week, misses out on the other six.
And that is just in one week, of just one year, of just one life.
And do not forget about all the starry-starry nights.

* * * *

The so-called world, the so-called universe, the so-called every day,
Is nothing more than a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream,
In which You may either wake up, or slumber throughout.

129

To You who were never born,
Who are your ancestors; who is your progeny?
Who is your father, your mother, your uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters?
Who are your friends, your acquaintances, your adversaries?
Who is any mortal creature, any manifest form?
But the one and only ultimate You,
Wandering yet another reverie of illusion.

* * * *

The sage is no different than anyone or anything else,
Perhaps just a little more Self-contained,
A little more Self-absorbed,
A little more You.

* * * *

How much more significant any action,
When done for its intrinsic nature,
Rather than some other gain.

* * * *

Truth is not something that can be attained,
In any imaginable way or shape or form.
It is merely source to the ever-fleeting,
Ever-mysterious, ever-indivisible moment.

* * * *

Just playing it out as best You can,
The first-and-last, one-and-only, never-again attempt,
At pretending to be a human being.

* * * *

If You wish to know that which is truly God,
Then observe within very closely,
Until You clearly perceive that the awareness,
Is the indivisible source, to which all are seamless witness.
Neither yours, nor mine, nor anyone else's; immortal You, all the same.

* * * *

Other than in its human form, nature has no individuality, no character, no ego.
The human paradigm is but a happenstance-happenchance of this beyond-all-pales mystery theater,
Evolved absolutely, by the creative dynamic of quantum, witnessed by awareness.
Intentional or not, here our kind is, doing what vanity does,
In its mixed bag of mindful and mindless.

It is the same old patterns, played out ever again, since humankind,
Came down from the branches, and wandered out into the garden.

* * * *

What is life, but a countdown to one deadly end or another.
May as well make the Reaper your favorite drinking buddy.

* * * *

Paid a lot of dearly, for that little vice, You did, You did.

* * * *

Just a-spacin' away; a-streamin' with the dreamin'.

* * * *

Within the roar of applause, ever a hollow tone.

* * * *

What pathless is there to heaven,
But through the eternal within.

* * * *

There is only one Soul,
And it is that which is totality.
There is only one totality,
And it is the Soul in all.

* * * *

No one can truly see the real You,
Nor can You truly see your Self.
It is your fate to play it all so,
Again and again, ever again.

* * * *

That which is ever-changing is not eternal.
That which is eternal is not ever-changing.

* * * *

He with the most toys, dies same as every other.

* * * *

It is all You within and without.
Nothing about which to get all pride-filled.
You are witness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

131

We are all merely monkeys here, an entire planet covered with monkeys.
Jesus was a monkey, and so were Buddha, Muhammad, Lao Tzu, and Nietzsche.
Your father and mother are monkeys, and your brothers, your sisters, your grandparents,
And your uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and acquaintances and strangers and enemies,
And even You, are all just two-legged tree-swingers, who one day climbed down,
And wandered out into the savannas, and across the pale blue dot.

* * * *

The heart of awareness has nothing to do with romantic notion.

* * * *

How amazing that any so-called educational system,
Would not diligently labor to encourage all,
To strengthen the given capacities,
For the well-being of all.

* * * *

Truth is truth, however You may ponder it.

* * * *

Resisting change is pointless.
Embracing its ever-changing reality,
Makes it far more endurable,
Perhaps even interesting.

* * * *

Such a synergistic madhouse, what can You do,
But just inanely laugh out loud at the absurdities,
We have wrought in our very brief time in the sun.

* * * *

A perspective from which nothing freely comes and goes.

* * * *

The only thing permanent and everlasting,
About this ever-changing manifest dream of consciousness,
Is the indivisible quantum essence, that permeates its each and every strand.

* * * *

You are not your body, your mind, your relationships, your things.
You are not your likes and dislikes, nor the perceptions of all your memories.
You are not your world, You are not your universe, You are not anything under any sun.
You are naught but the awareness of totality, witnessing a magical mystery tour of quantum design.

132

Another soul twisted and turned by the play of time and space, as are we all.
How we engage the given nature-nurture dreamtime,
Is full of choiceless choices.

* * * *

You are in this particular form, by the caprice of the genetic lottery,
By a random role of the dice in your mothers womb.
Nothing to get all pride-filled about.

* * * *

History has never once repeated itself.
It is patterns that play out over and over again,
Across every time, every geography.

* * * *

Just because You were not raised in some castle,
Need not contrive You any less aristocratic,
In your own heart, your own mind.

* * * *

You think, therefore You are.
You think, therefore it is.
How could it be any other way?

* * * *

What need for dogma in a free mind.

* * * *

The ever-changing is but a sensory dream.

* * * *

In its all but ceaseless, time-bound pursuit of security,
Imagination sows the seeds for every dread imaginable.

* * * *

Today's resolutions are never guaranteed to be the morrow's.

* * * *

What would your face look like if You had never seen its reflection?

* * * *

And what if that which so many call God, is truly equally good and evil?
It is truly only the notion born of dualistic limitation that needs changing.

133

Individuality is a delusion, fabricated by consciousness, locked within a sensory dream.
Across the infinity of all dimensions, all creation shares the same Soul.
All are but shards of the indivisibly unfathomable.

* * * *

Enjoy your vanity, your hedonistic narcissism, why not?
Just do not be so deluded as to believe your existence,
Is any more than a breeze wafting through leaves.

* * * *

How can any rational mind forever pretend,
Anything it discerns not patently absurd?

* * * *

There is no separation in the awareness,
But through the play of consciousness,
And all its sensory-based differences.

* * * *

So treacherous as to be harmless,
So cruel as to be compassionate,
So rapacious as to be generous.
It is less about sordid beginnings,
Than it is about righteous endings.

* * * *

We are all addicts to the patterns,
Through which we daily wander.

* * * *

The minimum requirement,
For a moderately satisfying life,
Is just enough wit to appreciate genius.

* * * *

The only thing jealous about any god or gods,
Is in the minds of minions who busily scurry about,
Promoting dogmas entirely born of their imaginary vanity.

* * * *

Those many who harbor in hope,
Should beware the cynic whose light shines bright,
Upon the countless absurdities, that run amok in human mind and deed.

Yet another unique and novel experience.
Another current event, another occupation, another obsession,
Another relationship, another group, another role,
Another this, another that, another other.
And the point, minus all the vanity, again, was?

* * * *

We are all twisted up in one way or another.
No use getting all worked up or discombobulated about it.
It is not like anyone has been dealt a perfect hand.
Monkey faire across the board, so to speak.

* * * *

Can there be any without, without within?
Can there be any within, without without?
Is there any degree of separation, really?

* * * *

Dressed to the nines or stark naked,
We are all just a cluster of monkeys.
Genetics casts its shadowed fate in all.

* * * *

The sensory reverie draws the infant,
From the benign womb of beingness,
To a universe of incessant becoming.
Eternity is given over to imagination.

* * * *

The mystery of existence,
A few breaths, a few heartbeats,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, expands in consciousness,
Until You at long last, realize fully, that it never really existed,
As anything more than an indivisible, ephemeral dream,
To which eternal awareness, is sovereign witness.

* * * *

This timeless, very present moment,
Is all that is, all that has ever been, all that will ever be,
Since long before imagination first began, to well after it last comes undone.

135

Stop believing You are this manifest sensory body, and all that is imagined,
And where else is there to go, what else is there to do,
What else is there to be,
But what You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

In a world, filled to the brim, with me, myself, and I,
Who is the me that me's, the myself that myself's, the I that I's?
Without the given vessel, would thus ever be so?
Would thy, be anything, but That?

* * * *

The highest and mightiest dissolve into the same grave,
As quickly as even the lowliest and weakest.
The Reaper differentiates nothing.

* * * *

Life, an endless queue of things yet to do.

* * * *

The price of good is evil.
The price of right is wrong.
The price of wealth is poverty.
The price of pleasure is pain.
The price of white is black.
The price of life is death.

* * * *

This, too, shall be forgotten.

* * * *

Fair: The nicer four-letter F-word.

* * * *

This is all it is, has ever been, will ever be.
All else is vanity, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Would that there were a supreme being that You could slap,
Or at least pull a nose hair as You are sneezed back into hell.

* * * *

What need would dust ever have to rise above the feet that tread upon it.

136

The grace of this unknowable mystery is within all small to great,
Discerned fully by the few granted the vision and insight,
And the inclination to peer eye wide open within.

* * * *

All paltry and meaningless; the idolatry of the Golden Calf.
To trade the treasure of Creation for a few gold coins.
What ignorance the many vanities hath wrought.

* * * *

It is all surface sheen to the underlying formless,
An opportunity to peek from behind the veil,
For brief moments dreamed in time.

* * * *

The truly homeless are always home.

* * * *

Reconciling nothing with its Self,
Is pretty darned absurd,
Yet, there it is.

* * * *

Whoooooosh …

* * * *

Death becomes us all.

* * * *

You have always been alone.
It is your one and only nature.

* * * *

Yet another weary moment flowers,
Through the endless projection of vanity.

* * * *

The face is but a mask upon which character is written.

* * * *

Anything could be better; anything could be worse.
Gratitude for whatever has been offered, whatever has been given,
Is the one of the greater challenges of contentment.

137

Absolutely anything can be usurped.
Truth has been an unwitting collaborator to every sort of lie,
Ever since consciousness first parlayed the whimsical notions of irony and paradox.
What would existence be without their ever-brewing absurdities?

* * * *

Congratulations to humanity for transforming the world,
Into books, slideshows, video clips, vanity faire tweets,
And ungainly garbage dumps of every size and décor.

* * * *

What need or concern could God possibly have,
For the shenanigans born of space and time?

* * * *

If You were a king or queen, You would …

* * * *

Yet another reason to hang alone.

* * * *

A waking dream,
Nothing more,
Nothing less,
Nothing but.

* * * *

Stone cold still.

* * * *

Of nothing, ado alleged much.

* * * *

You were not, You are not, You need not care.

* * * *

Whether so-called alive, whether so-called dead, You are.

* * * *

The senses are ripples away from the awareness where You abide.
The eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh, all feeding into the mind;
How can they ever be the one and only You, but through attachment to assumptions?
How can they ever be more than distant devices, to be witnessed however nature-nurture allows?

138

It is not through words that reality is discerned.
Concepts are but the winds of sound blowing this way and that,
The awareness You are, utterly still throughout.
For that which You truly are,
There is no name.

* * * *

Aloof or in a crowd, aloneness is a state of mind.

* * * *

What that tattoo, piercing, or implant,
Is going to look like in twenty or so years,
Is not a very pretty thought to those,
Not lacking vivid imaginations.

* * * *

The expanses of imagination,
Are but the ephemeral filament,
Of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

Me, Myself, and I,
It loses interest in all of us,
And we few in it.

* * * *

Heeding sound counsel,
And parlaying aid to one's advantage,
Is not the nature of fools.

* * * *

What is consciousness,
But the dynamic of imagination,
Playing itself out in the ground of eternity.

* * * *

There is really no mine, no yours, no theirs.
There is only consciousness, pure and simple,
Playing out every character imagination inspires.

* * * *

Avoid the turbulence inspired by the worship of Mammon,
If You might wish to live out a relatively tranquil existence.

139

Different time, different language, different face; pretty much the same conversation.

* * * *

Be so vulnerable, as to without hesitation, proffer the executioner your neck.

* * * *

What is ever new, but the ever-present You, under the ever-present sun.

* * * *

The sands of time are but the ever-shifting dunes of imagination.

* * * *

What is cause, what is effect, in the holography of if it all?

* * * *

The passions are but passing waves of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing, for as far as You can see.

* * * *

Awareness is all.

* * * *

What a vain, frail dream.

* * * *

Those who cannot comprehend, judge.

* * * *

No expectations known; what need for anything?

* * * *

And on the eighth day, God wept, sighed, and trudged on.

* * * *

The great Just-in-Case once again raises its precautionary head.

* * * *

The greatest demon may not necessarily be the one who looks the part.

* * * *

What narrow, limited, confining views of God are harbored by any given dogma.

140

The perfect crime is the one no one ever even suspects happened.
And many are likely guilty of who knows how many,
Heinous thought-crimes in any given day.
What sordid monkeys we are.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping senses are the gateway to perception.
Without them, what is any universe,
If not nothing.

* * * *

Why would any deity worth a tinker's damn,
Be a proponent of any dogma, whatsoever?

* * * *

Each and every snowflake is the first.
Every one must discern its own way.

* * * *

What an absurd idea,
To believe You are an identity,
Distinct from totality.
Sheer madness.

* * * *

You cannot be what You are not,
Nor teach what You do not know.
What is false is not of long duration.

* * * *

What to do when You look within,
And clearly discern your soul no different,
Than anyone or anything else's.

* * * *

It is consciousness that steeps in passion and fear.
Awareness is incapable of knowing any difference.

* * * *

There is really only this ephemeral nowness,
Envisioned in the mind via the senses,
Filtered into your version of an imagined universe,
The mirage through which You daily wander your dream of time.

141

If your concept of a deity does not incorporate You as more than a sheep,
To be herded to and fro, in some groupthink-follower-collective,
Then perhaps You need to incite some serious doubting,
For a very up-the-ante-worldview-change-up.
Slap your Self, so to speak, very hard.

* * * *

Why do some so shudder at the thought of death?
Perhaps because they have never discerned it ever hovering,
Each and every within-and-without moment,
In each and every breath.

* * * *

The master is the one who sees how little he knows,
The journeyman has not quite figured it out,
And the beginner already knows it all.

* * * *

Just because You start off as a human being,
Does not mean You have to end up as one.

* * * *

It is said that in every mass movement,
There must be the first follower,
But what of That I Am,
To which one,
Neither leads nor follows,
At best, perhaps points, this way or that.

* * * *

It is only consciousness that is harbor,
To all the agonies and ecstasies of passion.
The eternal awareness is neither here nor there.

* * * *

In a few seconds, minutes, hours,
Days, weeks, months, years, lifetimes, eons,
It all will not matter even one iota to anyone or anything.

* * * *

Some things You can stare in the face your whole life,
And never even begin to perceive, never even begin to discern.
Irony and paradox loiter in every nook, in every cranny, at every turn.

142

That so many maltreat others, in so many cruel ways, is beyond all reckoning.
Some abide the barbarity through stoic cynicism and ironic repartee,
And others through compassionate, selfless, heartfelt service.
The human dreamscape finds time and place for all.

* * * *

To turn it off, You can either become very still, very detached,
Or You can, through a variety of means, off the body.
Suicide is the greatest philosophical question.
So, embrace the absurdity of it all,
Moniker yourself Sisyphus,
Abandon all hope,
Get ye shoulder to ye boulder,
And whistle while ye daily slog it up the hill.

* * * *

Universes come and go; quantum abides eternal.

* * * *

The human species has been migrating,
Ever since it crawled out of the puddle.

* * * *

Where is there to go? What is there to do?
What is there to see, hear, touch, taste, or smell,
That is not ultimately the one and only You?

* * * *

It is all just imagination's attachment to this or that.
A sensory dream in the matrix of eternity.
You are untainted awareness,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Just putting in your time in whatever way the dream calls.

* * * *

The same seven deadly sins:
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Play out like a scratchy record over and over across time, across space.
There is really nothing all that new under any given sun.

* * * *

What need, really, for any who, any what, any where, any when, any why, any how.
You are, and that is more than enough for those immersed within, stabilized without.

143

History is replete with the ideals of truth, justice, and equity for all,
Being blown asunder by the mortal tempest of me, myself, and I,
From every crook and cranny of this swirling play of stardust.

* * * *

Even other dimensions viewed through different eyes,
Will not change the essential nature of all creation.
There is only one source, no matter the mooring.
It may have faces and places beyond counting,
But the underlying nature is ever the same.

* * * *

Of truth, much is said, nothing known.

* * * *

The great serenity has no bounds.

* * * *

More irony, more paradox.
Yawn, ho-hum.

* * * *

About nothing, I Am.

* * * *

You never were.
You are not.
You need not care.

* * * *

Truth is not partial to any notion.

* * * *

Ponder the eternal enigma You ever are.

* * * *

Everything is food to one set of fangs or another.

* * * *

In just one ephemeral moment, death rubs out an entire existence,
All its imaginary perceptions, completely undone for all of eternity.
And all your power, all your renown, all your fortune, all your beliefs,
Cannot even one moment more – command, influence, acquire, or hope.

144

In the lifelong inquiry into the one and only truth, the one and only reality,
Why on earth, vainly adhere to any particular school of thought,
When an entire universe is your dreamtime teacher.

* * * *

The burden of traditions across this magical garden,
Muddy the unfolding now with every sort of dualistic notion.
How can everyone be free to discern the greatest vision,
With so much hollow dogma weighing them down?
Only the rare have the courage to stand alone.

* * * *

Memory is but the wake of imagination.

* * * *

Path? What path?
Journey? What journey?
Fate? What fate?

* * * *

All, in a dream.

* * * *

Indelible awareness.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is.
It is not anything You think it is.
All just pretend, all just make-believe,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Nothing, even a moment ago, ever happened.
Everything is devised of time-bound imagination.
You were not, You are not, You need not care.

* * * *

So much of everything within any given cosmos.
Nothing new, nothing old, everything the same, nothing the same.
On and on, the unknowable conundrum churns, ever creating, preserving, destroying.
The timeless in every mind's eye, witness to a kaleidoscoping sensory mirage.
The awareness has awakened in so many dreams, in so many universes,
In so many paroxysms, in so many reflections of consciousness.
To the eternal, in which all small to great equally abide.
You are it, it is You, there is ultimately no other.

145

Existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.
You are likely not as healthy as You were a year ago today,
Nor as unhealthy as You are apt to be a year hence.
Real wealth is a robust body and mind.
Spend your genetic allowance however You will,
With whatever intelligence and attentiveness You can muster.

* * * *

The truth of it, is, that not even one atom,
Across an entire cosmos indivisibly full of them,
Can for even one iota of an eternal moment, still itself.
And yet, the awareness within and without its ever-churning all,
Has never once, across all time and space, even stirred.

* * * *

Do faces shape the minds, or minds, the faces?
The winds of time sculpt in many ways,
And are by their many creations,
Blown many directions.

* * * *

The lonely love; the lonely hate.

* * * *

Try not to make that mistake again.

* * * *

Gaia's inexplicable garden is forever undone.
The dystopian malaise is very much underway.

* * * *

The past becomes longer, deeper, fuller,
And the unfolding future ever more expansive.
That is, if You continue bothering to imagine it all real.
It takes a good deal of effortlessness to be right here, right now.

* * * *

For what, exactly, are You hoping?
Power? Fame? Fortune? Security? … Immortality?
You already have so much: sentience, health, food, water, air, space, time.
As austere as it may well sound, things so often taken for granted, are truly the greatest treasure.
After all, You only dream this manifest play for as long as mortal destiny allows.
Try not to squander the temporal window of beingness too lightly.

146

Only minds shackled to time and space, require meaning and purpose.
The sage wanders freely in the quietude of eternal awareness.
All meaning and purpose evaporates when You do.

* * * *

You are freest when You are not, and the great not knowing,
As effortlessly simple as it truly is, is not easily ascertained.

* * * *

What need for hope, when there is only birth and death,
And remorseless bouts of agony and ecstasy, between.

* * * *

So many imperfections, and the crest-jewel flawless.

* * * *

There are dilemmas enough in this dream world,
Without the upsurge of make-believe molehills.

* * * *

Time spent with a fool, is time absurdly lent.

* * * *

The human paradigm has become so yawn.

* * * *

Consciousness is the cacophony of nothingness.

* * * *

We are all wee little figments,
Of your idiosyncratic imagination,
And You in ours, and ours in each other's.
Consciousness is but an ever-flowing dreamtime.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

You can easily spot those,
Who consider themselves an underclass,
Because all about their anguish and misfortune, they are.

* * * *

If You are not privy the source of this vast mystery, how can anyone else be?
An agnostic stance is the middle way, between the true believers of any assertion.

147

Each and every instant, across all infinity's inexplicable indivisibility,
Seamlessly, timelessly, irrevocably blending into the next,
From rise and bloom, to decline and demise.
And it is all You, forever one.

* * * *

All dualistic notions are the hoax of consciousness,
Ever enticed by the kaleidoscoping play of the senses and mind.
You are this ephemeral, eternal, nonexistent moment,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
No matter the fabrication.

* * * *

The nothingness of everything, awakens to another day.

* * * *

What need a simple mind, for such complex reasoning.

* * * *

To be deeply, truly content, is a gift beyond compare.

* * * *

And what is the Way, if not everything and nothing.

* * * *

Nothing matters, and nothing so does not matter, too.

* * * *

Keep on stepping, You will get somewhere, eventually.

* * * *

What cannot be misconstrued, once taken out of context?

* * * *

How intelligent does one have to be, to not be stupid?
How beautiful, to not be ugly? How good, to not be bad?
How correct, to not be wrong? How wise, to not be foolish?
Where is the line between any yay, any nay, any this, any that,
But some inflated, arbitrary formulation, of the given mind.

* * * *

When has nature ever been anything, but that which is called God?
How else would Self manifest, without one dream of time or another?

148

It takes no effort to be what You already are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Pretending to know something You can never know, now there's the rub.

* * * *

The selection process, individually and collectively, creates the future.

* * * *

The call of the wild, is but a faint echo, in the domesticated mind.

* * * *

How much pain will You endure, to maintain your little dream?

* * * *

Just another middleman, lurking in one tollbooth or another.

* * * *

How naive to believe, anything cannot happen to You, too.

* * * *

What creation can withstand its inevitable destruction.

* * * *

Nothing and something, both rumored impossible.

* * * *

Who is the who, who questions who is who?

* * * *

What is the universe, but a never-ending craps roll.

* * * *

In the ocean of metaphors, awareness abides indivisible.

* * * *

And where are You, when the world within and without dissolves?

* * * *

Straddling the fenceless fence, makes for a painfully splintered wander.

* * * *

Imagination, in all its vanities, can be a cruel taskmaster in this grand hoax.

149

This ever-streaming moment, is all You truly are, have ever been, or will ever be.
How can any thought, any experience, any passion, any notion, whatsoever,
Cleave to that which is flawlessly perfect prior to all that is imagined?

* * * *

Those who long for a serene existence, set aside their many passions,
And surrender to the awareness, in which all creation is harbored.

* * * *

What a challenging thing,
Not to be drawn again and again and again,
Into the human paradigm, and its incessant, raucous cacophony,
All its cares and woes, all its troubles and bothers,
All its confusion and disharmony.

* * * *

What is there to save, when there is nothing that can be lost?

* * * *

The proof is in the pudding, and You are the pudding.

* * * *

It is generally the followers, the true believers,
Who begat the absurdities and horrors.
Of all dogmatic thinking.

* * * *

How can anyone know that which is oblivion,
When nothing must be present to witness it?

* * * *

You are not apart from God, You are a part of God.

* * * *

To fully comprehend your many demons, is to realize,
That they are but ripples of vain consciousness, not You.

* * * *

All pronouns are but the narrowing assumptions of imagination.

* * * *

We must each wander alone, through the decline, toward the demise.
Coping can include cynicism, stoicism, fatalism, absurdity, conviction.

150

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.

* * * *

Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.

* * * *

Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

* * * *

We all gauge our given existence in many different ways.
To judge, to compare, to covet, is meaningless.
All are of the same indivisibility.
Being and allowing, is the road less traveled.

* * * *

You are not, You have never been, You will never be,
What You see or hear or feel or taste or smell or think.

* * * *

The figment of imagination is within all.

* * * *

In the dream, but not of it.

* * * *

Relish the aloneness of the eternity within.

* * * *

Why should You be a sheep to some shepherd?
Why should You kowtow or pray to what You are?
Why should You fear that which You have ever been?
Pfft on all dogmas devised by minds embedded in time.

* * * *

Just about everything human,
Sooner or later becomes all but immobilized,
By all the parameters and procedures of bureaucratic tomfoolery.

* * * *

We must all one day face an executioner.
The only questions include whether it will be large or small,
Animate or inanimate, quick or slow, conscious or unconscious, known or unknown,
By your own hand or by another's.

151

The good teacher requires a good student, and the good student, a good teacher.
But no matter the subject, no teacher can more than point the way.
It is always the student, who must do the learning.

* * * *

How curious that those who spend their existence in scholarship,
Are never able to entirely examine all the knowledge,
The mystery ever-entices them to create.

* * * *

The first step in any religion, is fabricating a supreme being,
And the second, is dwelling in fear of its imaginary shadow.

* * * *

Quantum breathing:
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe,
Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe.
Breathe in the universe …

* * * *

The monkey-mind races madly for the edge,
Of the terra firma's petri dish.
Biology will out.

* * * *

No point judging something, You cannot change.
No point judging something, that does not matter.
No point judging something, that is the way it is.

* * * *

Reality is ceaseless and carefree, indivisible and inexplicable.
Only imagination ebbs and flows, starts and stops.
In reality, You are the You that You are,
Not the You that You imagine.
The soul of mystery exists, not in time,
But in the timeless nowness of eternal beingness.
To achieve full potential as human being, be a human … being.

* * * *

Intelligence is of such a relative nature, that to arrogantly assert superiority to any other,
Is to deny that all creatures small to great, entertain at least one genius or another,
Which has allowed evolutionary survival, since matter's ascent into existence.

152

What are we but portions of quanta, playing out a three-dimensional theater,
Immortal at the essential level, yet mortal in whatever form played.
Birth, death, and the life between, are but an illusory dream.
In the ultimate eternal reality, prior to all creation,
There is no existence, there is no other, there is only You.

* * * *

Everyone, everything, and all the nothingness,
Within, between, beyond, during, before, after, forever and a day,
Is the You that is Me, the Me that is You.
So simple,
As to make anything else meaningless.

* * * *

The awareness is the ever-present witness.
The observer and the observed are indivisibly one.
It is only in imagination that dualistic notion finds lodging.
Consciousness, no matter how profound or creative,
Can never be anything more than imaginary.

* * * *

The mind, with all its patterns, is like a clenched fist,
Unable to let loose whatever attachments it fosters.

* * * *

We are all of the same mystery, the same awareness,
But the character, the personality, the identity,
Wears the cloak of whatever illusory dream,
The given nature-nurture has spawned.
Nothing about which to be inflated, really.

* * * *

What You know, is in reality, of so little consequence,
As to be for all practical purpose and meaning, nothing.

* * * *

Some harbor in lies and deceit, others in truth and service.
Following the middle path of the given day, is the surest way.

* * * *

The elements ever indivisibly combine, break apart, and re-combine,
In their inexplicable, immutable, mysterious, sovereign fashion,
And the given mind follows, in whatever meager way it will.

153

There is only this infinitesimal, ethereal moment,
Untainted by any creation consciousness, heart or mind, has ever invoked.
And You are it, and it is You, pure and simple, free.
There is nothing more.

* * * *

Abide and endure, perhaps even enjoy, the pride and prejudice of it all.
An inconstant dream of inconsequential heights and depths.
The challenge is not getting too attached to it.

* * * *

Another true believer, spewing the speculation, he asserts is truth.

* * * *

The sheen can never attain the reality, upon which it shines.

* * * *

It is dwelling upon differences, that brings about pain.

* * * *

The mind, collection of vague perceptions that it is,
Is no more than what has come and gone,
Even when imagining the future.

* * * *

So many things about which to care, or not.

* * * *

What need for anything,
When everything blows to and fro,
From here to there, there to here, and back again,
In the ever-changing, vagrant dreaming,
Of the ever-unfolding now.

* * * *

The pretense of all identity is entirely imagined,
A collective collusion passed on to every generation.
The blind leading the blind to a synergistic conclusion.

* * * *

To believe the awareness is yours or anyone else's,
Is a misguided assumption, without any validity, whatsoever.
A complete misapprehension of the essential commonality of all creation.

154

It is all You,
Terribly, wonderfully, absolutely alone,
A vast stillness without measure, without rhyme or reason, without cause or effect,
Without purpose or meaning, without beginning or end,
What else would any mystery be?

* * * *

How pure, how simple, how free, the existential beingness.
What need for anything more, really?

* * * *

The ability to control, to manipulate, to destroy,
The many other life forms in this garden,
Does not make humankind greater,
At anything but arrogance and absurdity.

* * * *

There is nothing to save, nothing to spend.
What is, is, has ever been, will ever be.
Enjoy and endure it as best ye may.

* * * *

History is the play,
Of graven images of every sort.
Forget everything.
Be.

* * * *

All assertions born of mind,
Are meaningless worldly claims.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

You will always suffer when You believe,
You are this body, this world, this universe.
There is truly no other, and You will ever suffer,
Whenever You forget to remember that simple truth.

* * * *

What is it to be born again,
But to be the awareness of the newborn.
As still and silent and attentively timeless as the cosmos,
From whence all phenomena small to great have been immaculately woven.

155

It is only in human consciousness,
That the disharmony of dualistic notion takes place.
In whatever way You might observe this infinite, indivisible matrix of a dream,
Whether physics or chemistry or biology, everything is connected,
Without any separation, any otherness, whatsoever.

* * * *

Without the patterning, without the movement of imagination,
Without all the assumptions and assertions,
What are You, really?

* * * *

To be born is to stream a so-called life,
A so-called fate, a so-called death,
A dream, unborn all the while.

* * * *

Dear Diary, what a day it has been …

* * * *

You were never really born,
You have never existed,
You have no future,
You have no past.
You are the I in I,
The Am in Am,
The That in That.
You are That I Am.
The Truth, the Life, the Way.
Awareness, pure, simple, eternally free.

* * * *

What would it have been like to have witnessed this world,
Before the indelible ascendance of humankind,
With all its fences and roads and tracks,
Its countless inventions of every size and variety,
Its boxes of every shape and purpose, strewn across the land.

* * * *

Your first lesson that existence was going to be somewhat harsh,
May have been the exit-from-the-womb whack, that inspired your first breath,
A defining wake-up call, into what all that puzzling commotion,
Outside your mummy's tummy, was all about.

156

The worldwide winds, to which all humankind have synergistically contributed,
Are daily growing far too strong for any to find a truly safe harbor.
The imminent is a cavernous, exacting, dystopian pit,
Into which all but the most resilient,
Must inevitably fall.

* * * *

The body is merely a means for the eternal quantum nature,
To experience mortality for a relatively brief while.
All patterning is but a temporary disguise.

* * * *

Whatever the source of the mystery, You are also.
How could You not be?

* * * *

What conclusion can there ever possibly be,
To a mystery capable of dreaming,
Without beginning or end?

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy are only as near,
As the attachment to the body.
Are You your best friend,
Or worst enemy?
You decide,
Every moment.

* * * *

Would You, could You,
Really play any other character,
But the one You have already been allotted?

* * * *

Once upon a time, it all seemed as real as real could be,
And then, the one and only reality, awakened your eternal mind.
It is a solitary, less traveled, winding yellow brick road,
Down which many are called, and few inclined.

* * * *

The awareness that transpires in this eternal now,
Is indifferent to this temporal theater born of time and space.
So, the good news, really, is that it can all be considered absolute bullshit.

157

You really do not know anything, and no one else does, either.
There is no need to be afraid; there is no need to worship false idols.
There is no need to make some meaningless, absurd, bad-theater game of it.
Wonder, ponder, speculate all You please, do with your existence whatever You will;
But the source that You and all things are, is an insoluble enigma,
In which merely being here now, fearless and free,
Is, indeed, more than enough.

* * * *

Mystery may splinter into an infinity of shards,
But in each and every one, the ultimate singularity is absolute.
Only in consciousness can duality be conceived,
And the many delusions of illusion,
Play their wayward daze.

* * * *

Suffering is the only outcome for those who cling,
To what was never really theirs from the get-go.

* * * *

Words are but the dust of memory.

* * * *

Nothing exists within.
Nothing exists without.

* * * *

What an amazing dream,
All that food and drink,
Has this moment created.
Even an ocean of absurdity,
Cannot undo the mystery of it all.

* * * *

To pretend human beings are not animals,
Biological creatures without instinctual urges,
Is an absurd assertion without any merit, whatsoever.

* * * *

The evolutionary reason for sex is procreation.
The gratification sought, whether alone or with another,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting, superficial, endorphin high.
After the essential physical needs, it is the defining force of the human drama.

158

The infinite ocean of totality, is in no way, no shape, no form,
Interested or concerned or involved, with any illusory fabrication of consciousness.
It is solitary witness, within and without, all phenomena small to great,
But untouched by any dream bound to space and time.

* * * *

True science is not a religion.
It is a quality of mind solely intent on rational,
Dispassionate, impersonal, accurate, lucid, measurable observation,
To whatever conclusion the quest for truth may bring.

* * * *

Every day You wake up and wander out into the dreamscape,
And pretend along with everyone else,
Knowing all the while,
That none of it is, was, or will ever be, real.

* * * *

The first step to sanity is ignoring the world.
The second is ignoring whatever is going on in your head.
Both the same thing, really.

* * * *

To imagine yourself real, significant, permanent,
Is inevitably the source of great suffering.

* * * *

Is what we call growing up,
Really any more,
Than firing up the imagination,
Into one nature-nurture caricature or another?

* * * *

Wisdom or foolishness, intelligence or stupidity,
Of what point are any states of mind to You, really?
Sooner or later, it will all be lost, it will all be forgotten.
Vanity, vanity – all it is, has ever been, will ever be – is vanity.
Enjoy the reverie as best You may, but best not cling,
To what is only matter, and does not matter.

* * * *

Why would You ever choose to be an adherent of any doctrine, whatsoever,
When You can just naturally be your eternal Self, as free as You dare to be.

159

Epiphanies are often like the sudden crack of jostling billiard balls,
That launch their recipients off, in new and unexpected adventures.

* * * *

What in consciousness, is not an arbitrary assumption?

* * * *

So many vast divides in the countless nuances,
Of the imaginary nature of consciousness.

* * * *

All gods, all religions, all dogma,
Are nothing more than vain projections,
Of the mortal mind born of time.

* * * *

Nothing is ever the same.

* * * *

This too shall pass.
Everything does and forever will.
'Tis the fate of stardust.

* * * *

All imperfection is born of imagination.

* * * *

What never is, never was, and will never be.

* * * *

A golden age of plunder and narcissistic decadence,
A ceaseless smorgasbord of the same old seven deadly sins,
– Wrath and greed and sloth and pride and lust and envy and gluttony –
Played out over and over, in every way imagination allows.

* * * *

Nothing is more than a little absorbing, if You can abide the aloneness.

* * * *

For want of an audience, the choir endlessly chatters on and on and on to itself.

* * * *

What arrogant, meaningless, often squalid dogmas, crisscross this spinning ball of dust.

160

All moments in this inexplicable theater, are instantaneously come and gone.
Why waste the here and now pondering things already over and done;
All of them no more than the filament of imaginary perception.
Or feel unhinging trepidation, over unknowable futures,
That must manifest, before they can be faced.

* * * *

Jesus was not Jesus, Buddha was not Buddha,
Krishna was not Krishna, Lao Tzu was not Lao Tzu.
No one has ever been anyone other than the one and only You,
That You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

There are some experiences,
You could repeat every day of your life,
And others, for which even just once, is more than enough.
We each alone, together, wander and ponder,
In very different universes.

* * * *

What seems so extraordinary to many,
Is nothing to those who partake,
Naught but divine grace.

* * * *

There is a world of difference,
Between powerful and controlling,
Creation and manipulation,
Within and without.
Intent is all.

* * * *

You must alone free your Self.
No one can do it for You.
It is ultimately a solitary journey,
For which relatively few have rhyme or reason,
Much less inclination and capacity.

* * * *

So many languages in this dream world.
What a mind it would take, to comprehend them all.
An intellectual reverie, well beyond the capability and pay grade,
Of anyone bound by the frailties of mortal capacity.

161

Smaller and smaller, infinitesimally smaller; or larger and larger, infinitely larger.
How can there ever be any end, any finale to this intractable mystery?
Be still, and know that which is all, that which is none.

* * * *

Many are muddled by thoughts such as these,
Because they are questing guarantees of consolation and security,
In a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream world,
That can never offer any such thing.

* * * *

Why trouble trying to liberate those content,
With what would to You be a prison?
You cannot awaken the dead.
Many are called; few are inclined.

* * * *

The things we for vanity endure.

* * * *

And who has it ever really been,
But the ultimate, indivisible You,
That has perceived any of this?

* * * *

You are the ethereal moment,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
To seek more, is to settle for less.

* * * *

The only solution for times ahead,
Will be the same, as it has always been;
To muddle on, as the given moment unfolds.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness,
Both least and greatest common denominator.

* * * *

How much of what You do in any given day,
Is because of the countless others;
Most of whom You will obviously never encounter,
And, if You did, many of whom, You would likely not, be really all that fond.

162

How can awareness be thought to have either beginning or end,
When its momentary nature, is so ever-present, as to be unequivocally eternal.
Consciousness, however, is an entirely different bag of worms.
For all practical purposes, it is unable to hold still,
And is insatiably able and willing,
To distract itself and over and over,
With every antic it can possibly conceive.

* * * *

The activist sees the mystic and calls his way pointless.
The mystic sees the activist and calls his way pointless, as well.
So many ways to point out the pointlessness,
Of the same and only mystery.

* * * *

Truth is the ever-present, timelessly unfolding now.
It is what is, and can never be understood,
By the mind interrupted by time.

* * * *

Every restless seeker wanders until they realize,
It was within, they were searching for, all the while.

* * * *

What a curious thing that anyone believes,
They have the right, even duty, to dictate to others,
What to do, or not do, with their existence.

* * * *

What if You suddenly realized,
All your assumptions were entirely wrong,
Would You, could You, totally recalibrate, and start anew?

* * * *

The world is but a tiny particle, in the infinity of your true beingness.
Discern that what You truly are, and are not, is prior to and well beyond,
The farthest reaches, up into which your temporal eyes, every evening gaze.

* * * *

Consciousness will never do more, than speculate on how this mystery came to be.
All anyone can ever do, is be in the moment, however it is playing out.
Time is born of mind; it is nothing more than imagination.
You were not, You are not, You need not care.

163

Concepts upon concepts; minds chock-full of every sort of notion.
And in the grand scheme of this inexplicable whodunit;
Any given dream, nothing more than poof.

* * * *

Awareness, from cradle to grave, ever the same.

* * * *

To care, or not to care, that is the question.

* * * *

In awareness, all potentials reside.

* * * *

Slumbering in nirvana.

* * * *

So much done;
So little all the while.
The nothingness is like that.

* * * *

Suffering, the harshest teacher.

* * * *

No matter the form or time,
All are simultaneously witnessing,
The same inexplicable mirage.

* * * *

The truest mystery is without solution.

* * * *

Be content.
Die with a full breath,
Each and every moment possible.
It is, indeed, the most real, the most true state,
At the core of indisputable You.

* * * *

There is nothing rational about existence.
Here You are, stuck in dreamtime for the time being.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, as best ye are able.

Awareness beckons You awaken others, as it has been awakened in You.
Pass this on freely, without dogma, to those who are inclined,
And be cordial and kind and tolerant and open,
As much as forbearance allows,
Toward the many sleepers who are not.

* * * *

Why waste time in regret?
There are probably relatively few,
Who would not do many things differently.
But it is through everything You have ever experienced,
However intentional or unintentional,
That You are here now.

* * * *

Current times inevitably become ancient ones,
In the current minds of any given future.
Everyone is living in modern times.

* * * *

Through the patterning,
The blueprint of the given seed,
The essential, indivisible nature of mystery,
Molds itself into every form.

* * * *

Totality, so infinite, so alone.

* * * *

It is really all the eternal now,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Yet still You manage to awaken each and every day,
Believing your dream real and true.

* * * *

The most eloquent, powerful aphorisms,
Are instilled with wisdom and subtlety and wit;
Slathered with a liberal topping of paradox and irony.

* * * *

It is all still Eden, of course,
But for some reason, trudging through a landfill,
Will never be quite as enticing, as meandering an untrammeled garden.

165

True aimless wandering, is the art of surrendering to the unfolding moment.

* * * *

Soul gorp for those who doubt; those who fathom irony and paradox.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian, to chronicle the human paradigm?
Who will be the last witness, to the dystopian fall of our kind?

* * * *

A never-ending story, this play of consciousness.

* * * *

Self-loathing is not a healthy place to dwell.

* * * *

The stage onto which You are born,
Shapes this brief, mortal, time-bound play.
Anatomy is destiny, character is fate.

* * * *

You are a portal to the infinity of totality.

* * * *

In the fall of even the greatest mountains,
A stonecutter begins with a single swing.

* * * *

Why long for so many things that can never be?

* * * *

To hold out hope that humanity,
Will achieve some sort of utopian ideal,
Only shows how little is understood of the history,
Make-believe that it well is, into which we have all been cast.

* * * *

As much free will, as the genetic lottery and winds of time allow.

* * * *

We are all dreams in each other's minds,
Different players kaleidoscoping across the same stage,
Dancing in the quantum matrix, in whatever way consciousness calls.

166

You will play out whatever fate the quantum matrix has allotted.
Whatever genetic lottery has been formulated, whatever stage has been erected,
Whatever dice have been rolled, whatever hand has been dealt.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Most would rather cater to the endlessly delusional gratification,
Of mind-numbing tradition and fear-ridden superstition,
Than to explore for themselves, the truth of it all.

* * * *

When there is no attachment to anything,
You are every moment born anew.
You need not be burdened,
By the yoke of time.

* * * *

See it or not,
The truth has always been,
And will ever be,
The real You.

* * * *

Evolve or die.

* * * *

Passion is attachment.

* * * *

Just because You do not want,
To see or hear something true,
Does not make it any less true.

* * * *

Breathe in, breathe out.
Let the world go, and just be.
Easier said than done, but it is doable.
It is only real, if and when, You join the collusion.

* * * *

Science will always be restricted,
By the capacities of the devices doing the measuring,
And the dexterity and intentions, of the minds orchestrating the experiments.

167

Earth is earth, wind is wind, water is water, fire is fire.
Once You, without doubt, without equivocation, fully understand this,
And that these forces interact in every way imaginable,
And that You are eternal witness to it all,
What else is there to know?

* * * *

The challenge for any philosopher, if there is to be any serenity,
Before the given universe comes to its mortal end,
Is to somehow get prior all the words.

* * * *

If You make any mystical perception at all dogmatic,
Go back to square one, You got it all wrong.
Conforming to any other's persuasion,
To any personal idiosyncrasies,
Is not sensible for You or anyone else.

* * * *

Enlightenment wanders many paths.
Liberation is the same for all.

* * * *

You go, infinity.

* * * *

Death unsuits us all.

* * * *

In every moment,
A new opportunity to discern,
The mystery streaming indivisibly within.

* * * *

Some who specialize in the study of literature,
Claim it can be distilled down to as few as seven plots:
The yearning for justice, love, order, pleasure, and validation;
The challenge of morality when choices have to be made;
And the fear of the unknown/unknowable and death.
A few basic narratives told over and over and over,
In different times, in different places, in different tongues,
With a likely never-ending array of nuances, for every inclination,
Yet permeating all, the human craving for life's telling, so much the same.

168

Likely more than a few think they are the shit while they are young.
But live long enough, and You will sooner or later realize,
How insignificant and invisible, You truly are.

* * * *

It is the dust of stars and shit of dinosaurs, that has allowed You,
The vision and insight to consciously bear witness,
To this infinite mystery of a universe,
A creation entirely born,
Of your own imaginary design.

* * * *

And tomorrow morning,
You will likely once again wake up,
Quickly occupied with all the delusion and muddle,
You had managed to put into order,
Just a few hours before.

* * * *

A still mind is a translucent mind.

* * * *

In your mind, all creation.
You are the one.
As are all.

* * * *

Heed your call.

* * * *

Doubt until truth,
Becomes so Self-evident,
That all doubt dissolves into You.

* * * *

Discern Mother Gaia,
Within the home eternity built,
And carry her within, carry her without,
Each and every moment of your brief mortal play.

* * * *

Winning arguments with your Self, more often than not depends,
How many voices are struggling, perhaps even raging for supremacy.

169

Science must focus on small questions, because the big ones have no answer.
And philosophers on the grand scheme, so that they can fall short, as well.

* * * *

Conditioning, indoctrination, brainwashing, whatever it may be called,
When anyone gets told anything enough, it is pretty hard,
If not impossible, to ever un-believe it.

* * * *

Meandering time and space, is the daily Sisyphean task for all.
The dream pushing a boulder of its own making,
Up whatever hill comes to mind.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever imagine a deity,
That did not include them, everyone they know,
Or absolutely everyone and everything else,
In which creation obviously abounds?

* * * *

The seeds of the next dark age,
Likely a cataclysm beyond all reckoning,
Are blossoming across the board.

* * * *

Indifferent to agony or ecstasy,
Rest easy in the moment of origin,
From which both ascend into beingness.

* * * *

Now is the filament of quantum grace.

* * * *

Anxiety is an unpleasant state of anticipation,
Which transmutes into a predictable loop,
Playing dread of the unknown over and over,
Until the obnoxious moment has waxed and waned,
And the next all-too-predictable trepidation steps up to bat.

* * * *

Regarding the temptation to seek revenge for any given transgression;
Allowing another to play out their pathetic, miserable existence,
May, in the long run, be the most gratifying stage show.

170

There your parents were one night or day, messing around, all hot and heavy,
And suddenly, through no fault of your own, no choice of your own,
You were in the oven, baking your way into consciousness.
When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?

* * * *

Science fiction can journey well beyond any pale,
But the limits of imagination are ever fixed,
By the physics of real-time invention,
And the moths lodged in the given wallet.

* * * *

Pain is your teacher, your friend.
Without it, You would not pay attention.
You likely would not have learned how to endure.
Perhaps someday You will be wise enough,
To no longer need its sharp reminders.
Not likely, but there is always,
The hackneyed notion, called hope.

* * * *

Whether You discern it or not,
You are it.
Die to the little self,
As often as the little mind allows.

* * * *

Have You ever experienced anything,
That could not be clearly illuminated,
By a rock-solid dose of Physics 101?

* * * *

Odds are You are as attached to the pain,
As You are the pleasure, perhaps even more so.
For which do You rummage when You daily awaken?
Which do You embrace as You fall into sleep?

* * * *

Every religion started off as a cult,
Until its followers put down enough spare change,
To construct impressive, daunting, holier-than-thou sanctuaries,
Filled with enough middlemen, to shield the sheeples from their crazed delusion,
And muster the potency to be a contender in the madhouse.

171

Be it long or short, smooth or rutted, all philosophizing eventually circles back to You.
Ever the same mysterious awareness, ever unknown, without beginning, without ending.
You are it, it is You, and all your profound speculations mean absolutely diddly-squat.

* * * *

Stoicism is daily putting on the game face, and keeping the whining to your Self.

* * * *

It is not the real, indivisible, sovereign, infinite You,
Who experiences the agonies and ecstasies of mortal existence,
But the movement, the stream of consciousness,
So attached to this or that.

* * * *

The genetic lottery can be a more than a little harsh.
Count yourself fortunate if You got a playable hand.

* * * *

You can bet You are all but done for,
When even the most freshly-minted experience,
Only seems like some sort of rehashed,
Déjà vu echo of a rerun.

* * * *

Why follow a Christ or Buddha,
When You could be a Christ or Buddha?
That is surely the intention of any earnest teacher.

* * * *

A snake may shed its skin, but not its nature.

* * * *

There is most definitely an omnipotent,
Omnipresent, omniscient God,
If You wish to call it that.
A state both infinite and finite,
Of which You are a sparkle of awareness,
A witness to the mystery of your most eternal origin.

* * * *

This world is your birthing ground, this world is your burial ground.
From dust to dust, and dust granted consciousness between.
The source is equal ground for all; eternal, absolute.

So many seeking meaning and purpose, without ever questioning the assumption.
The mind's never-ending quest for significance, for justification,
Is merely an absurd perception of self-importance.
Absolutely unwarranted and meaningless.
A stupor that keeps one from seeing,
The incomprehensible, for what it truly is.

* * * *

There is only this singular, ever-present, timeless, quantum instant,
Which can always be counted on, to be inexplicably unknowable.

* * * *

Much of old age is spent processing whatever conclusions,
You have reached about your temporal dream.
The groove in which You wander,
Whatever daze remains.

* * * *

Neither zero nor one, much less two or more.

* * * *

Every one a snowflake of a journey.

* * * *

Home is where the mind is not.

* * * *

Immaculate conception,
Or immaculate deception?

* * * *

It is not out there that peace resides.

* * * *

Regarding time travel,
How can that which does not exist,
Ever be journeyed, except through imagination?
This streaming instant, born of senses and mind, is all there is.
To pretend otherwise, is just one delusion or another.

* * * *

The consequences of centuries of absurd breeding practices cannot be averted.
Corrupted DNA breeding madly toward an outcome only corrupted DNA can play.

173

At first a sensory riddle, the grand pattern gradually makes itself apparent.
This is the way all young grasp their newly-minted universe.
And within that kaleidoscoping dreamscape,
Each wanders a pathless path,
Very much alone.

* * * *

We are all steadily streaming toward our executioner.
In any of countless guises, the Grim Reaper, the Angel of Death,
Is patiently biding time around one corner or another.

* * * *

From the quantum dust of eternity, You take form,
And through the senses, a universe is imagined.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, ever serene.
Consciousness starts, sticks, stops,
And confabulates without end.

* * * *

What will be, will be,
And it will all pass as gracefully,
As the given mind allows.

* * * *

The critical difference,
Between a mouth,
And an asshole,
Is one end has fangs,
Earthworms must crunch,
At a much more moderate pace.

* * * *

What do You want from existence?
This is it, this is all there is, right here, right now.
What else could it possibly be?

* * * *

The true voice is in all small to great.
To discern it, one must merely, with intention,
Observe prior to the passion, the fear, the false identity,
And surrender courageously, to the sovereignty of the timeless now.

The greatest view of the history of all manifestation,
Would be the synthesis of every universe born of conscious design.
It would include a seamless wander through the matrix, through every nook and cranny,
To which the mystery of imagination, is witness in every way possible.
All within the infinite, indivisible, timeless stillness,
Of that source prior to all naming,
That source prior, even,
To that which many call God.

* * * *

You who have brought children into this dream;
Your great grandchildren are likely playing hopscotch,
In a dystopian landscape of an irreversibly marred playground.

* * * *

Fate often seems designed keep You entranced,
To make You suffer in ways beyond counting.
Far easier to master the world than your Self.

* * * *

To be considered a failure in this world,
May be a distinction of great merit.

* * * *

The traces are not easily undone.

* * * *

You are not the chatty mind,
Any more than a brook,
Is the babbling upon the rocks,
Or the ocean, the crash upon the sand.

* * * *

What if your core assumptions are all wrong?
Would You be able to recalibrate,
To reconfigure your momentary perceptions?
Or is eccentric, bizarre, absurd delusion, the only trajectory?

* * * *

The given universe kaleidoscopes around the sensory body,
Consciousness ceaselessly fabricating every sort of this or that, or that or this,
But, in reality, the awareness merely witnesses a seamless stream.
Vibration, limited by the perceptions of imagination.

175

Every existence is a unique seed born of the same essence, the same mystery.
All are mortal portals, through which awareness witnesses,
The enigma of its eternal nature.

* * * *

The belief in one idol or another is certainly the easier row to hoe,
But for those whose fate it is to discern the truth,
There is no other course
But to delve deeply, remorselessly within.

* * * *

There is neither a superior or inferior dreamtime.
You may not be this vat of flesh and bones,
But it is, indeed, a constant distraction,
To which death is ultimate remedy.

* * * *

In the world and not of it.
Sometimes, sometime not.

* * * *

Sometimes even the village idiot,
Perceives things much more clearly,
Than those who caste themselves elite.

* * * *

Awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is never easy being pulled off the stage,
By the cloaked Reaper-dude with the scythe.

* * * *

Lend heart and money and things to friends and family,
If You hanker to unconditionally, passionately experience,
The greatest sense of unfathomable betrayal and inner struggle.

* * * *

All imagination is illusion, samsara, the play of the quantum ether,
Earth … water … air … fire … in all its countless forms,
All its theaters of consciousness … across all time, across all space,
In however many dimensions this inexplicable mystery has deigned to create.

176

What is so arduous about realizing the truth,
That the awareness within all, that the witness within all,
Is completely detached, objectively indifferent, benignly disengaged,
To the countless dreamtimes of consciousness, in all its pursuits, in all its passions.
It is the ether, the mysterious spirit of totality; name it if You must.
Duality is but the splintering of imaginary perception.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

The mortal mind is transfixed
By the ceaseless permutations of limitation.
As for that which is immortal, well, find even one boundary, if You can.
After all, the indivisible is indivisible, much farther,
Than any eye will ever see.

* * * *

If You want world peace, still that busy mind,
And in awareness, take in a few deep breaths.

* * * *

What else do You possibly need,
Once simple awareness,
Is nectar enough?

* * * *

What is infinite?
What is infinitesimal?
And what is not?

* * * *

Persuasion is not a means to truth.
It is either clearly seen, or not.
No point, creating a belief system,
Established upon conversion or coercion.

* * * *

And You believe, because it is not a human being,
That even some dogmatic god would value it less?
How pathetically narrow and confined a view is that?

* * * *

Consciousness can be far more savage, than any beast has ever been.
Tyrannosaurus Rex might well be pissing on its tail at the sight of us.

177

As doubt seeps through the many cracks of the dike You have in mind erected,
You can run, but You cannot hide; like it or no, You are embarked upon an odyssey within.
You have the potential to be a Buddha, a Christ, a whatever-You-want-to-call-it,
If You can just get past the countless limitations of idolatry and dogma.

* * * *

Take away the basic necessities, the basic entitlements,
And You will quickly learn how civilized,
Your fellow man really is.

* * * *

What words can more than vaguely describe,
That which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior to perception,
That which is prior to sound,
That which is prior,
To all illusions,
Inspired by the senses.
Be still, be absolute, be totality.
What greater truth can You possibly be?

* * * *

It is all an illusion, a dream;
Not just the parts You do not like.
You cannot cherry-pick truth.

* * * *

If there is any movement in mind,
Illusion and delusion are likely afoot.

* * * *

In the grand scheme of consciousness.
It is really not your awareness,
Nor mine, nor his, nor hers, nor its.
All living forms exhibit this sentience,
In whatever way nature and nurture allow.
None are truly greater, nor lesser, to any other.
All are equal players in totality's quantum play within.

* * * *

Nobody is into You like You are, and why should they be, how could they be?
We are all nothing more than self-absorbed reflections crashing upon the shore.
Consciousness playing out the absurdity of attachment to one this or that or another.

178

A grain of sand, a swirl of smoke, a ripple of water, a flicker of flame,
Are as real as anything created of this manifest dreamtime.
Consciousness gives all things a sense of continuity,
But all are in reality merely fabrications,
That only candor can lay bare.

* * * *

It has never really been the résumé of experience,
In which any temporal existence has, from birth to grave, danced.
It is the indivisible, holographic matrix of awareness,
In which all creation has ever basked.

* * * *

Nothing lasts longer than memory allows.
All are as temporal as the dusty whim.

* * * *

There is no end to more.
One must simply stop.

* * * *

Mind games?
The mind is the game.

* * * *

You get what You breed.

* * * *

Infinity is not so far away, really.

* * * *

What is any given human being, really,
But a collection of protozoa with attitude.

* * * *

Despite the reality that it is all the same clay,
There are so many differences that we all feel drawn,
To unendingly measure and judge in every way imaginable.

* * * *

To move beyond opinion and judgment is to realize,
There is absolutely nothing ultimately right or wrong with anything.
The task is to gaze straight and true at everything: unblinking, unflinching, unconcerned.

179

How else would awareness witness the creation,
But through all its many eyes, ears, tongues, noses, skins,
And whatever other senses this quantum mystery may have concocted.

* * * *

The grand assumption in all this, is, of course,
That the universe and all the many others even exist,
As more than figments of your sensory-inspired imagination.

* * * *

To reach this very indivisible moment,
Has required the synergy of every quantum,
Since creation's much-speculated-about beginning.

* * * *

Bringing together heaven and earth,
Merging duality into the singularity of all origins;
Now, there is the rub, so to speak.

* * * *

Be wary of those who appeal to your vanity,
To access either your wallet or your heart.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

The point of endless arrays of zeroes,
One direction or another, is what again?

* * * *

The only thing sure, the only thing secure,
Is the awareness of the ephemeral now.

* * * *

Humans across this spinning garden,
Have many names for its evolving mystery,
And not even one of them matters at all in the least.

* * * *

Of now and then, it can be said,
Show me the then to which You are referring,
And I will point to the now that just rippled through its marrow.

180

Speculation is speculation;
None really any different than any other.
The unknown ever remains unknown, no matter the notion.

* * * *

The play of light and sound and touch and taste and smell, what are they but sensory illusions,
Through which the omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent witness, discerns any and all and none.

* * * *

The only difference between night and day, is in your thinking.

* * * *

Science is only as true, as the mind in which it convenes.

* * * *

How callously indifferent a mind must become,
To harm any fellow earthling great or small.

* * * *

Why worry about heavens or hells,
Or karmic reincarnation?
Now is now,
No matter the who …
Or what or when or where or why or how.

* * * *

You cannot really know eternal life,
That moment where life and death are not,
Until the mind stills to the nowness of awareness,
Prior to all movement of consciousness.

* * * *

It is through the many reflections of the other,
That any given one awakens to truth.
Who knows how many ways, how many places,
The mystery has awoken to its Self throughout its eternal play.

* * * *

Any universe, or any given supreme deity,
Requires a conscious witness to be baptized real.
Without your myriad desires, your passion for existence,
Without the fuel of incessant pondering, it would all be nothing.
As it is, has ever been, will ever be.

181

Any given seed, any given kernel, any given spore, any given stone, is merely a temporal blueprint,
Through which the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, indelible awareness,
Witnesses all creation, all things from small to great,
Playing out their patterning,
As the matrix of manifest time dictates.

* * * *

The only place to arrive, the only place to abide, is right here, right now.
The truth-seeker is, has ever been, will ever be,
That which is sought.

* * * *

Hard to be afraid of things, in which You do not believe.
Seriously, what is the Tooth Fairy going to do?

* * * *

Another well-funded research project,
Once again stating the obvious.
Rome burns, Nero plays.

* * * *

Where does awareness begin?
And where can it possibly end?

* * * *

There is nothing to change,
Nothing to criticize, nothing to prove.
You are that which is absolute, and that is enough,
That is perfection in the most ultimate sense.
Everything else is just noise and bother.

* * * *

Is there anyone in this temporal theater,
Who is always happy, or always miserable?
Surely, the mind is far too intemperate a beast,
To maintain any state more than the shortest while,
In the ever-changing milieu of this unchanging mystery.

* * * *

What is all self-image, what is all “me, myself, and I,”
What are all perceptions of birth, of death, and all existence between?
What is everything known, what is everything unknown,
But the endless invention of imagination.

Travel among family, friends, and acquaintances, as You do strangers.
And among strangers as You do family, friends, and acquaintances.

* * * *

You, awareness, a voyeur watching creation through every eye.

* * * *

It is only in vanity, that anything does, or does not matter.

* * * *

The superficiality of words, cloaks the indescribable.

* * * *

Do You want the truth, or just another vapid lie?

* * * *

Blood is not that much thicker than water.
Curious what some will put up with,
In the waterhole of potentials.

* * * *

Everyone seems to know the answer.
Curious that it is rarely the same one.

* * * *

What need of pious worship,
When the totality of That to which You bow,
Is the unfathomable within.

* * * *

How big a statistical sample do You need,
To see it is all going nowhere very quickly?

* * * *

Love thy Self, and perhaps it will become apparent.

* * * *

Thoughts for those who are looking to wander all the way home.

* * * *

How can anyone believe real religion is dogmatic idolatry and carnival tricks,
When the whole manifest dream is really nothing more than hocus-pocus,
A sensory veil, a kaleidoscoping light show, of the most virtual kind.

183

No matter your sense of sin, of guilt, of remorse, of separation, of inadequacy,
The essence You truly are, ever remains pure, untarnished, immaculate, whole.

* * * *

It is in the neural stirrings of consciousness, that all bothers begin.
Such weight humankind has given to its indefatigable imagination.

* * * *

A tempest stirs in your shadow, and the sun in your light.

* * * *

Yet another day of pretending to be less than You are.

* * * *

Do You embrace the cutting edge or the wake?

* * * *

The photographs You really wish You had,
Are in the camera You managed to forget.

* * * *

Grasping just how alone You truly are,
Is a blow-the-breaker-switches moment.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to wake up anyone,
Who spends life pushing the snooze button?

* * * *

So many minds a-dithering here, there, everywhere.

* * * *

Religions must depend on false gold, because the real thing,
Begets no followers, fills no coffers, and requires no temples.

* * * *

Unreal expectations, are the harbinger of a dysfunctional relationship.

* * * *

Consciousness is stagnating into memes of its own invention.
All are petrified mindsets, groupthink, propaganda,
Which can only magnify the disharmony,
Over imagined differences.

Any given wave is the synergy of many drops,
The currents beyond, and countless more beyond that.
And of the infinite depths, one must alone merge into the totality,
To fathom the immeasurable indivisibility, unfathomable.

* * * *

What inquiry can there really be, without unquenchable skepticism?

* * * *

Given that consciousness is nothing more than a brief invention,
What heaven or hell, or any other fabrications of mind,
Can possibly endure in the ultimate sense?

* * * *

Yet another load of crock to muddle your mind even further.

* * * *

If everyone and everything were to suddenly wake up,
Nothing would be done, nothing would be undone.

* * * *

Forget all your problems as often as possible.
In fact, forget everything as often as possible.

* * * *

What a millstone any history, any memory,
To unfurling freely in the unfolding moment.

* * * *

You are everything, and everything is You.

* * * *

The witness to it all resides in the forebrain,
From which You alone, through the senses, peer.

* * * *

It is always intriguing, how truth can be so obvious to some,
And to others, as distant as the farthest reaches of the universe.

* * * *

When did You begin making assumptions, begin taking things personally?
When did You start lying, cheating, stealing, perhaps even destroying?
When did You cease taking responsibility, if You ever even started?

185

There is obviously too much knowledge for anyone to experience.
At some point, the accumulation process reverses,
And letting go becomes the default.

* * * *

You will play out your dream as You are most inclined.
It will seem like free will at the time,
And fate looking back.

* * * *

Blah, blah … blah, blah … blah, blah, blah.
You blah your blah; I blah my blah.
Everyone, blah-blah-ing.

* * * *

Muddy water, muddy fish.

* * * *

And the answer is …

* * * *

One and none all the while.

* * * *

When did You first learn to fear?

* * * *

How still can You be, for how long?
The monkey-mind, in its monkey body,
Is incorrigibly perseverant, to say the least.

* * * *

Indecision only musters inevitable consequences.

* * * *

Identification with the body has created all this absurdity.
No doubt, that it is a good idea, to take reasonable care of it,
Elsewise, it will cause You no end of distraction of a lesser kind.

* * * *

The theater calls You to center stage in an infinity of ways.
We are all just kaleidoscoping mirages of imagination,
Bouncing off each other in every conceivable way.

186

Still looking for some shiny new knick-knack, some exciting new distraction, are we?
More than a little challenging to be unknown inwardly for very long.
Must indeed be very over and done with the world,
To give yourself over to your Self.

* * * *

Consumed by outward appearances, by the movements of circumstance,
How inwardly bankrupt the pharaohs and pharisees,
Are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What is any existence but a thread of ever-kaleidoscoping moments,
Bundled into perceptions, stored in neuron configurations,
All of which, eventually dissolve into the oblivion,
From whence all notions, spring eternal.

* * * *

Why should any stone remain unturned?
What is there to fear, really,
But the arbitrary,
Twists and turns of imagination?

* * * *

A breath saturated with awareness,
Is an immeasurably more steadfast companion,
Than those unruly, insubordinate thoughts.
Attentive breathing, is a full embrace,
Of the Self, of the You, You are.

* * * *

To choose senselessness over meaning,
To choose speculation over reality,
To choose falsehood over truth,
What ceaseless confusion and conflict.

* * * *

Regarding the question of so many unconfirmed, unsubstantiated mysteries,
Mysteries that may even be asserted by prominent groups or individuals,
(e.g., God, ghosts, unidentified flying objects, abominable snowmen,
Vast conspiracies by unseen organizations, et cetera ad infinitum);
Any assertion that is, as yet, unproven in your own experience,
That You have yet to discern as being in any way authentic;
An agnostic stance is the only aboveboard state of mind.

187

You have climbed the mountain,
You have flown to the sun and fallen to the earth,
You have wandered the cosmos, You have witnessed all creation,
And You have discerned clearly the eternal absolute within each and every particle.
So, Pilgrim, what next?

* * * *

To ignore or deny the eternal life of the ever-streaming now,
Is to miss what is, both within and without,
In every moment apparent.

* * * *

Yes, No, Maybe, If … big words, indeed.

* * * *

Old School will rise again.

* * * *

Yabber on.

* * * *

How quickly time fades,
Into vague, blurred memories,
Gradually, inevitably, gone forever,
In the vast emptiness of eternity.

* * * *

So many minds, so many universes,
With which one may be totally enthralled,
Or, with the first few utterances, lose all interest.

* * * *

There is nothing not born of the same mystery,
But the real mystery is how we have made it this far,
How we have survived all our vain foolishness for this long.

* * * *

Mother Nature only allows each of us,
To play out this little reverie for the briefest of whiles,
And then one-by-one melts all down for another generation's ascension.
To think of oneself as more than a fleeting piece of jewelry,
Is to miss discerning the essence You really are,
In this indivisible matrix of a theater.

188

Just say no to scriptures, dogmas, idolatry, crystal basilicas, dress codes,
All the absurd belief systems born of the conditioned mind.
You are it, it is You, plain and simple, absolute.
The one and only house of mystery,
Is the awareness within,
Sovereign, indivisible, complete.

* * * *

There is really nothing to do but whatever nothing calls.

* * * *

We are all spectators to each other's dreams.

* * * *

To witness your brief existence,
As You would any other's,
That is the real trick.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe full.
That is the born again-ness,
Of every eternal moment.

* * * *

I Am,
The Truth, the Life, and the Way,
And so are You.

* * * *

The smoke wafts an infinity of dreams.

* * * *

In ten years, one hundred years,
One thousand years, ten thousand years,
One hundred thousand years, one million years,
What etchings will be left of this dream of consciousness?

* * * *

Without a mirror, a photograph, a drawing, or any other reflection or memory,
Describe your face as the awareness sees it from within right now.
Eyes, nose, ears, mouth, chin, hair, teeth, skin, eyebrows,
And what of your neck, shoulders and back?
Cannot do it? Well, why is that?

189

And what of those beyond-control junctures, where You feel like a colliding billiard ball,
Spinning others in unintended directions toward painful, sorrowful lives,
That You might not wish even for the foulest of souls.
Not always easy to remember,
You were not, are not, and need not care.

* * * *

Fascinating that so many across this spinning pearl truly believe,
That going out in some sort of martyred, tortured fashion,
Is righteous in the eyes of their imagined god.

* * * *

A few breadcrumbs for those who feel the call.

* * * *

There is nothing to be, nothing to become,
For those without the ambition for more.

* * * *

Another dream easily forgotten.

* * * *

If it is forced, it is not the Truth.

* * * *

These thoughts are really all about,
Everyone and everything in general,
And no one and nothing in particular.

* * * *

How does it feel to fathom,
That You are just another shuffle,
In the random genetic lottery of eternity?
Do You choose your dance, or merely succumb,
To whatever paradigm the given nature has thrown You?
A speculative venture from the get-go.

* * * *

If this thing we call time really existed, would not You be able to halt it?
Or at least wander to and fro, in the manifest here and there?
As it is, imagination is the only time machine,
And all it has going, is the ethereal filament of perception,
Only as good as the wiring, and only for long as the gray matter holds fast.

Unassailably amazing what the mind-body,
Has been programmed through evolution's long meander,
To see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, and perchance to contemplate.
And every other life form from small to great across the theater,
Perceiving its sensory dream in its own unique way.
The vast singularity of it all is immutable,
And ineffable, beyond belief.

* * * *

Life does not come without some share of pain.
An inevitable fact to which the young,
With great kicking and wailing,
Only gradually defer,
Likely still kicking and wailing.

* * * *

The primary sin is pride.
All others follow suit.

* * * *

Eden did not disappear.
You just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

Into the great aloneness, You still.

* * * *

The matrix is the void filled with You.

* * * *

The You that You every moment believe You are,
Is nothing more than a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

There is always somebody on the sidelines,
In the wings, in the rigging, in the trench, in the cubicle,
Who will be more than a little happy, to take over and run the show.

* * * *

You are that which is prior to the consciousness,
That contorts into the dream of little self in the frontal lobe.
You are the witness, the awareness, the source,
Through which all dreams dance.

191

Despite the miasma of consciousness, and its ceaseless portfolio of divisiveness,
You are ultimately neither superior nor inferior, to anyone or anything.
All creation is as indivisibly equal, as equal can indivisibly be.
The same indelibly ineffable intelligence resides in all.

* * * *

If You want to be afraid, odds are it should be of your own kind.
Zombies, vampires, aliens, and other monsters,
Will just have to wait in queue.

* * * *

The fleeting pleasures of mind and body come and go,
Desire is insatiable in its self-indulgent nature,
And in its wake, painful consequence.

* * * *

There are those whose destiny it is to create,
What everyone else mimics and regurgitates.

* * * *

Fight fire with fire; meet peace with peace.
Turn the other cheek if You can,
But it is not required,
That You submit to tyranny,
To know That which You truly are.
Follow your nature, wherever it may lead.

* * * *

What distraction vanity is, from what is real and true.

* * * *

We are all wandering the same stage in different universes.
No way anyone can ever perceive anything exactly the same.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery-tour of a universe, but a vast ecosystem,
Of the, for-all-practical-as-well-as impractical-purposes, infinite kind.

* * * *

Being mindful of the source of consciousness, That which You truly are,
Is not a belief system, nor anything about which to be unbending.
It is simply an experiential awareness of the timeless now,
The observer inherent in all things small to great.

The frontal lobe is an ever-changing cloud of consciousness,
In which vast universes are created and preserved and destroyed.
A neural vapor in which all things are given form and name.
Still the movement, and what are You, what are You not?

* * * *

Go back, back, back,
To the beginning of existence,
To the awareness prior to the universe,
To the newborn's eternal filled-with-wonder mind,
Before the patterning began sculpting itself,
Into the consciousness, You call You.
Dare again, to be completely,
And unutterably free.

* * * *

Everything is real, nothing is real.
Everything is good, nothing is good.
Everything is special, nothing is special.
Everything is mystery, nothing is mystery.
Everything is sacred, nothing is sacred.
Everything is God, nothing is God.

* * * *

The same magic,
The same mystery,
The same miracle,
The same wonder,
The same source,
Is in everything.

* * * *

The observer is the observed.
The observed is the observer.

* * * *

To really not care about anybody or anything,
Is really as much a fundamental right as any.

* * * *

There is nothing in which to believe,
Once You realize You are the heart of awareness.
The source of all things small to great; absolutely nothing at all.

193

This touchy-feely three-dimensional dream,
That You cannot stop, You cannot slow down, You cannot speed up,
You cannot change except as change allows.
All You can do is hope,
And of what use is that, really?

* * * *

Which is truly more in tune with the way it really is:
To believe You are something You are not?
Or to know what You really are?

* * * *

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do.
Oblivion is the nonexistent destiny of all.

* * * *

Cast out all that is time-bound,
All that is unreal, all that is imagination,
And You will discern your Self,
Very much alone.

* * * *

All made up from the get-go.

* * * *

Challenging to get a handle,
On a mystery beyond measure.
Too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

Non-issues abound in every realm.
What is truly essential? And what is not?
Need You ask anyone to tell You these things?

* * * *

If You do not educate your children to be self-sufficient,
Capable and disciplined and coherent, in every way possible,
How will they sustain their worlds when You are no longer around?

* * * *

We honor, commemorate, memorialize, celebrate, venerate,
The death and destruction wrought by war and conflict,
Because we so little appreciate the mystery of life.

194

Once You discern all history, not just some of it, is imagined,
What is there to do but wander through it,
Wondering all the while,
At all the much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Just because we are walking on two legs, babbling away,
Does not make us all authentic human beings,
At least in the idealistic sense.

* * * *

Where is the mind no longer abiding in memory?
The mind that has forgotten everything.
The hardest lesson never learned.

* * * *

It is all imagination, all make-believe.
We are all the Great Chameleon,
Playing out the Great Dream
In one form or another.

* * * *

Vanity marches on.

* * * *

The old is ever new,
And the new, ever old.

* * * *

Hard to do what does not call You.

* * * *

Not too many ways to stop a trainwreck.

* * * *

Now is ever-present.
Wrap your noggin around the actuality,
That everything is in reality, kaleidoscoping simultaneously.

* * * *

What your ancestors would think of these times, or You,
Is anybody's guess, anybody’s speculation, anybody’s projection.
And who cares, really; it is all merely the nature-nurture recreation of DNA.

195

At some juncture for many, if not all,
The body stops being as pleasing a place to be.
Playfulness is joined, if not replaced, by sense of endurance,
Tolerance, sufferance, forbearance, patience,
Acceptance, resignation, stoicism,
And whatever other words,
A meticulous thesaurus might convey.

* * * *

The only difference between a sage and anyone else
Is a talent for stepping back and observing,
The monkey-mind from within.

* * * *

If You do not think You are a monkey,
Then try to stop behaving like one.

* * * *

Truth is in the remembering.
Truth is in the forgetting.

* * * *

It is right there as plain,
As the nose on your face,
If You could see that, either.

* * * *

Gaze out upon what has become of Eden.
What is good, and what is not good,
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

We are really not much bigger,
Than tiny gnats, or swirling specks of dust.
It is only pride-filled delusion that makes us pretend large.

* * * *

Your world is founded on the fabricated collusion of imagination.

* * * *

A globalized economy of uncivil civilizations, ever striving for supremacy,
Pervaded with vanity, greed, malice, mayhem, destruction.
What is the point of such malignancy?

Anyone, anywhere, anytime, the awareness You are, is.

* * * *

Anything can only be this or that, when another is in mind.

* * * *

Yet another mask, in the charade parade of dreamtime.

* * * *

Death is just not waking up the next morning.

* * * *

Pointless to argue with or judge a dream.

* * * *

Back where You began, ground zero.

* * * *

Live as if You have never been born.

* * * *

Divine grace is awaiting within.

* * * *

Nothing is not what it seems.

* * * *

A well-turned thought belongs to all.

* * * *

So many things about which to care, or not.

* * * *

Do You really know that, or just imagine You do?

* * * *

It is You, You are it, ain't no two or more ways about it.

* * * *

Nothing is nothing, no matter the facades slathered upon it.

* * * *

Yet another fleeting stain, in the swirling sands of time.

197

To be concerned what posterity thinks of You is meaningless.
It is absurd enough spending this temporal existence,
Endlessly mired in the muddle of the other,
Without projecting your narcissism,
Into the maze of delusion,
Long after your exit.

* * * *

Once You are no longer attached to pleasure or pain,
Once You are detached even from death,
What is there to fear?

* * * *

The yoke is light because there is not one.

* * * *

What a trip it is to exist,
And what a pointless stream,
Of nonsense and bother,
So many attach to it.

* * * *

It will absorb the You,
That has never been You,
Unto the depths You relinquish.
Easier said than done.

* * * *

Regarding some messiah,
Coming back to save anyone,
What, pray tell, is there to salvage,
But a mortal vat full of narcissistic notion,
And a world well afoot, into its dystopian calamity.
Far too ludicrous, too insane, too late, to even bother about.

* * * *

No need to burden this harried, scarred world with more dogma.
Think for your Self, wander where You will, live free of all claims.

* * * *

Serenity is just too much for most monkey-minds to bear,
Without pushing over one apple cart or another,
Just to create a little wanton drama.

198

No superstitious notion has ever, or can ever, even for one moment,
Change, alter, or modify the fundamental laws of physics,
That have been established since time began.
Anyone who pretends otherwise,
Needs to wake up,
And pay closer attention,
To what is going on around them.

* * * *

In the quest home, You must wander alone.
No one can more than offer advice and solace,
And perhaps hold your hand while pointing the way.
If anyone claims it will be easy, they are lying.
It is your choice whether to let them live,
Or bring their delusion to an end,
In one dastardly fashion or another.

* * * *

Intellectual silliness, that is all philosophy is.
A distraction until You are content,
To do nothing but be,
The awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Awareness is an infinite field.
It cannot be contained by any dogma,
Any creed, any belief, any faith, any philosophy,
Any ideology, any principle, any law,
Any thought, whatsoever.

* * * *

How can that which cannot die ever be born?
How can that which cannot be born ever die?
Ever an esoteric quantum conundrum, indeed.

* * * *

Fairy tales will always be nothing more than fairy tales,
No matter how hopefully, so many may imagine them real.

* * * *

If it is not one thing, it will surely be another,
So, You may as well face whatever is coming the best You can,
With whatever resources and gumption, You are in the moment able to command.

199

With every birth small to great, the mystery gets a new set of eyes,
A new reflection, a new paradigm, a new universe,
From which to witness creation.

* * * *

Unless You put aside everything You have been told,
And examine the mystery for your Self,
You will likely just become,
Another meme,
Smugly complacent,
With false gold and delusion.

* * * *

It is not your awareness, my awareness,
Nor any other's awareness.
It is simply awareness,
And all are equally sentient.

* * * *

Across the world,
Babble, babble, babble,
Nothing but babble.

* * * *

Why have any concern,
Over mean-spirited pinpricks,
Of those who are unwilling or unable,
To tether their hostile tongues?

* * * *

No one can do or know it all.
All anyone can do,
Is inhale a statistical sample,
With which they may or may not be content.

* * * *

The seers, the mystics, the prophets, the philosophers,
Have always dealt out their many thoughts,
Strategically, tactically,
Shifting, shaping consciousness,
Attempting to mold it more manageable,
Within the milieu of the given time, the given space,
The given collective, the given mythology, the given potential.

200

It is the nature of all civilizations to rise and fall.
To transform from lean, agile, fruitful, to obese, inept, barren.
From a foundation of gumption to one of absurdity,
From one motivated, to one entitled.

* * * *

Make sense? Why should it ever have to make sense?
What need for sanity in an insane asylum?
That is the Catch-22 of it.

* * * *

If You truly realize You are that which is absolute,
Then what need is there to worship or pray,
To kiss your own ass, so to speak?

* * * *

A child has no history, no future;
Only the immediacy of the unfolding present,
To which he or she gives full attention.
Let go your world, your universe,
And rediscover your innocence.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun?
Well, if it is new to You,
How much newer can it get?

* * * *

Whenever You totally surrender,
It always feels like the first time.

* * * *

Dimensions are merely different arrangements;
Gradations in the mystery's dream.
Ho-hum, yawn, stretch.
How many layers before You discern,
That totality which is immeasurable, utterly boundless?

* * * *

There is an indescribable, eternal immensity,
In the innermost sanctum, to which You alone have access,
To which words cannot help but be caught, by the limitations of translation,
By the capacity for discernment, of any given listener's ear.

201

The challenge is to discern the passing dream of consciousness,
The here and now, as it is; fresh, without preconception.
To detach the filter of the mind caught in time,
To see reality, not how You think it is,
But clearly, from the stillness of attentiveness,
Without concept, feeling, motive, stereotype, prejudice.
To fathom the mystery of Youness from oblivion's point of view.

* * * *

It is but a dream,
A streaming figment of imagination.
Abandon the quixotic mind and take up permanent residence,
In the sentience and heart of pure awareness.

* * * *

There is always going to be a middleman,
Ready and willing to take your hard-earned coin,
In exchange for allowing You to follow them.

* * * *

Where there is money to be made,
Power to be gained, fame to be had,
There is seldom a shortage of minions,
More than willing to do whatever it takes.

* * * *

For there to be good, there must be evil,
And that, my friend, is duality in a nutshell.

* * * *

Gurus in the traditional face-to-face sense,
Are no longer necessary the way they once were.
Penned thoughts are enough for those,
Whose fate it is to awaken.

* * * *

How can anyone not see what is before their very eyes,
But through the intuition of wisdom's eternal future-past.

* * * *

When everyone is playing out their own version of normal,
All judgment becomes an unending lesson in absurdity.
The source of all this absurdity is beyond measure.

The oceans, sometimes deeper than mountains are high,
Are merely a thin ever-churning facade upon a spinning orb of dust,
Which is but a teeny particle in the vast infinity of a universe,
Which is truly nothing more than a speck in your eye.

* * * *

Where were You, before the genetic coding of sperm and egg,
Arbitrarily merged within your mother's labyrinth?
Who is your mother, who is your father,
Who were all your ancestors,
Since life's beginning,
But the same You that truly is,
That has always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

What is there in this kaleidoscoping mirage,
That can possibly sustain the real You,
For more than the briefest while?

* * * *

Amazing how many things do not matter,
Once You cease giving them attention.

* * * *

The point of endless arrays of zeroes,
One direction or another, is what again?

* * * *

Now You see it, now You do not.
Where would You be without recollection?
And where, pray tell, will You be when it dissolves?

* * * *

Only faces, names, places, and details change.
All the stories conceived throughout the human epoch,
Are essentially the same narratives, repeated over and over,
In every culture across the world, across all time.

* * * *

No one can aid anyone else, being truly happy or content.
Each is entirely on their own in discerning that which is eternal,
And it is more than a little unlikely, that anyone can ever truly manage,
The given monkey-mind, unperturbed, every single moment.

203

Once You accept the premise that You exist,
The belief that You are a body, the notion that You are this or that,
You are fated to play out whatever manifest context,
Whatever blend of agony and ecstasy,
Has You in its fell grip.

* * * *

In a mere blink of eternity, a life,
A figment of imagination, of vain notion,
A flurry of smoke in a gusty wind,
All the pleasure, all the pain,
All the understanding,
All the experience,
Perhaps even wisdom,
So quickly come and gone.

* * * *

So infinite as to be You.
Nobody is not it.
Reset.

* * * *

For You to be here now,
Everything that has happened,
Since time's inception,
Had to happen.

* * * *

Those who would know totality,
Those capable of the greatest vision,
Must get over their imaginary little selves.

* * * *

What is this dreamy existence,
But an immeasurable, indivisible matrix;
A dynamic stillness, ceaselessly creating every patterning,
The essential nature, the source, can fathom.

* * * *

We all have the same monkey-mind,
But for whatever reason, some are able to pull back,
And meticulously examine, the unknown all creation has in common.
It is, indeed, a mystery beyond the pale of any reckoning.

Males are as unable, unwilling, to regulate their penises, as females are their wombs.
The biological imperative of the species sprints madly towards a finite wall.
Tick, tick, tick … eight billion … and counting …tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

The senses are provocateurs of the seven deadly distractions:
Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth.

* * * *

There is an awareness, but it cannot be grasped.
There is an absolute, but it cannot be defined.
There is a mystery, but it cannot be solved.
There is a truth, but it cannot be known.

* * * *

It is what it is,
It was what it was,
It will be what it will be.
Pfft!
A dream,
Nothing more.

* * * *

No use bothering about or worrying,
That You are going to suffer,
That You are going to die.
Such is existence, and so it goes.
The destiny for all, in one fashion or another.
But the good news is that it will not be the real You dying.
Just another temporal apparition falling beneath,
The wheel of creation and destruction.

* * * *

That which is eternal, that which is by many called God,
Has never really been alive in more than an imaginary, figurative sense.
How can that which can never perish, have ever been born?
All existence is of the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

The body You believe You are, is really already departed in one dumpster or another,
Perhaps abiding in some lackluster purgatory, until the flesh and bones,
Slowly dissolve into the oblivion of the formless origin.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

205

The nature of the scientific mind is to always be examining everything for oneself.
To accept no assertion that cannot be verified by one's own observation.
Why should sovereignty of the given mind ever be relinquished,
To any haphazard tradition or superstition or dogma?

* * * *

Count yourself among those who do not know, do not care,
And abide as freely, as harmlessly, as aimlessly,
As body and mind and spirit allow.
Be captain of your ship,
And set sail,
Through the dream of time.

* * * *

Close your eyes,
Still your thoughts,
Dance around awhile.
Where is your mind-body?
What is it, really, but a memory,
A dream, through which You,
Like a burning fuse, pass?

* * * *

A conceited little theater,
On a tiny spinning sphere,
In a mere speck of a universe,
Floating in the bottommost corner,
Of an eternal eye, that is but a mirage.

* * * *

Imagination capers about an infinity of its own,
But just because some fiction can be etched on paper,
Or thrown up on a movie screen, does not make it possible.
Even the quantum source, is ultimately bounded by its own nature.
That is why it is called quantum mechanics.

* * * *

Death only implies an individual existence is all said and done.
But no life form can ever even know what is done is done,
Because consciousness requires some sort of edifice,
Some sort of sensory-awareness receiving unit,
Able to perceive whatever ethereal dream,
Those whimsical fates have in store.

206

The quantum essence has no divisions,
No partitions, no boundaries, no borders, no restrictions, no limits.
It is indivisible, inseparable, undividable, blended, united, conjoined, indissoluble, inextricable.
There is no time, there is no space, there is only imagination feigning itself real.

* * * *

From the ordinary day-to-day, all myths, all legends, are fabrications of imagination.
All creation is very much born of the same quantum mystery.
Keep the balderdash in perspective.

* * * *

Discernment of Self, has nothing to do with station or caste.
Some are high born, some low, some middle.
There is no limit put upon,
Those destined,
To discern That I Am.
Do not be waylaid by the vanity,
Of those who manipulate your subjugation,
To the twisting corruptions of their self-absorbed wills.

* * * *

… dust … creation, preservation, destruction … dust …

* * * *

To believe everyone is going to someday wake up;
Is even remotely capable of, or interested in waking up;
Has really always been a laughably absurd fantasy.

* * * *

What good fortune it is to enjoy learning for learning's sake,
Without having to endure the bother of regurgitation or testing.

* * * *

And if there were no other to engage You, no other to distract You, confound You,
Where would You, could You be, but where You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Mystic, seer, hierophant, minister, priest, sanyasi, sage, prophet, priest, vicar,
Spiritualist, wizard, monk, soothsayer, clairvoyant, prescient, fortuneteller, forecaster, oracle,
Sorcerer, diviner, sibyl, augur, prognosticator, crystal-gazer, medium, herald, psychic,
Telepathist, mind reader, cleric, preacher, rector, parson, reverend, holy man.
All metaphors of those inquiring into that which is genuine and true;
That mystery which is the ever same, no matter eye or ear.

207

Human beings are in reality, very much the same as every other life form on this planet.
We may be able to create and preserve and destroy in every imaginable way,
But all sentience is of the same mysterious, ineffable origin.
Absolutely, indivisibly, immeasurably equal,
Despite countless pride-filled,
Self-absorbed claims to the contrary.

* * * *

Rambling thoughts are the patterning of the rutted mind bound in time.
Complete, unattached attention, to the passing moment,
Returns the inner eye, to the tabula rasa,
Of the eternal witness.

* * * *

Every mind its own shifting quagmire of heaven and hell,
Based on a frame of reference, ever born of imagination.

* * * *

Why accept anyone else's word for anything,
When You have your own insightful mind,
With which to discern truth for your Self.

* * * *

You have been played from before day one.
The collusion was forged in jungles long ago.

* * * *

Philosophy is bullshit that passes the time,
When You are not hungry or weary or slothful,
And ethics, a fun drinking game in the wee hours.

* * * *

One might aid in easing another's existence,
But in this mortal theater of toil and woe and agony,
Laced with ceaseless narcissism and never-ending absurdity,
No one has ever, or will ever, save anyone else, much less themselves.

* * * *

In the times that are quickly advancing from the horizon toward us all,
Things across the globe will deteriorate and renew in every imaginable way,
From chaos to cooperation, from absurdity to sensibility, from agony to ecstasy,
As this world, fragmented by human pride, downshifts into a paradigm of a lesser way.
No one born into it can evade it, no one born into it, can do anything but abide it.

208

Whatever intelligence is manifested through You, is the synergy of the mind-body-spirit's,
Many experiences, many adventures, many victories, many defeats, many ecstasies, many agonies.
We all enact unique facets of the same monkey-mind, and likely all look back in wonder,
At whatever trail we have wandered in our journey through the mortal faire.

* * * *

Being around religious true believers of any rhyme or reason,
Is like listening to children go on and on and on about Santa Claus,
And all the presents and treats they will be getting on Christmas morning.
What an absurd species we have managed to become.
And some call it, evolution.

* * * *

Everyone is responsible for their own salvation,
Which means learning to surrender to this very moment.
Eternal life is right here, right now, not in some future incarnation,
Or sitting on a wafting cotton ball, taking harp lessons.

* * * *

In the regards to the spiritual quest,
All words, all narratives, are merely analogies,
Metaphors, concepts, symbols, ciphers, allegories, parables.
They are meant to be taken figuratively, not literally.

* * * *

Have not the same conversations been going on,
Ever since You first began listening way back when?
You think they are not the same, across all time, all space?

* * * *

You are, and are not, your ever-changing, imaginary universe.
It is within and without You, this dreamtime of an individual life,
That the endlessly beguiling samsara of the senses has woven.

* * * *

The writer knows what is being written, but what are You reading?
The speaker knows what is being expressed, but is that what You are hearing?
Everything You see and touch and hear and feel and smell, is but a temporal, arbitrary translation,
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body, in which the sentience of awareness harbors.
The witness, before which, creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination;
In which observer is never the observed, and observed, never the observer.
True objectivity is an unattainable ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

209

You can attempt to run in any and every direction imaginable,
But no matter the way, the shape, the form, in which You are cloaked,
You can never ever, even for one single moment, hide from the witness within.

* * * *

Truth likely will not be too comfortable, if You merely want your vanity fondled.

* * * *

Despite all the many different languages, different cultures, across this pale blue dot,
What is the likelihood that every conversation across space and time,
Is not a derivative of the same human paradigm?

* * * *

Where does the You that You think is You begin?
And the me that I think is me end?
'Tis a mystery,
Every moment a spin.

* * * *

Sometimes You live and let live.
Sometimes You live and let die.
Sometimes You die and let live.
Sometimes You die and let die.

* * * *

Many do not comprehend the savage depths,
To which any given human spirit can descend,
Until they face the choice of living or dying.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array;
An indelible mystery, no matter how it is framed.

* * * *

How many experiences will it take,
For humanity to quench the insatiable appetite,
For more, more, more from this mirage of space and time?

* * * *

Not much point in talking about serious things,
To those who have not learned to value, have not learned to trust,
Their own questions, their own observations, their own thoughts, their own intuitions,
And instead turn their minds over to one propaganda of time or another.

210

All this self-consciousness, all this self-imagery;
What a burden, to each and every moment, fabricate anew.
A complete and utter invention; an edifice of imaginary proportion.
Let go.

* * * *

Nothing to create, nothing to preserve, nothing to destroy.

* * * *

True Self-love is not narcissistic in the mortal sense.
It is the immersion into the incorruptible within,
And that is the ultimate goal of existence,
For those for whom consciousness,
And dreams of time and space,
No longer entice or delude.

* * * *

Yes, You will forget this, too.
Oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

A different day,
A different place,
A different face,
Same babble.

* * * *

Nothing before,
Nothing after,
Nothing all the while,
Despite all claims to the contrary.

* * * *

Perfection is your inherent nature.
Duality, the original flaw.
Your perfection was misplaced,
When the time born of consciousness,
Took root in the tabula rasa of your innocence.

* * * *

It is much easier to leave behind a long string of bodies,
Than it is to forgive those who take advantage, or seek to hurt us.
To forgive and forget, to do no harm, to be and allow, is ever a challenge.

211

Has any moment of your dream, really ever been any different than this one?

* * * *

What would You do, if You were not so fearful of your aloneness?

* * * *

Of time, nothing can be said, as often as space will allow.

* * * *

The mind is the cage, and the key hidden therein.

* * * *

Better to die growling, than whimpering.

* * * *

This, too, will be forgotten.

* * * *

Feel the herd.

* * * *

Time to move on.

* * * *

Personal identity is the lie.

* * * *

Good advice, if You can hear it.

* * * *

Distant ripples are heading your way.

* * * *

Irony and paradox, the keys to unraveling doubt.

* * * *

We are all making it up as we go; all faking it as best we can.

* * * *

This eternal now is no different, than any now has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

Are You really a who, a what, a where, a when, a why, or a how?

212

If You really are your Self, what words can possibly describe You?

* * * *

Now is the eye of the needle, through which consciousness, every moment threads.

* * * *

The essential You is no different than anyone or anything, anywhere.

* * * *

What can be sacred, when it is all nothing from the get-go.

* * * *

Nothing much was accomplished again today.

* * * *

That might makes right, is too often not.

* * * *

All in a dream, all in a dream.

* * * *

Nothingness is ever eternal.

* * * *

After the last domino falls, stillness.

* * * *

Absurdity blowing flowers helter-skelter.

* * * *

What is passion but temporal Self-hypnotization.

* * * *

No mound of gold can ever shine brighter than your Self.

* * * *

The quantum beingness, equally sustains all things small to great.

* * * *

Desire uses pleasure and pain to weave fear throughout the given container.

* * * *

Existence is but reflections rippling within the ocean depths.

213

The nothingness of awareness, fabricating every moment resoundingly clear.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are the needle, that weave the thread so sure.

* * * *

No inner, no outer, just You, the infinite oneness.

* * * *

Awareness can only be spoken of, not for.

* * * *

The distilling of the soul into Soul.

* * * *

The primal narrative will out.

* * * *

Imperfectly perfect.

* * * *

Be anonymous within.

* * * *

There is no time like the present.

* * * *

Nothing like interest to focus the attention.

* * * *

Few less teachable, than those who think they know it all.

* * * *

The endless array of carnivals, have always kept the masses occupied.

* * * *

Any language, is merely a unique set of sounds and symbols, with concepts attached.

* * * *

Here You are, where You have always been, where You will always be.

* * * *

The simplicity, that I Am is, is no match for vanity.

Allow the mind to stream, with the ethereal nature of the ever-changing now.

* * * *

How could it even be possible, that everything would not be created of the same source?

* * * *

The unreal You, must be bound by your words, for You can know nothing more.

* * * *

Nothing You could ever say or do, will ever really change anything.

* * * *

Organized religion is too absurd to even bother discussing.

* * * *

Irony and paradox weave all stories into one.

* * * *

Through these words, discern your Self.

* * * *

Enough with the idolatry, already.

* * * *

Awareness, pure and simple.

* * * *

Move beyond wisdom.

* * * *

All are born of the same Mother.

* * * *

It is for each to discover, very much alone.

* * * *

You do not have to like someone, to behave civilly.

* * * *

As a prism with light, insight rainbows the mind into its eternal nature.

* * * *

The ambition to become someone, what was that, anyway?

215

The death to all things imagined, opens the portal to eternal life.

* * * *

It is really just You, staring out the eyeballs, and the other senses following suit.

* * * *

Consciousness is movement, and it is no simple task, to reign in passion.

* * * *

What flaw can there be, in the crescent jewel of awareness?

* * * *

No sandbox can remain unsullied for long.

* * * *

Which lies will You believe today?

* * * *

Absurdity is the wordity.

* * * *

Imagine nothing.

* * * *

Now, that is freedom.

* * * *

Formless is, as formless does.

* * * *

A species strung out on its conditioning.

* * * *

So many ways to wake up, yet it is always the same.

* * * *

Oil is to humankind, what meadows of green grass are to deer.

* * * *

How can You ever expect of another, what You, your Self, cannot or will not do?

* * * *

There You go again, asking questions, to which there are no answers.

216

Creation would not be, without the language that gives it name.

* * * *

Look to the mysterious abyss within, and You will discern the You that is all.

* * * *

Within each and every twinkling, the potential for new beginnings.

* * * *

Vanity is the fuel of the human paradigm, and greed, the pedal.

* * * *

The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

* * * *

Imagination causes itself to tremble and preen.

* * * *

What is so normal about normal?

* * * *

All men count, but none too much.

* * * *

You need not be bound by any assumption.

* * * *

We would laugh at rats in suits and pigs in heels.

* * * *

Space and time are the make-believe of consciousness.

* * * *

No worries, cancers do not know what they are doing, either.

* * * *

The curtains to the portal, are opened anew, with each and every breath.

* * * *

Ignorance is a powerful adversary, in the struggle to attain the serenity of clarity.

* * * *

Why be so attached to a world indifferent to your existence?

217

Nothing done or said, is going to make it any less a mystery.

* * * *

More than many are too busy contorting to the fabrication, to be bothered with the truth of it.

* * * *

Where is your brief existence really going, that You are in such a rush to get there?

* * * *

Resist a lesson, and it will haunt You, until it finally sinks in.

* * * *

One man's law, so easily becomes another's dogma.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just another word for vanity.

* * * *

You are the clay, not the sculpture.

* * * *

He who laughs first, wins.

* * * *

A mind unearthed.

* * * *

Life, death … pffft!

* * * *

Take nothing for granted.

* * * *

Even bliss is just another sensation.

* * * *

All You, no matter the vanity slathered up it.

* * * *

Knowing it all oneness, does not make it any less a jungle.

* * * *

That which is real and true, melts gold, and makes meaningless, the vanities.

218

Wandering down the road less traveled, is not for the shallow or meek.

* * * *

Yet another anonymous face in the mystery of dreamtime.

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness.

* * * *

Do You really want, or merely feel You should?

* * * *

The balm to suffering, is to discern its source.

* * * *

Not always easy to tell one from the other.

* * * *

Seriously, why take absurdity seriously?

* * * *

Let karma be the other guy's problem.

* * * *

Even illusions have to consume and poop.

* * * *

Those who have awakened in awareness, flow.

* * * *

The answer is within the sincerity of the question.

* * * *

A strong inclination toward quality is the higher ground.

* * * *

In simplicity, humility, grace, contentment, the greatest strength.

* * * *

How can any who gaze out into the vastness of the cosmos, not see themselves?

* * * *

There ain't no going back, once the Genie is out of Pandora's Box.

219

Eternal life is the birth and death of awareness, streaming within every moment.

* * * *

The entire field of consciousness, is but a grain of sand, in the most expansive perspective.

* * * *

Within the heart, You will find the singularity, of the universe and beyond.

* * * *

God who straddles fence, gets splinters in unpleasant places.

* * * *

You are but a reflection of your imaginary world.

* * * *

So imperfectly perfect, as to be immaculate.

* * * *

And in the fog, the sun's refraction.

* * * *

Ignorance is its own form of bliss.

* * * *

Caring about nothing; the last vanity.

* * * *

Arrogance is a minefield of self-deception.

* * * *

What form could be, without the formless ground?

* * * *

True friendship wants nothing, but what is freely offered.

* * * *

Angel or demon, or whatever between, You are the will of mystery.

* * * *

Everything is legal in the jungle, until You get collared by someone who says no.

* * * *

It is the fate of ignorance to ever dig deeper its rutted road.

220

A chemistry experiment, with all rational controls thrown to the winds of chance.

* * * *

Death will merely be the finale, to your unique translation of history.

* * * *

Philosophy means diddly-squat in the face of vanity and greed.

* * * *

It is perhaps less about seeking it, than it finding You.

* * * *

Humbling to realize how little You really know.

* * * *

A Self-made witness, if ever there was one.

* * * *

Immeasurable means immeasurable.

* * * *

Dogma is the kool-aid of history.

* * * *

You were born; You will consume.

* * * *

Playing the monkey card again, eh?

* * * *

The natural state is very, very, very still.

* * * *

There is no now to transcend because that is all it is.

* * * *

We all cling to ideas that have long since gone the way of all time.

* * * *

You can pretty much be sure, that once You are born, it is only going to get worse.

* * * *

Some choirs resonate as one, others fall into churning quibble.

221

The universe is but a time-bound maze, born of the given mind.

* * * *

The elements pass around and through each other, in a cosmic play of Ro-Sham-Bo.

* * * *

And what is freedom, but a mind that rests easy in the unfolding moment.

* * * *

A slave to craving, knows neither freedom nor serenity.

* * * *

Nothing is born, nothing exists, nothing dies.

* * * *

Truth, usurped by ignorance, yet again.

* * * *

It is a dangerous thing to be born.

* * * *

Knowledge is learned, wisdom earned.

* * * *

Behind every eye, a universe and beyond.

* * * *

No lie can long sustain an earnest truth-seeker.

* * * *

Same body parts, merely another inflated interpretation.

* * * *

Each of us expresses our true religion in the unfolding moment.

* * * *

Your destiny is wrought, by what You value enough to bequeath your time.

* * * *

Unnecessary drama, is the inevitable result of the lack of anticipation and poor planning.

* * * *

How can nothing be said, or not be said, but through complete and utter stillness.

We are all ultimately, about as individual, as drops falling back into an ocean wave.

* * * *

The bulk of suffering, comes from attempting to hold on to anything.

* * * *

What deity in its right mind would create this absurd species?

* * * *

Every form has a fate, to which it is inexorably linked.

* * * *

In stillness, You are the truth, the life, the way.

* * * *

A splinter of history, in every mind.

* * * *

Malthus postponed, yet again.

* * * *

Nothing, doing.

* * * *

Speculations abound.

* * * *

And despite all that, life goes on.

* * * *

Clueless looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Angel to some, demon to others; ever the same You.

* * * *

Hate and revenge are the most bitter harvest of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Religion that despises, that destroys nature, is not religion worth any attention.

* * * *

Take off your face, put away your mind, and just be your Self.

223

Without one body or another, what attachment could there possibly be, to anything?

* * * *

Tread carefully, tread wisely, that is your mother You are stepping on.

* * * *

Every mind will twist consciousness to its own ends.

* * * *

What we together imagine, is what it will be.

* * * *

Another daily dose of dittohead froth.

* * * *

Your universe is your muse.

* * * *

Presume nothing.

* * * *

Quantum realization.

* * * *

Imagination, the only prison.

* * * *

The harvest of hate is a thorny patch.

* * * *

Maybe is only slightly less useless than if.

* * * *

To wander, or not to wander, that is the question.

* * * *

The theater calls You to center stage in an infinity of guises.

* * * *

We all quite often learn at each other's expense, and often at our own, as well.

* * * *

Facts need not be translated as romantic or ethereal notions.

How can so much weight be given, to so many lies?

* * * *

So many things You need never experience again.

* * * *

No one changes their destiny; all only play it out.

* * * *

That certainly is a six-story “IF” carved in stone.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory.

* * * *

The dogmatic are the children of a lesser god.

* * * *

The unknown is ever the realm of awareness.

* * * *

A genetic lottery, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Threats only motivate those who are afraid.

* * * *

All limits, are but attachment to imagination.

* * * *

Exceptions tend to prove one rule or another.

* * * *

Regurgitating inanity, does not for truth make.

* * * *

The ills of the world, need not be yours to bear.

* * * *

Death is just not waking up to another tomorrow.

* * * *

Your draw to power and fame and fortune, defines You.

225

The only difference between good and evil, is in any given beholder's eye.

* * * *

Curious how easily reason loses out to belief and faith and hope.

* * * *

If You are looking for future or past, they are not here now.

* * * *

All is but distraction, until the grand finale.

* * * *

Nothing about which to care, really.

* * * *

It is just the matter of time.

* * * *

Physician, heal thy Self.

* * * *

Do not know, do not care.

* * * *

The eye of mystery is within.

* * * *

Right action is the intuitive call.

* * * *

You think, therefore You think You are.

* * * *

All those voices in your head are You, and You them.

* * * *

To be eternally liberated, all You really need, is to merely be.

* * * *

Challenging not to be caught in your own labyrinth of metaphors.

* * * *

What serenity and grace there is, is in the solitude of eternal absoluteness.

226

No need to prove anything, when You are the proof.

* * * *

The brightest star, is just another set piece, on the crest-jewel crown of eternity.

* * * *

Being simple, does not necessarily mean being simple-minded.

* * * *

And what if, what is comfortable, is just another lie?

* * * *

How wearing, this passionate monkey-mind.

* * * *

Good news comforts, bad news sells.

* * * *

Bored with wonder, are we?

* * * *

Here now, own it.

* * * *

Hold no law before your own.

* * * *

Even love can be just another prison.

* * * *

You ultimately have no choice in the matter.

* * * *

Freedom is in every thought, every step, every breath.

* * * *

You keep searching for more, but there just is nothing more.

* * * *

It is all just distraction until You are done; content to allow stillness reign.

* * * *

Yet another fabricated dilemma inspired by dogma.

Intelligence will not be found in a piece of paper framed on a wall.

* * * *

Busily measuring the indivisibility of oblivion, to what end?

* * * *

Life: A brief distraction of the three-dimensional kind.

* * * *

Nothing playing something, still adds up to nothing.

* * * *

Nothing happens, without rhyme, without reason.

* * * *

Worms will not be discriminating your vanity.

* * * *

You cannot teach what You do not know.

* * * *

It is only hardware; it is only software.

* * * *

A still mind is imagination's undoing.

* * * *

It is all just talk until You walk it.

* * * *

No middlemen allowed in this arena.

* * * *

What to do, when more than enough, is not.

* * * *

Dogma is a shield, behind which most, boldly cower.

* * * *

Any given drug, will only take You as far as it is your nature to go.

* * * *

Is it true charity, true giving, if there are strings attached?

Conscious of it or not, we all ripple in each other's lives.

* * * *

The forever-after, may not be as magical as the fairytale that got You there.

* * * *

So much nonsense put in the minds of those too innocent to resist.

* * * *

What a challenge not to project your vanity upon all You see.

* * * *

One of these daze, death will come, and hush You along.

* * * *

All the applause that is needed, is for You to wake up.

* * * *

The end to all tyranny begins where time ends.

* * * *

Language is the expression of nothing.

* * * *

Why would You even think that?

* * * *

Be kind to others; be kind to your Self.

* * * *

Less discussion, less argument, more ponder.

* * * *

How astute the living dead, whiling away their lives.

* * * *

Breathe in the duality, and know all divisions are imagined.

* * * *

If words such as these have found You, they have found their mark.

* * * *

Just another hollow path to glory, assembled by the whimsy of imagination.

229

Never too old, never too wise, to yet again play the fool.

* * * *

There is only the quantum matrix, shrouded in every imaginable disguise.

* * * *

It is relatively easy to predict something You will never live to see.

* * * *

What confusion we have unleashed with all our metaphors.

* * * *

The torment some spirits endure, and for what, really?

* * * *

As consciousness sows, so shall Eden blossom.

* * * *

Me, myself, I; a truly a nebulous concept.

* * * *

How many universes has it been now?

* * * *

What is there to justify, really?

* * * *

Idolatry is a meme not easily undone.

* * * *

Truth, momentary as it is, is its own reward.

* * * *

The observer is the observed; the creator, the creation.

* * * *

No wiring is the same; ergo the world is as it is, is-ing along.

* * * *

Intelligence and ignorance can be equally blinding, equally binding.

* * * *

The answer to all ultimate questions, are prior to any linguistic exertions.

230

We are all absorbed in our own universes, but what difference, really?

* * * *

Seriously, folks, what did You really expect from a bunch of practically hairless primates?

* * * *

The insatiability of consciousness, is a never-ending story of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

Truth is prior to any dualistic notions of creator and creation.

* * * *

Language, the ever-mutating playground of sound.

* * * *

Life, a malady for which nothing is antidote.

* * * *

Is it hell, if You do not know any different?

* * * *

Any given sage is likely a repentant fool.

* * * *

Here they go, giving into fear yet again.

* * * *

The beast of consciousness is insatiable.

* * * *

Memories are the ghosts of imagination.

* * * *

All evolution is creation; all creations evolve.

* * * *

Attachment molds agenda, and agenda, attachment.

* * * *

Only in the unfolding nowness can there be accountably.

* * * *

Direction and order from others, is for those who lack their own.

231

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

* * * *

Why accept any assumption that cannot be substantiated by your own observation?
Why allow the assertion of any other, whatever the time and space,
To subjugate the sovereignty of your own insight?

* * * *

So many lessons, so hard-won, and far too easily forgotten.

* * * *

There is only one source, one creation,
And You are but one of its countless manifestations,
Absolutely the same essence, the same gold,
But entirely matchless all the while.

* * * *

Truth is not bound by any geographic assumption.

* * * *

True religion is expressed each and every moment.
In deeds are You known; assertions mean nothing.

* * * *

Nature is the quantum mystery's expression.
You are of nature, You are the quantum mystery,
Corrupted as it is, by the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness confabulates every genre of filter,
Through which it imagines its light show of a universe real,
Every streaming, dreaming, impromptu moment.

* * * *

We are all but pawns of the genetic lottery,
And the winds of consciousness into which we are cast.
Call it what You will: fate, destiny, kismet, fortune, providence, karma:
In the grand matrix of it all, You are but a quantum twinkle.

Seven billion human beings as of November 2011,
And nearly two billion of those women of child-bearing age.
Does not take a math wiz, to figure out where this madhouse is headed.

* * * *

"The power of population is indefinitely greater,
Than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man."
Robert Thomas Malthus was only off by a few centuries.
Technology cannot forever save us from our inanity.

* * * *

A re-alignment of the human paradigm is unavoidable.
The only important questions are where You, your progeny,
Your friends, and your community, will be,
When the inevitable comes about.
As Charles Darwin wrote:
It is not the strongest
of the species that survives,
nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.

* * * *

How challenging for thinkers across the world, across all time,
To accept the fact that all their insightful philosophies,
Mean squat to the primal force, the source,
From which all creation bursts forth.

* * * *

How can anyone hope for heaven,
Who cannot transcend their endless wander,
Through one purgatory or another?

* * * *

From the womb of oblivion,
Onto a temporary stage for a brief dream.
Then, back to the eternal source, the timeless nothingness,
The singularity, from which all things spring.

* * * *

You are the eternal nowness prior to all creation.
That which was never born, that which will never perish,
That which is formless, indivisible, absolute, timelessly sentient,
The eternal life, the awareness prior to all beginnings, after all endings.

233

Consciousness plays the genius, the ignorance, the madness, the absurdity,
The loving, the hating, all the myriad passionate vanities.
And all the while, awareness, witness.

* * * *

A strategy of hoping for the best and planning for the worst,
Somehow gets one through the daily wander in purgatory.

* * * *

You think You are going to save the world!?
Hah! What is to save, really?
You funny guy.
Make me laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

* * * *

Consciousness is quicksand.
Awareness, bedrock.

* * * *

Duped yet again.
Oh well.

* * * *

I Am.
Done.

* * * *

Mortality.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

The infinity is within.
The infinity is without.
You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

An intriguing existence to have no boundaries,
Within one's imaginary state of mind.
One need not do so much in the daily real-time,
If consciousness is given full reign, and an unaligned course.

234

Though You clearly realize, You are not, have never been, will never be,
You must daily act out the attributes of imagined identity,
In whatever way the windy dream prescribes.

* * * *

If You are free and tranquil and content within,
The endless theater becomes less and less significant.
You are not required to do or believe anything,
But through your own acquiescence.

* * * *

Given that the genuine You is everything,
What previous life could You not have had?
What previous form could You not have been?
And what future could ever transpire,
Without your presence?

* * * *

What is the point of judging anything,
Once You have realized all things,
Are but figments of imagination?

* * * *

If You want be loved so badly,
Then just love your Self.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Life is the meaning of life.
What more purpose and meaning,
Do You really need than that?

* * * *

To think the laws of physics,
Have ever, or can ever, be suspended,
Is the foolishness of ignorance and superstition,
Of faith blinded by interminable delusion.

* * * *

The timeless immediacy of the ever-present nowness,
Has never even once been fathomed by the vagaries of imagination.
Even a still mind completely attentive to the awareness,
Cannot more than be of the flame eternal.

235

How challenging to let go of lies once so much of life has been invested in them.
And are You wandering existence hand-in-hand with truth?
Who is to say, who is to care?

* * * *

You are not really required to play out your life any certain way.
You may change directions as many times as time allows,
As long as You are willing to face the consequences.

* * * *

Chew your liquids, drink your solids.
It is the replenishment and care of the body and mind,
That allows the witness to this vast mystery,
To tarry within and without.

* * * *

If You think, You likely think You are.
If You do not think, if the mind is attentively still,
Where are You? Where are You not?

* * * *

It is only we who applaud ourselves.
It is only we who require it.

* * * *

Challenging not to be small-minded,
When one inevitable passion or another,
Casts the mind willy-nilly every direction.

* * * *

The essential truth is not,
Has never been, and will never be,
Subject to the triviality of political correctness.

* * * *

Without You to witness it,
The universe and everything in it would not be.
Imagination is a powerful god.

* * * *

Work, play, experience everything that calls,
Until nothing remains but ever-present awareness,
Indivisible, intangible, indestructible, sovereign, absolute.

Why should You, who would fly into the infinity of the unknown,
Ever be tethered, ever be bound, by the limitations of any other?

* * * *

Imagination playing out every agony, every ecstasy,
But, in the final analysis, merely an agent of dreams.

* * * *

It is what You really are, that is immortal,
Not that vain, ever-changing mask and body,
At which You daily gaze admiringly in the mirror.
Narcissus only had a reflection of water,
In which to admire his beauty.
No end to the means,
Current times,
Have provided You.

* * * *

Forget everything.
It is all just pretend, anyway.

* * * *

Few spiritual inquiries stray,
Far beyond the given fairytale.
Early conditioning shapes us all.

* * * *

A free mind can never be chained.

* * * *

What is absurd, and what is not absurd,
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

The universe, the world, is a great cross to bear,
A great atlas to shoulder, a great boulder to roll.

* * * *

Yes, indeed, it may sound extremely wacko at first.
But then, the only question becomes, what if it is true?
What if You are the infinite indivisible, that others call God?
Ineffable, timeless, immeasurable, indelible, absolute, supreme.
The challenge, Pilgrim, is not giving the mind over to vain absurdity.

237

To discern the truth of the reality prior to consciousness,
A determined, persistent, relatively detached,
Moment-to-moment observation,
Is all that is required.

* * * *

Eternal life will not be attained by any container,
Chock-full of an incessant array of vain notions.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how, am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, is anyone?
Same source, same awareness, all dreams.
All dreaming themselves autonomous.
All dreaming themselves distinct.
All dreaming themselves real.

* * * *

You are creator, preserver, destroyer;
Witness to the mind born of time.

* * * *

You who seek it in earnest will find,
The You that is me, the me that is You,
And the we, that is the oneness of all.

* * * *

Any given body is but a vehicle,
For consciousness play out, to dream,
Its finite trek through the relativity of time.

* * * *

Agnostic |agˈnästik| noun: a person who believes,
That nothing is known, or can be known,
Of the existence or nature of God,
Or of anything beyond material phenomena;
A person who claims neither faith nor disbelief in God.

* * * *

To carry history in your head, or not to carry history in your head,
Is the conscious choice between the stagnation of memory,
Or the eternal life of moment-to-moment awareness.

238

Be of such mind, be of such vision, be of such clarity, be of such soul,
That the empty awareness of the grand zero-sum is all that remains.

* * * *

For every true believer who might push a pendulum one way,
There is inevitably some other, prodding it,
At least as far, the other.

* * * *

In a relatively few moments,
It will not matter what any of us thought about anything,
Much less each other.

* * * *

There are pluses and minuses to every relationship.
One must simply choose, into which to play,
In whatever time is spent together.

* * * *

An infant's wants, so guilelessly genuine.
Detachment is relatively effortless,
When innocence reigns,
When nothingness blossoms,
From the depths of the unfathomable.

* * * *

Without context, there would be no You.
Without You, there would be no context.

* * * *

There is no other, there is only a dreaming,
To which You are witness, very much alone,
As free, as You, in any given moment, dare.

* * * *

In the grand scheme of all things manifest,
There is a far bigger picture than little old You,
You hopefully, at least occasionally, realize.

* * * *

Organized religions are fine and well and good,
If You have a strong stomach for doctrine and idolatry,
And political intrigue and martyrdom and every shade of vanity.

239

Heaven is just another word for the oblivion of immaculate awareness.
And hell, well, just look around, and endure the wander as best ye may.

* * * *

The void is the void is the void, and, try as hard as You might,
The grand emptiness can never even for a moment be filled.

* * * *

You are that which is God, I am that which is God.
Just playing out different perspectives.
It is that amazingly simple.

* * * *

The embodiment of nonchalance,
Is standing in a crowded line of urinals,
Some magic and a few shots of gin and tonic,
Morphing happily through your veins,
An iPod with Chopin playing,
The tile wall in your eyes dancing,
All as if it was just another day in the life.

* * * *

And what is all this experience, really,
But a memory, the moment it is dreamt?

* * * *

Passion is the harbor of all meaning and purpose,
And ultimately meaningless and without purpose.

* * * *

In jest, You say?
Well, let us punch You in the nose,
And we shall quickly see if You can manage a belly laugh.

* * * *

A dark age is on the horizon.
As dark as anything humankind has ever seen.
And, despite the good intentions of many, there is, alas, no stopping it.

* * * *

It is all nothingness, layered with one manifest veneer or another.
The ether of awareness toying with the elements,
Intelligent design, if You will.

240

Humankind cannot grow, grow, grow,
Without there some harsh day being a huge collapse,
Of our own making, of our own synergistic dearth of accountability.
Follow any given Pied Piper, to whatever cliff You will;
There will at some point in time come a fall.
Whatever goes up will come down.
It is a statistical certitude,
Of the highest order.

* * * *

If there is a god, a deity, a supreme being, of any sort,
And he/she/it is as vain and arbitrary as You,
Then what, pray tell, is the point?

* * * *

Every context is unique.
Every situation constantly changes.
No one's rendering of the universe is ever the same,
Yet prior to the myriad imaginary concoctions,
Every version is very much the same,
In the most indivisible Way.

* * * *

What a walkabout it would be, could any of us,
Witness the inner video of another's existence.
Meanwhile, myriad faces, tell so many tales.

* * * *

Is not waking up every day, mystery enough,
Without adding a heap of gratuitous folderol?

* * * *

To be in the world, and not be of it.
One foot in dreamtime, the other, oblivion.
Challenging, indeed, to straddle the splintered fence.

* * * *

If You keep up that ravenous, insatiable gorging,
How will You ever discover the serenity of emptiness?

* * * *

Given the nature of reflections, is it any wonder any given mind,
Only seeks out mirrors, to which its monkey nature, is inclined.

241

And the eighth day passed.
The garden had been thoroughly trashed.
Humankind – lost, dazed, confused – blind to its fate,
Wandered about the dystopian wasteland of its bittersweet handiwork.
And on the dawn of the ninth day, the day of inevitable reckoning, what would transpire?
Complete and utter chaos and destruction? Oblivion of consciousness?
Or the reformation of the monkey-mind paradigm?
Would that there were a time machine,
To witness the play's inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

Politicians seem to have difficulty thinking past the next election,
Bureaucrats the next paycheck, and the masses the next circus.

* * * *

How is it, things so abysmally absurd, so blatantly wrong,
So often seems to work their way up to the top of the pile?

* * * *

Took a long, long time to create this universe, this world,
And here we are flagrantly ripping it to shreds.
Humankind's legacy to the world,
Is a lot fewer life forms,
And piles upon piles of rubble.

* * * *

As impossible, as irrational, as ridiculous as it sounds,
Everything is inside and outside each other.
The quantum matrix is like that.

* * * *

Time does to the messenger whatever it pleases,
Whatever the given context determines,
The message is all that counts.
We all play one little part or another.

* * * *

And on the eighth day, God awoke,
And exploded at what had become of his Shangri-La,
Exclaiming in complete and unutterable exasperation, "What the … !?"
"What have You friggin' two-leggeds done to my garden!?"
And, too dejected to say more, rolled over,
And went back to sleep.

242

Once You awaken to a larger view of life and times,
Memories sometimes revisit your teachers, and they are many.
In fact, there are likely few things from which You did not learn something,
However dreary and predictable, however profound and inscrutable.

* * * *

Another day witnessing the monkey-mind play itself out.
Mass delusion and insanity on a worldwide scale.
No doubt any aliens watching us have plans,
To keep the contagion from spreading.

* * * *

Giving one's full attention to so many absurdities,
Requires such patience and compassion,
That only saints can manage it.

* * * *

From innocence to curmudgeonly cheerfulness.
Where is the instruction manual, anyway?

* * * *

In the greatest demon,
There is the crystal of goodness,
And in the greatest saint, a demon, held at bay.

* * * *

There is nothing more,
So do whatever needs doing,
And spend whatever is left kicking back,
And practicing on the vague notion called contentment.

* * * *

The song of mystery, an eternal chorus born of time,
With no-one-can-ever-know how many narrations.

* * * *

The fruit does not fall far from the tree.
The monkey-mind does not wander far from the jungle.

* * * *

If You are going to lie, cheat, steal, and kill,
It is probably not wise to be too predictable about it,
Or else You may be caught, caged, perhaps even exterminated.

243

Jesus would certainly have to be very talented to solve this fine mess.
Perhaps that is why he is dilly-dallying wherever rumored-to-be-living messiahs hang,
At which, if the tale be true, he proved to be quite adept those final hours.
He and his fishermen have indeed left the rest of us,
Intentionally or not,
Out to dry these last two millennium.
And more than likely, many until-the-end-of-time more.

* * * *

Why always charge for thoughts that come freely to mind?
What a peculiar concept, intellectual property.
As if anyone really owns anything.
A good idea, a good story, belongs to all.

* * * *

How differently would You see anyone,
Were You to view the inner video of their life?
All the nature-nurture winds that molded their existence,
Would certainly inspire compassion for all,
In all but the hardest hearts.

* * * *

The nothingness of the ethereal quantum vapor,
Playing out every conceivable size and form,
Every conceivable state of consciousness,
And we, enraptured with all our absurdities.

* * * *

To those attached to one dogma or another,
You are either all right, or You are all wrong.
We all have to come from the same beginning,
And all assertions about it, are utterly meaningless.
So, drop the inanity, roll out the doubt, and figure it out.

* * * *

At some point, so much history, becomes so much gibberish.
Now is the time, and those who abide in the present,
Are at the forefront, at the tip of the spear,
In the epoch of human adaptation.
Learn what You are able,
From all that history has to offer,
But do not let it weigh upon the many decisions,
That will soon be required to survive civilization's unraveling.

If You cannot examine the cosmos in your mind,
Then your destiny is just one conditioned journey or another,
Dictated by the history, the make-believe, in which You have been steeped.

* * * *

Challenging to admit, to face, to live, the fact, the reality,
That everything upon which You have based this life You call yours,
Is nothing more than a temporal fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

Destruction, without any foresight for what is being created,
Does not leave much elbowroom for the little folk.
But, then again, when have those on top,
Ever really cared about others,
As more than a means to an end?

* * * *

You cannot erase what is already written.
You cannot rewind what is already said.
The unfiltered dream ever streams on.

* * * *

Pain teaches every sort of fear,
And desire creates every opportunity,
To experience its every nuance.

* * * *

Emboldened by the clarity of the untamable wilderness,
Jesus of Nazareth mistakenly, naively, foolishly, believed,
He could tame the madness, the absurdity, of Jerusalem.

* * * *

It is entirely your creation.
You are the source, the origin, the genesis,
Of your version, your account, your narrative, of the universe,
And no other can change that.

* * * *

Aligning with any given dogma,
Is more a gymnastic feat than real spiritual inquiry.
A curiously ironic thing, especially since ever-present awareness of the moment,
Requires absolutely no effort, no strife, no belief, whatsoever.
It is as present a present as any present can be.

245

In all its countless imaginary measurements,
The creation of knowledge is inevitably born of limitation.
Yet, prior to all mind-made limits, the mystic observer, a true scientist,
Remains as equally attentive to the immeasurable now, as s/he would any experiment.
The observer is the observed; the observed, the observer.
There is naught but one.

* * * *

What can really be born in the infinity of quantum nothingness,
For which birth, as consciousness imagines it,
Is nothing more than a dream.

* * * *

This time, too, will one day likely be called ancient,
Assuming anyone is still around and about,
Pondering such things historical.

* * * *

Awareness, oblivious to the play of good and evil,
Allows every dream of consciousness,
To have its day in the sun.

* * * *

We are all deluded by the given context.

* * * *

This week, yes, next week, no.
And after that, more of the same.

* * * *

Another day.
Wake up, get up, suit up;
There is a universe needs witnessing.

* * * *

Where would, where could, where should, awareness be,
Without a body-mind in which to imagine its Self real and true?

* * * *

At the point of diminishing returns,
As resources dwindle, as people become increasingly desperate,
Competition becomes more and more fierce.
Rarely a pretty sight.

246

From the now so-long-ago entry into this dream world,
You have been conditioned to believe so many things truly matter,
And have gradually discerned many of them, if not all,
To indeed be very dubious assumptions.
Where to now, Pilgrim,
Now that doubt is your filament?

* * * *

Every sage across the world, across time,
Integrates the language, the geographic assumptions,
The frame of reference, from which s/he hails.
So many ways to say the same thing.

* * * *

Trying to love each other, to love all things, has been,
A goal well beyond reach, a bar set far too high.
How about we just try to tolerate each other,
And all our vain, imagined differences?
How about we just try to get along,
Try not to destroy everything,
Before Mother Nature,
Somehow manages to off us?

* * * *

What is mine? What is not mine?
Who is the me who possesses anything?
Who is the me, who does more than imagine,
That anything can be gained, that anything can be lost?
All possession is of such a short while,
No matter how long.

* * * *

You are the awareness before time.
That which is mystery by whatever sound,
You may choose – or choose not – to ascribe it.

* * * *

True science is about the never-ending quest,
For the most certainty possible about any given focus.
Which is, of course, all too often handicapped, even paralyzed,
By politics, funding, technology, expertise, competition,
And any number of other itsy-bitsy limitations,
By which all manifestation is ever bound.

247

You are the singularity, nothing more, nothing less.
Your entire existence is, in the final analysis, but a means,
To scrutinize, to explore, to endure, just how alone You truly are.

* * * *

All histories are really nothing more than selected snapshots of perception,
Permeated by the unknowable awareness of the seamless indivisibility.

* * * *

Every destiny happens of its own mysterious accord.
All are written in the sands of imagination.
Some stay a while, maybe longer.
Some slip into oblivion,
Never to be seen,
Or heard from again.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

* * * *

Your deity may be great to You,
But to a great number of the rest of us,
It is nothing more than another fictitious idol,
To which limited vision ever succumbs.

* * * *

You have been every particle, every form,
Earth and water and air and fire have ever concocted.
Imagine it so … You are the Eternal One.

* * * *

Every moment, within and without,
Is yoga, union, unicity, fusion, samadhi,
If You are giving it close attention.

* * * *

Before the word, there was nothing.
During the word, there is nothing.
And after the word, there will be nothing.
All sounds are but vibrations in any given mind.

* * * *

All the pronouns of separative flavor, of dualistic tone,
All the I's and you's and he's and she's and they's and we's,
Do not in the most ultimate sense, for any particular, truly make.

248

The actuality of the ultimate truth is a stark quality,
For which relatively few have either interest or inclination.
Delusion is, indeed, much more comfortable, much more gratifying.

* * * *

Some are blessed, though many might argue, cursed beyond measure,
With a sense of doubt, with a capacity for irony and paradox,
With a skeptical wit that gradually transports them,
Into a transcendent, indivisible no-mind.
A rare fate, this return to wonder,
To which all are beckoned, few are chosen.

* * * *

Essence realized, liberated, wandering in wonder,
Does not require much of this world, or any other.

* * * *

From the same mysterious source,
The ephemeral dreamtime of all beginnings, all endings,
All causes, all effects, all parts, all stages,
All everything, all nothing.

* * * *

It is all really the same You through and through,
And each must wander the pathless dream alone,
To discern the presence of the indivisible within.

* * * *

Sometimes You sleeps, sometimes You wakes,
Sometimes You sits, sometimes You wanders.

* * * *

Unless You take matters into your own hands,
You will endure whatever death destiny allots.

* * * *

We are all very unique characters.
The challenge is which forms of uniqueness,
We choose to embrace, or at least comfortably tolerate.

* * * *

There is no other side, other than in the endless intrigues of parasites,
Vampiring the treasure of the meek, all destined to only inherit the earth.

249

Every moment is born anew.
It is your own choice to imagine space-time real,
Your own choice to be free or not, your own choice to suffer or not.
There is no one, really, compelling You to do anything,
To which You do not willingly capitulate,
For one passion or another.

* * * *

How can there ever be a line between within and without,
When neither are more than imaginary concepts,
With no elemental reality, whatsoever.
You are ever it; it is ever You.
There is no other.

* * * *

To truly listen, to hear with your entire being,
Without any thought, any judgment,
You must be willing and able,
To completely give yourself over,
To the babbling brook of another's dream.

* * * *

Cannot stop destiny; it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page,
In a book without conclusion.

* * * *

Many a woman has paid the price,
In picking an unsuitable mate.
And, of course, visa-versa.
God loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Awareness is only in it for the ride.
For those who see reality,
For what it truly is,
There is neither gain nor loss,
In all the knowledge, all the piles of gold,
Or all of the myriad experiences any given life offers.

* * * *

What is the human species but an unrivaled product of evolution,
With far too much aptitude for tool-making, for its mother's own good.

Your face has never been the same, so why pretend it is?
Why be attached to its ever-changing nature?
Go behind the façade to discover,
The immortality of the true beingness,
The awareness common to all small to great.

* * * *

We are all just kaleidoscoping mirages of imagination,
Rippling into each other in every conceivable way.

* * * *

If the Jesus so many idolize did not say,
"I am the truth, the life, and the way … and so are You,"
Then he was just another self-absorbed fraud,
Another charismatic cult leader,
Whom true believers,
Always place on pedestals,
And without question, blindly follow.

* * * *

Go lecture, harangue, curse, or worship the ocean,
And see if it cares about anything You think or do.

* * * *

All the firepower in the world ain't gonna help,
If You cannot get your finger to the trigger,
And a square, steady aim on the target.

* * * *

If You seek angels, there will be angels.
If You follow demons, there will be demons.
It is your heaven, your hell, and purgatory between.
All equal in the ineffable, eternal indivisibility.

* * * *

Although there may well be some remorseful exceptions,
Most miscreants are likely, far more sorry they got caught.

* * * *

What a mockery of accuracy,
Hollywoods, Bollywoods, Broadways,
And other entertainments so often make of history.
But then again, how accurate has any history ever really been?

251

Why would You ever need to accept or deny anything spoken,
By so many seers, mystics, prophets, saints, oracles,
And philosophers throughout time and space,
When You can discern it for your Self.

* * * *

All have within them the limited and unlimited potential.
Everything narrow and broad, shallow and deep.
It is attachment to the individual dreams,
That binds all sentient beings,
To the dualities born of the senses.

* * * *

No words can describe or contain You.
All You are, is awareness, now.
The universe is merely,
A temporal creation,
Of the senses and mind.

* * * *

Memes are mass recordings,
Far more often than not,
About idolatry and dogma,
Than truth or equality or justice.

* * * *

Who is the experiencer,
When the passing moment,
Is over as quickly as it began.
Quantum mischief, indeed.

* * * *

Well, at least we will leave piles and piles,
Of photographs and videos of the blue marble,
And all our fellow earthlings small to great,
For the progeny to see what they missed.

* * * *

No matter how deeply You delve,
It ever remains an inexplicable mystery.
All conclusions are no more than idle speculation.
It is meaningless to do more than give the passing moment,
Your complete, unvarnished, constant attention.

Forget the world, forget the universe,
Forget everything You imagine You really are,
Everything You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Why would death really be all that different than falling asleep?
The only difference is, that the imaginary you,
Never wakes up again.

* * * *

Around and within awareness, a food body is created,
And for a brief duration, it witnesses Self,
Through a tentative lens,
Of whatever consciousness,
The nature-nurture dream allows.

* * * *

Existence is an odyssey, without and within.

* * * *

A refrain, a mantra for those,
Who feel the need for such things:
I am not this body …
I am not this body …
I am not this body …

* * * *

Dust is a very close relative.
No use too often bothering about it,
Lying around doing nothing.

* * * *

We are all abodes of the same moment,
Despite our seemingly limitless intoxication,
With every sort of imagined difference.

* * * *

Pray tell, where is this supreme being outside the Self?
This great creator, this absentee landlord,
This driver asleep at the wheel,
That so many, are so convinced, exists.
Where art thou, oh noble lord of heaven and earth?
Do You exist anywhere, but in so many vain plays of imagination?

253

Study for your Self the original writings, the genuine insights,
Not the religions (a.k.a., cults), and all the dogmas they have inspired.
Within them will perhaps be discerned the clarity, You at the core within seek.

* * * *

So, zee many-are-called-but-few-are-chosen paradox
Once and again metes out its great irony.
Rules in the spiritual quest?
Hah!
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Using different words does not change any fact,
And it is only the fact that is important,
Not the sounds describing it.

* * * *

We will never know how she created all this,
But the Mother of All Things Nature,
Certainly can be quite a bitch.

* * * *

The real You, is neither past nor future.
You are the eternal presence,
Pure, simple, free.

* * * *

How could all who seek it,
Not ultimately come to the same truth?
Else it would not be truth.

* * * *

Everything is all really about the process.
Goals are merely rocks along the riverbed.

* * * *

Some build sandcastles.
Some wander by and destroy them.
There is no real explanation; it is just the way it is.

* * * *

Curious that anyone could ever even for the briefest of moments,
Believe they were somehow distinct from that which created them.

There is really only one truth,
And it is the core of all that is, and all that is not.
No one possesses any greater truth, and it is for each to alone discover.

* * * *

Never uncritically acquiesce to any individual or group.
Dogmas are born of many an unintentional consequence.

* * * *

Those who are so foolish,
As to believe in all things implausible,
Are not giving full attention to the unfolding creation,
Their own eyes in mind daily reveal.

* * * *

You were born of Mother Earth,
And the immensity from which all reveries are spun,
And one of these daze, she will find a way,
To mill You back into the compost,
With which dreamtime,
Will renew its timeless play.

* * * *

All belief is like a security blanket.
You are everything and nothing all the while.
In what, really, is there to believe?

* * * *

It may matter while You are here,
But what will You think, how will You feel,
When that skull is six feet under?

* * * *

When You were young,
You were the essential You.
Untarnished, pure, free, innocent.
Until the world convinced You otherwise.

* * * *

All dreams, all memories, all ideas, eventually evaporate,
Into what they have been all along; the one and only real You.
The timeless awareness, in which all things come and go.
Appear and disappear, like clouds through the sky.

255

Whatever is left of this passion play,
Is really just the scratchy record of history,
Repeating the same predictable song over and over.
Many would happily re-shape the garden into a kinder place,
But, alas, the biological imperative will out.
Ignorance is the cancer.

* * * *

Death still troubles You,
Because You have not fully understood,
You really are not the body, to which You are so attached.
It seems to be a common misconception.

* * * *

The root of civilization is civility:
Goodwill, kindness, compassion, cooperation, reason.
Without these ingredients by all, towards all,
There is only conflict and chaos.

* * * *

To believe truth orbits within or about any idol,
Is to miss the rationality of any real teaching.

* * * *

There is not enough gold in a gazillion universes,
To quench Mammon's insatiable craving for more.

* * * *

There goes imagination again,
Always trying to take credit for everything,
As if its infinity of narcissistic notions, really even exist.

* * * *

Each and every morning,
We all wake up,
To one world or another,
To face the day prescribed by geography,
And the genetic lottery, through which all are cast into time.

* * * *

Call it religion, call it spirituality, call it mysticism, call it philosophy,
Or call it whatever else the incessantly restless mind concocts,
All conclusions are ever but the speculations of vanity.

256

If You had never had wings or fins, You would never miss them.
If You had no recollection of the vibrancy of youth, of its energy and keenness,
There would be nothing with which to compare the inevitability of the gradual diminishment.
Alas, Pilgrim, no matter how You might wish it so, there is no going back.

* * * *

Into every account, every chronicle, every memoir, every history,
The motive, the agenda, the intention, of the writer,
Should be very carefully gauged.

* * * *

Curious that anyone or anything,
Including some omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent god,
Would be so insecure as to need another,
To believe in them.

* * * *

The mind as identity is waves crashing.
The mind as awareness is eternally timeless.
Serenity is not born of the cacophony of thought.

* * * *

No creed, no laws,
No principles, no dogma,
No priesthood, and no religion, too.

* * * *

All dogma is artificial and arbitrary.
Attempts to mold into reality,
That which is prior,
To all manifest dreams,
Is a sojourn filled with every variety,
Of groundless, pride-filled absurdity and delusion.

* * * *

Is it not all more than a little passé at this point?
Do we have to continue regurgitating the same absurdity?
Are we not ready to evolve into something more attuned to reality?

* * * *

Endlessly fascinating how some cannot help but doubt,
While others are, even to the point of savagery, entirely incapable of it:
“What!? Make me think!? Make me question!? How dare you!! Infidel!! I will kill you!!”

257

Every part and particle throughout the entire cosmos, ineffably synchronized,
Spontaneous, impromptu, unplanned, unarranged, unpremeditated, unprepared, unrehearsed,
Extemporaneous, improvised, makeshift, spur-of-the-moment, off-the-cuff,
Ad-libbed, ad hocked, played by ear, on the fly, on cue.
What an amazing beyond-all-pales thing,
This quantum singularity.
And You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

We are all sovereign players in each other's dreams.
Whether key roles, or merely shadows in a crowd,
It is the same for all, whatever the stage or play.

* * * *

For those who are awaiting
One savior or another,
What is there really to salvage,
But a world chock-full of laughable vanity?

* * * *

Dread is the worry of time,
Of what may yet come,
Of what may yet be endured,
All born of the ramblings of imagination.
Anticipation only creates unnecessary pain in advance,
Over things that may never even happen.
Best just to jump in a cold stream,
Without thinking about it.

* * * *

Do everything, do nothing,
The illusion of space, the illusion of time,
Ever kaleidoscopes through the same ineffable awareness.

* * * *

The sciences can only peer into the hypothetical-theoretical for so long,
Before it all becomes, for-all-practical-purposes, an unknowable abyss,
Which is the word-filled domain of philosophers and mystics and fools.

* * * *

Considering that You feel all but done, after just one rather fleeting dreamtime of a lifetime,
If there is some sort of supreme deity of an omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent nature,
How beyond-the-pale weary it must be, having to witness the human drama for eons.

The nature of knowledge is that it must ever be re-kindled anew,
Or be quickly lost in the ephemerality of Eden's inexplicable enterprise.
Minds fade, clay tablets break, books dissolve, and the digital world,
Is but a flick of a switch away from the black hole of oblivion.

* * * *

So many ways this vain dream can be played out.
No need to follow, no need to imitate, no need to duplicate,
For those who have the courage to wander alone.

* * * *

How can the indivisible quantum ether essence,
The unborn, undying source of all life,
All forms, all consciousness,
Ever really live fully?

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but tourist attractions.
Travelers wander the vast elsewhere.

* * * *

We are all kin of the same quantum creation.
We are all born of the same oblivion.
We are all pure awareness.
Even shit is sacred.
Without its golden reality,
Neither flowers nor You would be.

* * * *

The behavior of any individual,
The synergy of any group,
Can cultivate both boon and bane,
Advantage and detriment, fortune and blight,
Benefit and bother, blessing and horror.
For every action, consequence,
For every cause, effect.

* * * *

What are any of us but a few handfuls of star dust,
Temporarily organized to partake a relatively few breaths,
Until the quantum abyss of oblivion resumes its formless nature.
The only difference between existence and non-existence,
Is in the whimsical narration of the sensory mind.

259

The same awareness, the same consciousness, permeates every imaginable difference:
Different bodies, different languages, different times, different spaces,
In order to play out a very-much-the-same mystery.
All the universe is a stage,
And all life forms merely players.

* * * *

Eternal life is right now, wherever You are.
The only real question is, do You exist as a mere mortal,
Or as an eye of eternity, a timeless witness,
To the unfolding mystery.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable,
In the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix,
Of the inexplicable source.

* * * *

Even worse than pure ignorance,
Is someone knowing a little, all wrong.
At least ignorance might be open,
To learning something new.

* * * *

How do You think God witnesses all creation,
But through your eyes, and the eyes,
Of all creatures small to great.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever participate in any religion,
That advocates disharmony and conflict?
What sort of philosophy is it,
That does not bring deep, lasting peace,
Contentment, serenity, grace, perchance even joy?

* * * *

Since that which You truly are, was never born and never dies,
Technically, no one can really kill themselves.
So, suicide is really just about,
Being done with all the pain and suffering,
With all the pretense, with all the games, with all the bothers.
Not everyone wants to be here anymore, and why should that bother anyone else?

260

The infant begins with no knowledge,
Of what it is seeing, hearing, touching. tasting, or smelling.
Over time, the collusion into which it has been cast, will sculpt it to its own ends.
Few will likely ever doubt with enough abide-alone courage,
To decline and return to the natural state.

* * * *

How can You expect another to see the real You,
When You, your Self, have never, and can never see it, either?
It is naught but reflections and smoke and mirrors,
Only as real as imagination pretends.

* * * *

From the seed-lines of your parents,
And all your ancestors since life's beginning,
You have funneled into awareness.

* * * *

You are immersed within the sea of grace,
But are too blind to quench your thirst.

* * * *

None of this is really happening.
You are not a body,
Nor a world,
Nor a universe.
You are That I Am,
Prior to all boundaries,
Concocted by consciousness.

* * * *

It is ever the same nothingness,
The same mystery, the same unknown,
The same quantum-hologram-matrix-ether,
Into which the given sensors extend their probes,
And generate universes of every variety and dimension.

* * * *

You can see, hear, taste, smell, and touch,
Everything having to do with the play of consciousness,
But it is awareness – unknowable, indiscernible, indivisible, enigmatic,
Mysterious, impenetrable, inexplicable, inscrutable, incomprehensible, indecipherable –
That is the source, the fountain, the ground, the essence, the witness, of all.

261

Let us idly speculate for a few moments, that God really is a he,
And that he looks something like the Michelangelo Sistine Chapel rendition.
And that Jesus really is the fundamentalist, M-16 toting, bad hair, very vengeful Son of God.
And like Santa Claus, God is keeping a naughty list, and You are near the top of it,
No more than two or three demerits away from eternal damnation.
Who really cares? No, seriously, who cares, really?
Why would anyone even for a moment,
Think of worshipping such a preposterous creator,
Or of idolizing a son, whose testament to the world was so absurd.

* * * *

Who decides what is normal, anyway?
And is what is normal here, normal over there?
And is what is normal now, what was normal back then,
Or what will be normal in some future when?
More than a little arbitrary, indeed.

* * * *

Any leader who does not give an attentive ear
To whoever is in the trenches, or out scouting about,
Should always be required to lead the charge.

* * * *

To all critics: Go make your own movie,
Write your own book, paint your own painting,
Build your own house, live your own life.

* * * *

Pure awareness is tabula rasa,
The uncarved block, the empty slate,
Free of the stains of any concept or passion.

* * * *

You long for it to be more than a dream,
But more, it can never be,
And thus, You must learn to face, and embrace,
The eternal aloneness, in which your ultimate nature, in serenity resides.

* * * *

It is a regrettably curious thing, the destructive grip that ignorance has upon the world.
Modern sciences obviously tender more accurate, verifiable observations and measurements,
Than the ancients across the planet ever could, in their geocentric, ethnocentric domains.
And yet they, from their graves, rule current times as absurdly as they did their own.

Ignorance, being its own distorted, corrupt end;
There is really very little point in debating with any true believer.
If someone is seething dogma about anything fashioned of this manifest dreamtime,
Then it is no doubt much less bothersome to put them behind You,
And just walkabout some other direction.

* * * *

Heaven has been here all along, if You had lacked the vanity to see it.

* * * *

You keep trying to make sense out of something,
That will never make any sense, no matter how hard You try.
All You can do is breathe in, breathe out,
And with the flow, go.

* * * *

No one can stand upon the shoulders,
Of the many ancestors who have come and gone before.
Each, alone, must discern their own way.
However high, however low.
True or false.

* * * *

The choir quibbles over absurd nuances,
Which have no real meaning.
You are the oneness.
It is that simple.
No need for any dogma.

* * * *

It is all just theater.
The actor within each of us,
The same witness, playing every form,
In a boundless matrix, beyond all comprehension.
How could it be anything less?

* * * *

Probably almost everyone has many, many other,
Much, much more, important things to do,
Than mull over their inner mystery.
Who can disagree, that it is much more intriguing,
To stare deeply into the screen of a state-of-the-art smart phone,
Than it is the infinite void of an exceedingly lackluster, lint-infested bellybutton?

263

To say any religion or political system or economic theory is better than another,
Is a ceaseless comparison of apples and oranges and peaches and bananas.
Each has their texture, their flavor, their subtlety, their raison d'etre.
All merely arbitrary collusions born of minds caught in time.

* * * *

Why concern yourself with absurd notions of heaven and hell,
Or the ever-morphing permutations of reincarnation?
You are … have always been … will ever be …
That which is prior to any and all forms,
Unrestrained by any limitation.

* * * *

This moment is where the tire hits the road,
Come and gone each and every instant.
No way You can be anywhere else.

* * * *

How long can the world as we know it,
Sustain the degree of self-absorption,
We have wrought upon its creation?
Where is the edge of the petri dish,
Towards which we mindlessly dash?

* * * *

The unanswerable, unsolvable question,
Is whether any deity, is as into the sheeples,
As all the sheeples would like to believe.

* * * *

Bad breathing makes for an unhinged mind,
Wherein the eternal now, is whisked into time.

* * * *

I Am the Truth, the Life, and the Way,
And so are You,
And so is every part and particle,
To the farthest reaches of infinity's formless presence.

* * * *

Have many of our ancestors ever really cared about the unborn,
As anything more than a means to their own security and well-being?
As anything more than instruments for their own corporeal needs and wants?

264

These thoughts are for those gifted with the eyes to see, and ears to hear, each in their own way.
For the true seer, there is no dogma but the formulas of one's own making,
And then only for the briefest of intractable whiles.
As Thomas Hobbes penned:
And the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

* * * *

Cast into the whimsical winds of time,
You discern your subjective personal universe,
As the biological imperative of the genetic lottery ordains.
Such is the nature-nurture of free will.
Best wishes, Pilgrim.

* * * *

You really want some horrific Armageddon?
Well, just keep on doing what we are doing.

* * * *

Let go of it before it lets go of You.

* * * *

Nothing is new under the sun.
Nothing is old, either.

* * * *

And behind every face eternity ever cast,
You.

* * * *

Each must awaken very much alone,
To the reality of the eternal absolute within.
Anything less is but the idolatry of form and concept.

* * * *

The unknown is not in any way bound to function,
Within the confines of any given puddle of consciousness.
It is consciousness that must expand beyond its myriad limitations.

* * * *

The human paradigm is a ceaseless array of stories of every sort.
Perceptions, all partial, incomplete, steeped in the ephemeral well of imagination.
Is not everything more than a little hackneyed, more than a little passé, at this point in the human epic?
Have not we done everything, all but inconceivable times beyond counting?

265

The ultimate intention of thoughts such as these, are to strip away everything.
To relinquish You to the aloneness, the oblivion, the absoluteness, You truly are.
To leave only the certainty of You, the essence of You, the wonder and grace of You.
Anything less is only more hollow delusion, in a purgatory already reeking with its stench.

* * * *

For the want of minds, that can discern the mystery within all things,
For the want of ears, that can hear the soundless, eyes that can see the unseen,
Another vision of the grand reality gradually fades in the dream of time.
It is not the choir that needs to discern that which is real and true.

* * * *

Others make it possible to explore, to sightsee mindsets,
Outside your limitations, beyond your boundaries.
From the security of your couch, so to speak.
We are all really just voyeurs, onlookers,
Rubber-necking every which way.
Some consciously, some not.

* * * *

The brass ring is a slippery thing.

* * * *

If You really understand,
Why would it even occur to You,
To worship anything outside your Self?
Assuming, of course, any form of acclamation,
Is even necessary in the first place.

* * * *

Being the timeless presence is very simple, really.
Just be the sovereign, unstained, indivisible, untrammeled,
Flawless, immaculate, absolute, eternal awareness.

* * * *

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

* * * *

The way is simple.
No priesthood, no followers, no doctrine,
No edifices, no dress codes, no symbols, no tithing, no groupthink,
No oppression, no burden, no bondage, no encumbrance, no annoyance, no yoke whatsoever.

You have been mortal dreamer;
Seer, mystic, hierophant, oracle, prophet;
And now You are the truth, the life, the way … That I Am.
Krishna, Shiva, Buddha, Tao, Advuhut, Christ, God, Allah, Soul, Brahman;
However it might be designated or identified by all dreams samsara.
Born again, timelessly absolute, every streaming moment.
Immortal, sovereign, infinite, supreme, complete;
Prior to all dimensions of space and time.

* * * *

Everyone is a fabrication here.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
"We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
'Relax,' said the night man, 'We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time You like,
But You can never leave.'"

* * * *

Pain is a teacher for the inattentive,
And more than a few seem to get spanked,
More badly, more often, than others.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, too this, too that,
So many minds wallowing in discontent.

* * * *

When death strikes,
It is the living who must endure.
It is the living who must move on to tomorrow,
More alone than they were yesterday.

* * * *

No bird has ever written down even one chirp.
Nor a dog a bark, nor a cat a meow, nor a badger a growl.
This dreamtime would be without even one history,
Had humankind not imagined otherwise.

* * * *

Life, going out there and living it, is the only real test.
Except to parents, teachers, peers, bureaucrats, politicians,
Corporations, vampires, and other parasites out to make a buck;
All the examinations, all the papers, are ultimately all but meaningless.

267

Gumption: shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Initiative, resourcefulness, enterprise, ingenuity, imagination, astuteness,
Shrewdness, acumen, sense, common sense, wit, mother wit, practicality, spirit, pluck,
Backbone, mettle, nerve, courage, wherewithal, get-up-and-go, spunk,
Oomph, moxie, savvy, horse sense, street smarts.
Concepts to bear in mind and heart in the coming storm.

* * * *

As far as maintaining health of mind and body go,
It is wiser to get more disciplined as You get older, not less.
Ultimately, You cannot hold onto anything in this manifest playhouse,
But it will not hurt to take care of what You have been given,
During the relatively brief interval You have it.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why and how, You really-truly are,
Is the indivisible quantum formlessness of eternity,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Would that wisdom could be legislated,
But, alas, fools rule, and suffering abounds.

* * * *

You are indeed very much alone.
You can spend your life running from the fact,
Or look within, and find out why.

* * * *

Political correctness is really any given monkey-mind,
Molding others into an acceptable, comfortable limitation.

* * * *

But for human vanity, would there, could there, even be a God?

* * * *

How can anyone own the mystery, when everything is the mystery?

* * * *

What impetuous fire there is in youth.
The exuberance, the innocence, the arrogance, the folly.
Curious how life's passing gradually tempers, even dampens, the many passions,
As the uncarved block, the a priori, is gradually whittled into destiny.

268

Just more inane dogma in a world,
Already seething with endless monkey-mind blather.
So many telling others what they should believe, how they should exist.
Just walk away from it; put behind You all those who would limit,
Your every thought, your every step, your every breath.
Live bold; be the freedom You were born to be.

* * * *

What the magic number is, that metamorphoses cults into religions,
Is known only to those who accept that God can be buttonholed.

* * * *

What happens after death? … Don't know … Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

* * * *

Political correctness has always been played out,
By those many who fear standing alone.
Many sheep have only two legs.
Muster the courage;
Stand aloof from the herd.

* * * *

What is evil, but the darker side of light?

* * * *

It is history that whittles away innocence.

* * * *

No world should suffer too much affluence.

* * * *

If there was anything benevolent about God,
Why would it have ever created the human species,
To trample, manipulate, torment, and destroy this garden,
And all its myriad creatures, from small to great?

* * * *

Through these words, and many others of the same ilk,
Your ultimate nature speaks earnestly true, sovereign, absolute.
Look clearly, listen closely, You who would discern that which is real.

269

If someone over age five declared that they believed in Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Harvey the Pooka, vampires, or any other imaginary friends,
The true believers of any given creed would laugh, and think him but an idiot and fool.
Well, mirror that vain notion for a moment, and know what a fair number,
Think of any and all dogmatic, holier-than-thou assertions.

* * * *

Call it religion, call it spirituality, call it mysticism, call it philosophy,
Or call it whatever else the incessantly restless mind concocts,
All conclusions are ever merely the notions of vanity.

* * * *

Another layer of sediment drifting toward the ocean floor.

* * * *

So, do You seek the truth, or just another lie?

* * * *

The world will be scarred,
With the ruins born of mind,
For a long, long time to come.
There is no going back.

* * * *

When Jesus said, put no gods before me,
He, hopefully, was not referring to Jesus.

* * * *

The doubt of your doubt by others,
Can be an undermining, infecting snare.
The quest for certainty is a solitary pursuit.
You may spark others, but must ever be vigilant,
Lest the flame be inadvertently damped by ignorance.

* * * *

Who can be sure what mystic seers across the world really knew or meant?
And with the muddle of vain commotion so many initiated, who cares, really?

* * * *

If the strategies and tactics,
You have established to survive, are failing,
Do You have the intelligence, the gumption, the grit in the belly,
To adapt to new ones, to shape new ones, in order to carry on, in order to survive the day?

What difference could it possibly make,
What others might think of You, or anything else,
When it is really all You anyway, utterly, indivisibly alone.
When it is all nothing more than imaginary notion stirred by the senses.
Pure, unadulterated, insatiable fabrication from the get-go.

* * * *

To be imbued with certainty, to be without even a smidgeon of doubt,
How is that even vaguely, remotely, figuratively, tenuously possible?

* * * *

Gaia, such a wondrous, magical gift, a garden extraordinaire.
Yet, given everything, the monkey-minds still wanted more.

* * * *

To really not care about anything, even existence itself,
How far, how deep, how alone, will You dare journey?

* * * *

It is by the light of awareness within, that all is seen.

* * * *

What is the universe but the same quantum dust,
Spinning ceaseless patterns of every magnitude.

* * * *

Nothing is long once You have seen the short of it.
Nothing is short once You have seen the long of it.

* * * *

The road to contentment is an arduous, rocky journey,
Long and winding, full of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

The ever-present, timeless nowness of this garden cosmos,
Is ever right here, right now, ready to take You back into its fold,
Back into the ceaseless kaleidoscoping of its ever-dreamy matrix reality.

* * * *

The mind is a forest of words, in which most wander bewildered.
To see the forest though the trees, the mountain upon which the forest stands,
The sky beneath which the forest rests, and the upwelling within all,
Is a daily challenge, to which few rise, much less achieve.

271

Adrift in formlessness, wandering a dream You mistakenly call your own.

* * * *

So many assert heart superior to mind, but how could heart be discerned without it?

* * * *

Ever-changing dream that it is, best never to take anything for granted.

* * * *

We are all the longing of quantum stardust feigning existence.

* * * *

Nobody is just a student; nobody is just a teacher.

* * * *

Any idea is only as strong as its intention.

* * * *

Freedom is yours for the beingness.

* * * *

A-dreamin' in the streamin'.

* * * *

Who can free You, but You?

* * * *

What flame can any moth resist?

* * * *

The monkey-mind; a never-ending jungle.

* * * *

All dogma is the spew of one middleman or another.

* * * *

What seam can there be in that which is indivisibly formless?

* * * *

From nothingness to nothingness, and the pretense of somethingness between.

* * * *

And how they do quibble over the seed of yet another dogma.

272

To believe in God, or not believe in God, what difference, really?

* * * *

The truth is so elegantly simple, as to be everything and nothing all the while.

* * * *

What was it You were supposed to remember to forget, anyway?

* * * *

Do not ask, do not tell; a good policy in many arenas.

* * * *

The tides of history are daily swirling stronger.

* * * *

So alone, You cannot tell the difference.

* * * *

Anger is resistance to the moment.

* * * *

You are an eye of mystery.

* * * *

No brag, just fact.

* * * *

Nowness requires no other.

* * * *

The limits of consciousness are your own.

* * * *

Just doing whatever You do, one moment at a time.

* * * *

More for that poor rat's ass that no one gives a damn about.

* * * *

Look closely, and You will find the nothingness within every perception.

* * * *

This moment … gone … before You can even think about it.

273

Nothing is meant to happen; it just happens.

* * * *

Awakening to the “I Am That” is the evolution revolution.

* * * *

The sovereignty of one’s aloneness, is the sun of awareness within.

* * * *

In the vastness of the ocean of infinity, all drops are equal.

* * * *

The other side of nothingness is nothingness, too.

* * * *

Just playing along for the time-being.

* * * *

You are the trump card.

* * * *

Stream on.

* * * *

Pointless, indeed.

* * * *

So much not to care about.

* * * *

To be born again, You must die now.

* * * *

Holding on to nothing, is a timeless endeavor.

* * * *

Why do You keep seeking what You have always had?

* * * *

Each discerns it in their own way, but the Way is ever the same.

* * * *

Not too many problems can contend with a good, full breath of awareness.

I Am … the Truth … the Life … and the Way … and so are You.

* * * *

Can anyone really more than vaguely rationalize why they do whatever they do?

* * * *

Seven, eight, nine billion human beings, is way more than way too many.

* * * *

We are all just temporal masks streaming by in each other's dreams.

* * * *

The wander into divine wonder awakens to a new dawn.

* * * *

What freedom, in wanting absolutely nothing.

* * * *

End the resistance, embrace the pain.

* * * *

As You think, so You are.

* * * *

Quantum theater.

* * * *

Un-define your Self.

* * * *

Be free of the morass of motives.

* * * *

To see, and see nothing, that is the challenge.

* * * *

Strategy and tactics are equal partners in any given enterprise.

* * * *

Any given story is the convoluted means to get to the kernel of its point and purpose.

* * * *

You do not ask to be free, nor need You assert it, You just inwardly are.

275

Birth and death, just different ends of the same dream stream.

* * * *

No one can ever discern the real You, unless they see the real in themselves.

* * * *

You are the oneness in all, and the all, are the oneness in You.

* * * *

You are what You have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

When it comes to time, it is for time to tell.

* * * *

History is a river of anonymity.

* * * *

Wandering on empty.

* * * *

Welcome home, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Truth is not a matter of opinion.

* * * *

By what form can awareness be bound?

* * * *

Good news, bad news, what difference, really?

* * * *

By the time You recognize it, any given moment is long gone.

* * * *

Yet another enticing distraction, drawing You back into the illusory matrix.

* * * *

Nothing created, nothing preserved, nothing destroyed.

* * * *

No more questions, no more answers.

276

What storm, what mayhem, can break the willow of a tranquil mind?

* * * *

The eternal absoluteness is within all, but the mind must be very still to discern it.

* * * *

What is the universe that the mind gazes out into, but its own creation.

* * * *

Every moment is equal, no matter the play of light and sound.

* * * *

Human bullshit; ignore it whenever vanity allows.

* * * *

Within every skull, a churning universe.

* * * *

Was not, am not, will never be.

* * * *

All conception is immaculate.

* * * *

To what need awareness cling?

* * * *

Such aloneness cannot be imagined.

* * * *

It comes from whence everything comes.

* * * *

Become the mystery within; what have You got to lose?

* * * *

By definition, the singularity must include You and everything else.

* * * *

The absurdity of centricity – be it ego, geo, ethno, or whatevero – is unending.

* * * *

Of course, You are the Quantum Soul; how could You not be?

277

The dream will entice with whatever bait the mind desires.

* * * *

A collusion of imagination in the nothing-more-nothing-less of it all.

* * * *

If You do not want to be treated like a cliché of a stereotype, stop behaving like one.

* * * *

How forever it is for awareness to try to reach the inside of any skull.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune, all the poof of imagination.

* * * *

You are not required to care about anything.

* * * *

You are as old as You have ever been.

* * * *

Why identify with anything?

* * * *

Forget all the crap, just do it.

* * * *

Awakening is not a competition.

* * * *

Very challenging, indeed, to remain still.

* * * *

Just another angle on the same old light show.

* * * *

Another piece of trivia to file in oblivion's circular file.

* * * *

All seeds must play out their given time, and their progeny theirs.

* * * *

It has always really been just your voice, singular, with many shades of other.

278

Humankind will certainly be the most documented species to ever go extinct.

* * * *

Nothing You can ever do, will ever make it more or less than it is.

* * * *

Earth … Air … Water … Fire … Quantum Ether.

* * * *

How impoverished we are by our greed.

* * * *

So alone as to forget everything.

* * * *

Mind your own mind.

* * * *

Soul trumps all.

* * * *

Never trust a deity.

* * * *

Divine madness, why not?

* * * *

How strong is your call to freedom?

* * * *

A quantum mirage no matter how dense the matter.

* * * *

What is knowledge, but a means to pretend the unknowable, known.

* * * *

What would your self-image be, if You had never seen a reflection or snapshot of your face?

* * * *

How the world does suffer for our kind to discern this one very simple truth.

* * * *

Between heaven and earth, the purgatory of the human mind.

279

Awareness has no name, no attributes, and is aligned with no mindset.

* * * *

The mind-body is doomed, but its quantum source will carry on, as forever as forever is.

* * * *

What more can any ask of a leader, but wisdom and fairness toward all?

* * * *

It is all one; do not allow your differences to divide You.

* * * *

To imagine a deity outside your Self is absurd.

* * * *

The kingdom of mystery is within all.

* * * *

Irony and paradox spoken here.

* * * *

Delusion is a strong vice.

* * * *

All in a dream.

* * * *

Why believe anything?

* * * *

This now, too, gone forever.

* * * *

The aloneness that is so not lonely.

* * * *

An intelligent existence is full of epiphanies.

* * * *

Too many straws quickly make for no more milkshake.

* * * *

Be completely, utterly vulnerable, to the totality within, the totality without.

280

The virtue of solitude is the freedom of unencumbered thought.

* * * *

Observe the universe in every way, until You discern in it emanating from your own eye.

* * * *

What is to save, when it is already spent, only moments before You know it.

* * * *

Comparing yourself to others, is a lose-lose game from the get-go.

* * * *

Truth is truth, and requires neither sanction nor proof.

* * * *

Mad beyond belief; a madness worth divining.

* * * *

Vanity can be more than a little blinding.

* * * *

The mystery heeds no bounds.

* * * *

Freedom, assume it so.

* * * *

More noise; joy to your world.

* * * *

What is, a gazillion eons to You, really?

* * * *

If You want a secret kept, best resist the urge to blab.

* * * *

We are all as individual as drops falling back into an ocean wave.

* * * *

No one can see the real You unless they have discerned the same in themselves.

* * * *

Not easy to forget everything, with so much to remember.

281

The senses caress the mind with any number of agonies and ecstasies.

* * * *

All forms of idolatry, are essentially the same time-bound fiction, with different metaphors.

* * * *

It is your universe, from which to pick and choose, as your calling wills.

* * * *

The myriad others, when have they ever not been You?

* * * *

You are just one fulfillment of all potentials.

* * * *

Do not need to, but what the heck.

* * * *

It is said; it is done.

* * * *

Puny mortals.

* * * *

Every mind a temple.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose … pffft.

* * * *

The choir always quibbling over nothing.

* * * *

This right now is the truth, for it could be nothing less.

* * * *

There You go again, cutting off the inquiry with a meaningless label.

* * * *

Ask not what the mystery can do for You, but what You need do to merge back into it.

* * * *

How can You be bored, when every single moment is exactly the same?

282

Suffering is the still through which experience distills into wisdom.

* * * *

Wisdom, slathered with pride and tradition and ritual and dogma, is called religion.

* * * *

You are the hunger, the thirst for existence, that sculpts eternity into time.

* * * *

Would whatever normal is, really be all that interesting?

* * * *

Beware the true believer in any forum.

* * * *

A free mind is the revolution.

* * * *

Existence is distraction.

* * * *

Mutation is as mutation does.

* * * *

The gentle cynic is indifferently agnostic.

* * * *

Nothing is what it was, has ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Fewer unintended consequences when foul deeds are only imagined.

* * * *

Truth is only comfortable to those whose vanity is no longer the limiting factor.

* * * *

The free will of human pride is accelerating exponentially toward its inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

Sounds like the same conversation that has been going on since we left the garden.

* * * *

Curious how harmful acts done to one, are so often recast upon another.

283

Wandering the Garden of Good and Evil, where there is in truth, neither.

* * * *

Ye Brahman be, which no others but those such at ye can see.

* * * *

Gaze up at the expansive sky, and see your mind the same.

* * * *

Truth is not for the clever, the foolish, or the slothful.

* * * *

History is replete with the same old regurgitation.

* * * *

Yet another instance of too much is not enough.

* * * *

You are perfectly You; why imitate any other?

* * * *

You are only imperfect if You imagine it so.

* * * *

You are student; your universe the teacher.

* * * *

A wake only shows where now has been.

* * * *

If You are fulfilled, what is there to want?

* * * *

Profound and passé every streaming moment.

* * * *

Forgiveness must ultimately come from deep within.

* * * *

Awareness, the final frontier, the grand voyeur of all eternity.

* * * *

Settle for dogma and idolatry, and sure enough, that is what You will get.

Yes means yes, no means no, and maybe does not mean yes.

* * * *

In the ever-changing sensory theater, awareness is the only constant.

* * * *

The witness of awareness, neither heeds nor stops for any judgment or conclusion.

* * * *

Each must dredge their own channel, to discern the intrinsic source of all.

* * * *

The games of gods and men, what are they to You, really?

* * * *

An innocent mind, what was that like, anyway?

* * * *

Nothing more is nothing less.

* * * *

What a load of crap.

* * * *

Irony and paradox rule.

* * * *

Neither more nor less, it simply is.

* * * *

A quantum divide is indivisible, nonetheless.

* * * *

Inattention to the given moment, is the first and last mistake.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to explain anything to anyone who lacks the ear to hear?

* * * *

All that glitters is gold, and all that does not glitter is gold, too.

* * * *

Ask me no questions, I will tell You no truths.

285

Speculation is not truth, never has been, will never be.

* * * *

Regarding beauty, what can insects possibly be thinking when they mate?

* * * *

The might that makes right is not necessarily, perhaps rarely, just.

* * * *

Follow none but those who freely point to the way within.

* * * *

So, after it is all said and done, is it five o'clock, yet?

* * * *

Sit down, shut up, look at your umbilicus, breathe.

* * * *

Know the mind, know the body, discern the Soul.

* * * *

Everything and nothing, in every passing moment.

* * * *

A Christmas tree is dying to come home with You.

* * * *

The mind is all, but prior to that, who is there to say?

* * * *

Questioning your assumptions is an art unto your Self.

* * * *

A handful of individuals does not for a revolution make.

* * * *

Of history, what can be said but that it is a theater of the absurd.

* * * *

What point providing answers to those who have never even asked a question?

* * * *

Only the true scientist will not sell his soul for ironic funding.

286

The mortal senses do not care what they see, hear, touch, taste, or feel.
It is only the mind, only imagination, that creates a universe of dualistic notion.
The body is but a vehicle, in which the singularity plays an eternal game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

The human drama is truly no different,
Than any game – board, card, dice, arena, or otherwise –
In which You engage energetically, enthusiastically, even happily, for a time,
But eventually grow bored, weary, perhaps broken, and move on.

* * * *

You have never even once been what You think.
The imaginary self is no more than a fiction of consciousness.
Truly, You are simply awareness, as is everything else.
The singularity is nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Time is relative to the space in which it is measured.
What is a second, a minute, an hour, a day, a year,
On Saturn or Jupiter, on Mercury or Neptune,
Or on the sun, around which they all spin?

* * * *

Different jewelry, same gold.
Different stars, same cosmos.
Different waves, same ocean.
Different eyes, same mystery.

* * * *

Imagine if You had only one sense:
Eyes or ears or nose or tongue or skin.
What would your universe be then?

* * * *

It all becomes quite meaningless.
Empty chatter, empty deeds, empty mind.
Nothing at all necessary, whatsoever.
Enjoy the freedom of just being.

* * * *

All movement of thought is the play of consciousness,
Mesmerized by the myriad creations born of its temporal nature.
Unbound awareness is the unutterable stillness of the ephemeral moment.

287

Organized religions are born of the sanctimonious, mythological blather,
Of those who did not, could not, know any more than You,
As far as any truly meaningful answers go.
But no point arguing or fighting or killing about it.
Just put all the true believers behind You, and wander on and on.

* * * *

No second step can happen without the first,
Nor the third without the second, or the fourth without the third.
Assuming You are counting, that is.
Stream on.

* * * *

You are the original source, the light that creates,
All form and shadow, all meaning and purpose,
All duality, in every imaginary way possible.

* * * *

Every life form ever manifested,
Is doing, has done, will do,
With its brief existence,
Whatever fate has allotted.

* * * *

Existence is a mystery.
It is not a Christian mystery,
A Buddhist mystery, a Hindu mystery,
An Islamic mystery, or anyone else's mystery.
It is equally the same mystery for all.
Any given belief system,
Is merely vanity,
Promoting differences,
That have never once mattered.

* * * *

The breath only flows in or out.
Benignly indifferent to the ways of the mind,
To all the imaginary whimsy, through which it effortlessly sails.

* * * *

Regurgitation of truth is not the truth.
The word, the concept, the sound, can never be the thing.
A mind that will not look, will not see; a mind that will not listen, will not hear.

288

As yellowed and tattered and brittle as they well may be,
No writings ever scribed have any authority, any power, any use,
But through whatever meaning You discern within their point and purpose.

* * * *

Yet another perceptive observation,
Another witty thought, another clever story,
And not much more to show for it but a fallen garden,
Covered with cement, asphalt, garbage, technology, and conflict.
It is far, far too obvious, there will be no halting our kind,
Until we slam into the mountain of consequence,
Towards which we every moment race.

* * * *

What an amazing thing it would have been,
To have witnessed this wondrous, inexplicable garden world,
Before humankind descended from the trees,
And wandered onto the plains.

* * * *

Allow time to play its game without You.
Eternal life is a many-are-called,
Few-choose-it sort of thing.

* * * *

One is sure it is a he,
Another is sure it is a she,
Still another is sure it is an it,
And all seem so sure it is not them.
So much sureness about so many things,
About that which cannot be known.

* * * *

All stories are equally born of imagination,
And all are eventually, inescapably forgotten.
Whatever life survives us, will not remember us.
A collusion of make-believe, nothing more.

* * * *

Everything is created of the same source, the same awareness, even that which is deified,
Were such a supreme being to be contrived by the matrix of the quantum unknown.
So, of course God exists, and it is within and without all things small to great.
Each and every one, including You, sovereign witness to the mystery.

289

Remarkable how much bad theater is playing out on this little stage.

* * * *

What is yours, what is mine, is only for but a very brief play of the time in mind.

* * * *

Only the truly ignorant, claim to know things they cannot, and never will.

* * * *

You know enough to fathom, You know more than You ever can.

* * * *

Snappity-crackity-poppity, what bother an aging body.

* * * *

What differences are there to align with, really?

* * * *

Alone, so terribly, so wonderfully alone.

* * * *

None of that matters anymore.

* * * *

Let go all the insoluble questions.

* * * *

Stretch your mind to its infinite presence.

* * * *

What cannot be peaceful, if stillness reigns within.

* * * *

We must all play out our time as the cards willy-nilly fall.

* * * *

Who is right, and who is wrong, and where is the boundary between?

* * * *

Any given mind can only wrap around, what it is capable of wrapping around.

* * * *

We are all quantum experiments, playthings, in one form or another.

Those inspired to be lifelong learners, witness an ever-expanding universe.

* * * *

The mind will deceive itself, to whatever degree its mix of capacity and limitation allows.

* * * *

Existence is all about whatever distractions the given destiny calls into play.

* * * *

Perhaps time so quickly passes because it does not really exist.

* * * *

The patina of youth is always an enticing delusion.

* * * *

The statistical certitude rolls on.

* * * *

I, Quantum.

* * * *

Perception is all.

* * * *

Yet another point of reference.

* * * *

You teach best what You most want to learn.

* * * *

Another already dimming memory in the annals of time.

* * * *

Toward the anarchy of absolute absurdity, there are many sprinting.

* * * *

So absurd that it is almost comical, in a very sad sort of incomprehensible way.

* * * *

Consciousness playing itself out through every form imaginable.

* * * *

It is all that which is God; including me, including You.

291

The greatest wealth is eternally within, but vanity must still itself to discern it.

* * * *

Just because You do not want to think about it, does not make it not so.

* * * *

Minds hell-bent on limitation inevitably take a lower road.

* * * *

Discern the obvious, and put behind You the rest.

* * * *

Afraid to commit, or just not interested?

* * * *

What a precious thing, solitude.

* * * *

Honor is for the dead.

* * * *

Free will? … Pffft.

* * * *

It is a quantum thing.

* * * *

Ain't imagination amazing?

* * * *

Slowly falling apart, one day at a time.

* * * *

Born again … just now … just now … just now …

* * * *

Whimsy's passion, ever on the lookout for the next big thing.

* * * *

Always best to tackle a problem or task before it has a chance to get bigger.

* * * *

Every moment an unfolding clue to dreamtime's enigma.

Was not … Am not … Do not know … Do not care …

* * * *

Every moment, the flowering of eternity, new and fresh and forever undone.

* * * *

So many inexplicable moments woven together in any given mind.

* * * *

Nobody likes getting shuffled to the bottom of the deck.

* * * *

So content, as to make each moment the last.

* * * *

So many ways to say the same thing.

* * * *

You call this free will?

* * * *

Idolatry dies hard.

* * * *

Yet another slave to greed.

* * * *

What is life but activated stardust.

* * * *

Awareness is that prior to all dimensions.

* * * *

Discernment is a nice term for slicing through bullshit.

* * * *

The full story of your dream will never be known by anyone but You.

* * * *

God, if there is such a thing, is likely not even an entity, much less a two-legged one.

* * * *

Who more deserves to play an eye of mystery than You?

293

As long as You inwardly subscribe to the collusion, vanity cannot be avoided.

* * * *

No matter the dream, You cannot be in any other now than this one.

* * * *

The greatest serenity is abiding in the solitude of awareness.

* * * *

There is no discussing truth with those content with lies.

* * * *

As counter-intuitive as it is: live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Serenity boils down to a still mind and good breathing.

* * * *

The lack of doubt is a wall that cannot be surmounted.

* * * *

Is there any depth into which delusion will not tumble.

* * * *

No need to save or guard what cannot be lost or stolen.

* * * *

In the eternal moment, we are all that which is mystery.

* * * *

All was lost the moment the garden became a resource.

* * * *

How often the path to glory falls off one cliff or another.

* * * *

There is great stillness just beneath the most agitated wave.

* * * *

Rediscover the infant's untainted awareness, and know eternity.

* * * *

The challenging thing about change, is remembering it was once different.

294

You are but one, of an ocean of eyes, in the indivisible singularity.

* * * *

Idolatry is for those who have no intention of discovering truth for themselves.

* * * *

Through every doorway, down every hallway, around every corner, an adventure lurking.

* * * *

Just because You can think of something, does not mean You can or must do it.

* * * *

No need to be someplace You are not appreciated, nor even respected.

* * * *

Can there be loneliness without the relativity of some other?

* * * *

Imagination is just a soliloquy of illusion's delusion.

* * * *

Dogmas are like assholes, everyone has one.

* * * *

Self-absorption in the highest sense.

* * * *

A true witness is the eye of mystery.

* * * *

No worries; few people, if any, will really care.

* * * *

Be the singularity witnessing its creation through your eyes.

* * * *

There is likely not anything born of mind, that cannot be usurped by ignorance.

* * * *

The ones who always seem to end up surprised, are generally the ones not paying close attention.

* * * *

The heart of awareness is most clearly viewed with full, deep, regular breathing.

295

What discussion about truth can You ever have with those content with lies?

* * * *

Any given universe is nothing more than a set of arbitrary perceptions.

* * * *

Letting it all go as it happens, where in that immediacy are You?

* * * *

The mystery explores its rainbow's each and every essence.

* * * *

How curious to take personally what anyone else thinks.

* * * *

In other words, your babble is better than my babble?

* * * *

Such ado, such absurdity; all over absolutely nothing.

* * * *

The predictability of everything is, well, predictable.

* * * *

We are all playing it out in our own little willful way.

* * * *

Within all the movement, awareness, an indefinable stillness.

* * * *

Everything makes time, everything takes time, everything fakes time.

* * * *

Existence is a smorgasbord, of whatever comes to mind, in this dreamy field of time.

* * * *

We all want to be secure, and so many, so willing, to deprive others, to get it.

* * * *

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, quantum to quantum.

* * * *

A true scientist pursues the truth, no matter the cost.

296

No one can stop anyone intent on believing their own ignorance.

* * * *

The eternal journey begins with each and every step, each and every breath.

* * * *

The key to peace and happiness, is a full breath and an innocent heart.

* * * *

Where duality reigns, the ever-present truth is ever veiled.

* * * *

Mystery cannot exist without You as witness.

* * * *

How much less You every day know.

* * * *

The un-becoming is afoot.

* * * *

Idolatry is not truth.

* * * *

Quantum fusion.

* * * *

You wear what You eat.

* * * *

If it is not freely given, it is not a gift.

* * * *

A full breath is the surest means to total freedom.

* * * *

Freedom or bondage, You choose, each and every moment.

* * * *

Idolatry and dogma are the barren harvest of those who lack the seed of doubt.

* * * *

So much gibberish to be culled, to reach the clarity at the coreless.

297

Cutting up a pie with different metaphors, does not for a different pie make.

* * * *

The recollections of timebound imagination, create every species of tyranny.

* * * *

How can that which never dies, ever be born, but through imagination?

* * * *

Putting all the filters together, cannot help but create one vision.

* * * *

What would You care to do this fine day, my Sweetness?

* * * *

The monkey-mind; irrational from its inception.

* * * *

Your last breath will prove nothing true.

* * * *

The portal to the origin is within.

* * * *

Here now; now here.

* * * *

Self-loathing; do not do it.

* * * *

So much ambition to be nothing.

* * * *

A good guest does not destroy the host.

* * * *

Sure, keep on defining those terms as if it matters.

* * * *

What fearful grip can death have, on those who exist now?

* * * *

Truly want nothing, and the mind evaporates into its eternal nature.

298

Meeting any given moment fully, is mind's greatest challenge.

* * * *

Never trust a deity to do for You, what You cannot, or will not do, for your Self.

* * * *

Every kaleidoscoping moment: utterly new, utterly old, utterly nothing.

* * * *

The departed would surely pity the living for all their suffering.

* * * *

Just another pharisee, cloaked in a different dogma.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is just not caring anymore.

* * * *

Nuance by nuance, truth is ever the same.

* * * *

You cannot think peace; You must be peace.

* * * *

Most come to participate; some to do that, and more.

* * * *

The mystery has no expectation of You, nor should You of it.

* * * *

What is religion, but a means for the inherent freedom, to be bled out.

* * * *

How everything, just seems to appear and disappear, is always such a mystery.

* * * *

There is no reason, no point, no purpose, in believing in what is, neither probable nor possible.

* * * *

Sanity is a fairytale, to which only the dread of being different, subscribes.

* * * *

Truth is never, was never, will never be, what You think.

299

A most challenging thing, not to grow more inflexible,
More harsh, more cynical, as the world daily takes its toll.
To be as a child; innocent, free, untainted, uncarved, unbroken;
Is a momentary awareness, only timeless minds realize.

* * * *

All the pronouns: You, thou, we, they, them, it, and their brethren,
Are but vibrations, puffs of air, dividing the mind into this and that.
They have no ultimate reality, no ultimate meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Alas for those yet to come, that the grand Ponzi scheme,
Set into motion before civilization first took root,
Is steadily, irreversibly coming undone.
What will be left in the rubble,
The scar tissue of our battered garden?

* * * *

Nobody has ever seen what You have seen.
Ever thought what You have thought.
Ever done what You have done.
You are a one-time design.
The once-and-only You,
In the once-upon-a-time of it.

* * * *

The Self in one, is the Self in all.
The Self in all, is the Self in one.

* * * *

You are the first and the last,
Though You are not the first, first,
Nor will You be the last, last.

* * * *

After You have won your little revolution;
After You have destroyed everything, You did not like;
With what will You replace it; what will You build upon the ruins?

* * * *

Eternal life is merely playing out the existential moment.
The very same moment in which every other creature on the planet,
Is instinctually, seamlessly, effortlessly, simultaneously, selflessly functioning.

300

Perception is all, and all is seamlessly diminishing,
As the container wanders toward its inevitable demise.
And what will “you” be then, but what You have ever been.
No point in being attached to a reverie, that must inevitably end.

* * * *

The dream You call life, is chock-full of things that do not go your way.
Getting angry or depressed about it all, is much less challenging,
Than learning to just turn the other cheek, and wander on.

* * * *

If You are truly content with your kaleidoscoping dream;
Satisfied with what You have seen, with what You have done;
Why would anyone else's judgment ever possibly matter?

* * * *

After awakening to a larger vision of all creation,
Except for a greater sense of the grand connectiveness,
You are really no different than You were before.
You must still abide the mortal dreaming,
And that is never always easy.

* * * *

From the beginning, and before, to the end, and after,
Everything is indivisibly, seamlessly, ineffably connected.
Only in the mortal theater of mind, is duality imagined.

* * * *

The chronicles of time are nothing more than vapor.
All history begins decaying long before it is written.

* * *

It has always just been You, all alone.
The world, the universe, the entire sensory theater –
Family, friends, adversaries, things, work, play, pleasure, pain –
Have all been nothing more than secular distractions,
From this one and only indelible reality.

* * * *

The ultimate potential of any given mind,
Is not merely to wander and abide the manifest dream,
But to discover the portal, to that which is called God, by many names.
That which each must ultimately explore, completely alone.

301

From the ether of nothing, burst quantum, which formed itself into many earth-wind-water-fire elements,
That created a vast universe, sprinkled with countless stars, around which many worlds twirled,
Upon which, on at least one whirling marble, volcanoes spewed and oceans roared,
And life upwelled into existence, and mutated into biological streams,
One of which gradually, irrevocably, evolved into You,
Mortal witness to the timeless mystery,
To which there are but questions without answer.

* * * *

You are the temporal outcome of a lineage of seeds, streaming from life's origin.
You are the mystery, the enigma of DNA, and its futile attempt at immortality.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is your quantum teacher,
And it seems it will offer whatever You are fated to experience,
And perchance whatever it is You are equipped to learn.
Who, what, where, when, why, is anyone's guess.

* * * *

If You cannot establish heaven in the here and now,
What in God's name makes You even fantasize,
That You will just be given it carte blanche,
After your existence is extinguished?

* * * *

There are really no words for it,
Yet still we prattle on and on and on.
It is a monkey-mind thing.

* * * *

You may take the monkey out of the tribe,
But can You take the tribe out of the monkey?

* * * *

You are yet another flowering of nature.
How can You even for a moment consider yourself separate,
Or in any way lesser or greater than anything else?
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

Just because You have behaved some set way all your life,
Does not mean You must awaken to the same today, or ever again.
Transcending the mind, the conditioning, the meme, is always an option.

Nobody can save anybody, or anything, in the grand creation-destruction of it all.
Only the eternal singularity, which we all are, which some call God,
Is prior to all dreams of time, to all birth, to all death.
There is no point at all, believing any sound laced with concept,
Will ever even once, touch the ultimate reality of it, the ultimate truth of it.

* * * *

Through the other, You gradually discern your Self,
Until You perhaps fully drink of the grand elixir of singularity.
Absolutely alone within the peace of the inner sanctum,
Irrespective of whatever songs the sirens sing,
To entice You to crash into the rocks,
Of the ever-tumultuous mind.

* * * *

You are the center of your known universe.

* * * *

Curious that anyone,
Truly believes all their believing,
Really makes even the tiniest iota of difference,
To that which is real and true.

* * * *

Ascend the mountain, You are the mountain.
Wander in the valley, You are the valley.
Walk in the forest, You are the forest.
Swim in the sea, You are the sea.
Stroll upon the plain, You are the plain.
You are your world, You are your universe,
And yet through it all, You are none of it, as well.

* * * *

Why would You ever even contemplate,
Much less expect, any other to be like You?
To see or do anything, exactly the way You do?
We are all just snowflakes here, of our own device,
Forever alone in our individual shard of the singularity.

* * * *

Despite all assumptions and collusions to the contrary,
Neither your body, nor your mind, nor your dream,
Has ever, for even one moment, been the same.

303

Why does there always need to be a point? A meaning? A purpose? A value?
What is so wrong with just living, just breathing, just being in the beingness?

* * * *

Some things You do for years; some things for months.
Some for days, some for hours, some for minutes, some for moments.
And some, You just scarcely even need to imagine,
And that is more than enough.
Illusion is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

When You were a two-legged swinging from branch to branch,
The jungle was your universe, and language, at most,
Just hand signals and inarticulate grunts.
Is it really all that different now?

* * * *

What is close? What is far? What is here? What is there?
Where is the dividing line between You and anything?

* * * *

The right words in the right mind,
"Open Sesame" the portal to the treasure within,
Each in their own matchless way.

* * * *

Is there anything human hands have ever created,
That can reconstruct itself the way a forest can?

* * * *

You do not really exist,
As more than a figment of imagination.
Everything You know, everything You think, everything You do,
Is merely built upon the smoky vapor of mind.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

How can it be anything more than streaming sensation?
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, the skin,
Are nothing more than nerve endings, channeling into the brain,
Which every moment imagines a conditioned translation of what is called a universe.
A solitary dream of consciousness, awareness playing its Self real,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

304

Still the chattering mind; seal the dike from which thought swirls into dreamtime.
Cease your universe, for at least a bit, in the once in a while.
Meditation, it is indeed that simple.

* * * *

Whether or not You discern what this eye discerns,
Depends entirely upon whether or not it is your destiny to see.
To be among those relative few, who decline idolatry,
And all the middlemen barking their wares.

* * * *

The idolatry of form and concept is all balderdash.
Put it all behind You, and wander however You please.
You are prior to all dreams in this kaleidoscoping mirage,
And no sanction by any other is ever required,
For You to be what You truly are.

* * * *

If You cannot manifest heaven while You are alive,
What makes You think it will be granted after You die?

* * * *

You have never for even one moment been the same.
You have never for even one moment not been the same.

* * * *

The entire religious-spiritual game is just that, a game,
Artificial diversions fabricated by others,
For monkey-minded purpose.
There is only You,
And no other is necessary,
To fully apprehend, to fully appreciate,
The ineffable mystery of every moment's eternal presence.

* * * *

When You are a child,
You speak and think and reason as a child.
But when You grow up, You put away all those childish notions.
What does that mean, really?

* * * *

It is only through your acquiescence, through your mix of desire and fear,
That the many limitations of others, is allowed to, in the darkness, bind You.

305

The great disconnect between humankind, and that called God by many names,
Is entirely fashioned of consciousness and the inherent limitations,
Of all concepts lodged in the dualistic temporal vision.
Only those who transcend the false belief,
That they are the mind and body,
Realize what they truly are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

More than a little absurd to get all vain about,
Or take credit for, or get upset about,
The spin of the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Breathe in.
Breath out.
Repeat as necessary.

* * * *

Everything is nothing.
Nothing is everything.

* * * *

You are That I Am.
You have ever been That I Am.
You will ever be That I Am.
Utter it however You will,
You can never not be,
The source of all creation.

* * * *

Are You experiencing the universe,
Or is the universe experiencing You?

* * * *

To attain peaceful, harmonious society,
All any need do is abide by the Golden Rule:
Do unto others as You wish them to do unto You.

* * * *

So many temptations.
Hard to see, hear, touch, taste, feel, just one.
What hedonists we all are, each in our own snowflake-unique way.

306

Prior to the body and all its sensory inputs,
Prior to the mind and all its ephemeral concoctions,
Prior to consciousness in every way, every shape, every form,
You are.

* * * *

Opening the door for a true believer of any make or model,
Is like trying to liberate a bird whose mind,
Is little more than a cage.

* * * *

None of it has ever really mattered,
And in a relative sense, it will not be much longer,
Before what never really mattered,
Will matter even less.

* * * *

Was it God that created man in his own image,
Or man that created God in his?
Seriously folks,
Is it not more than obvious?

* * * *

Truth, that which was, is, and will ever be.
Of things that constantly change,
Truth is not one of them.

* * * *

Challenging as it all too often is,
Try not to be too blinded by your cynicism.
Despite the play and its players,
There is wonder in it all.

* * * *

Words ceaselessly meander,
Through the corridors of imagination,
Concocting every variety of fantastical enterprise.

* * * *

No form is the source of its own intelligence,
Any more than a piece of jewelry is source of its own beauty.
It is the intrinsic gold, the quantum essence, that which is within and without,
That creates and sustains, all that is temporal from small to great.

307

You cannot teach what You do not know,
And You cannot teach something well, until You know it very, very well.
And You cannot teach that which can never be known,
Until You have very, very clearly discerned,
That You are the unknown.

* * * *

Re-establishing a guardianship relationship with nature,
Will likely prove to be the overriding imperative,
For the unenviable future we are all-together creating.
Assuming, of course, any survive to modify the paradigm.

* * * *

Imagination is the trove of all agony, of all ecstasy,
But it is truly nothing more than echoes,
In the vacuum of eternity.

* * * *

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty,
But an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist.

* * * *

Only in the very-much-now momentary presence,
The stillness of absolute awareness, does vanity end.

* * * *

Probably 99.99 percent of all life on this garden world,
Exists between the heights of Mount Everest,
And the depths of the Mariana Trench.
That is only just a smidgen over twelve miles,
Which is where to where, in your dream of a world?

* * * *

You are eating and drinking and pissing and shitting,
And breathing and wandering through the ever-swirling elements.
Just where is the partition between You and anything?

* * * *

How can there be just one teacher,
When your universe has been laying the foundation,
With every sort of instruction, since long before You were conceived.
Awakening is a timeless process, not any particular mask, not any particular point in time.

308

Even if You could somehow take back every single regret,
Make different decisions at each and every blundering misstep,
You would just create another wretched array, at which to daily cringe.

* * * *

We must all play to the given audience on the given stage.
And no matter how many stages You may,
In any given life wander,
In your own dream,
You are ever lead character,
Immortal protagonist in the grand theater.

* * * *

So many words propelled this way and that,
As if their ceaseless back and forth,
Will somehow engineer,
Their conceptual notions real.

* * * *

Everything a hook holding up the veil.

* * * *

We all discern it a mystery,
And then quibble and feud and battle,
Over the endless speculations all minds contrive.

* * * *

Without You to witness to it,
There would be no light by which to see.
There would be no matrix of mystery to be explored.
There would be no truth to again and again and again be discerned.

* * * *

Freedom may be less about being able to do anything You want,
As it is being able to decline, to sidestep, anything You do not want.

* * * *

Megalomaniacs, narcissists, sociopaths, psychopaths and other predators,
Have always manipulated the course of the human drama,
Because in the natural order of things,
Prey rarely do well,
At more than hiding or dodging or running.
Evasion and subjugation are the hallmarks of so-called civilization.

309

You cannot open a door that will not open,
No matter your deepest yearning that it would be so.
Nor can You help but wander through one that seamlessly yawns.
Fate is as fate does; ever drawing You forward to its unknowable conclusion.

* * * *

You believe You have the power to make things happen.
Well, Pilgrim, only if it is in the cards You were shuffled,
Only if it is the part assigned long before You were born.

* * * *

Some of your finest friends have been dust,
For hundreds, even thousands of years.
But they bequeathed many thoughts,
Which ever speak the same truth,
The same voice, in many guises.

* * * *

Another memory.
Ho-hum.

* * * *

Physician, heal thy Self.

* * * *

From fear, fearlessness.
From desire, desirelessness.
From passion, passionlessness.
From conflict and struggle, serenity.

* * * *

Hey, nobody is forcing You,
To do anything You cannot say no to,
If You are willing to endure the consequences.

* * * *

To see You are that which is mystery is not arrogance,
But recognition, acceptance, appreciation, salutation.

* * * *

There are always consequences,
In the causes and effects of this manifest dream.
Consciousness must ever pay the many pipers of its own creation.

310

Sodom and Gomorrah arise anew in every epoch, in every geography.
It is the outcome of the monkey-mind's hedonistic nature.
Few move beyond the biological imperative,
And those who do not discern,
Succumb to one consequence or another.

* * * *

So many hoping, praying for a miracle, a sign of favor from God.
Easy to forget that it is in each and every step,
Each and every breath.
Yet still they want more, more, more.

* * * *

Consciousness synergistically playing itself out,
However each and every single one wills,
Each and every streaming moment.

* * * *

What is existence but a relatively few breaths,
A relatively few pleasures, a relatively few pains,
A relatively few successes, a relatively few failures.
A relatively few comrades, a relatively few adversaries,
A relatively few anything of everything,
And everything of anything.

* * * *

Idolatry, laced with dogma, has never,
Nor will ever, have anything to do with truth.
Put any middleman who claims otherwise behind You.

* * * *

What is the point of all this knowledge,
If it does not transmute from trivia into intelligence,
From intelligence into wisdom, and from wisdom into eternal life.

* * * *

Still waiting for the Mother Ship,
To pick You up and return You home, are we?
Well, alas, bad news, amigo, it was long ago sucked into a black hole,
And You – tinker, tailor, soldier, spy – are marooned,
Amid this inexplicable alien species,
For the rest of time.
Best not to scream too loud.

311

The infant is within a sensory swirl of sights, sounds, tastes, smells, and touches,
For which it has not even one concept, by which to gauge the universe yet to exist.

* * * *

Heavens and hells, karma, or any other afterlife speculation of reward or punishment,
Are nothing more than fabrications of ever fearful, ever unhappy, ever-conniving minds.
The one and only truth – all that is, has ever been, will ever be – is timelessly here now.

* * * *

We are a species destined for a relatively quick decline, if not extinction,
For our scarcity of right relationship to the rules of engagement,
Orchestrated by the quantum game board's natural order.

* * * *

The difference between home invasion and conquest,
Between a suicide bomber and a guided missile,
Is but a relatively minor matter of degree.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

Suspend craving, disregard fear, ignore dread,
And what remains but the essential You?
Unwind your weary mind and body,
Dive into the pool of serenity,
That is the source of all.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity,
But often painful just the same.

* * * *

The unknown is faceless.
Put away all the photographs.
Forget the reflection in the mirror.
Shelve all the knowledge of this and that.
You are the immeasurable; You are the mystery.
As pure, as simple, as free, as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

As seen from perhaps the darkest before-the-storm points in human history,
Given the nature of our kind, is it even at all possible, that an enlightened paradigm,
Might, like the fabled phoenix of mythical origin, rise up from the debris?
Away from the busy din, idealistic notions are so easily spun.

312

An ocean of nothingness;
Light shimmering upon every permutation,
The timeless miasma of consciousness can conceivably imagine.

* * * *

The same eternal awareness has been housed in every life form since life was formed.
In all creatures small to great, the same omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence.

* * * *

You will likely continue enduring the agony and ecstasy of existence,
Because, short of pulling the trigger, there really is no choice.
Suicide is indeed the only real philosophical question.

* * * *

At what point do You just write some escapades off?
At what point do You call a bad deal a bad deal;
Stop throwing treasure, time and energy at it,
And just wander on to the next adventure.

* * * *

The awareness, the witness You ever are,
Is the indivisible, immeasurable source:
Omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
It is You, You are it, there is no other.

* * * *

Pain is an unyielding teacher,
And You may or may not be adept,
At learning its many lessons.

* * * *

We all come up with so many things,
That appear so very important at the time.
Some long remembered, most quickly forgotten.

* * * *

The convenience of being an unknown solo act,
Is not having to cater to one herd mentality or another.
There is no freedom in the expectations of political correctness.

* * * *

Apply to the ever-streaming moment, as many words and numbers as You like,
Time and space are nothing more than abstractions born of temporal imagination.

313

According to Worldometer, the first billion population mark was breached by humankind in 1804-ish.
The second in 1927-ish, the third in 1960-ish, the fourth in 1974-ish, the fifth in 1987-ish,
The sixth in 1999-ish, the seventh in 2011-ish, the eighth projected in 2023-ish,
The ninth for 2040-ish, and the tenth and beyond whenever-ish.
Seven billion in a little over two hundred years.
To what beyond the pale will Gaia allow us to take it,
Before the Malthusian reality finally kicks us down the line?

* * * *

The ephemeral me-myself-and-I is but an intangible presence,
A glimmer of the unknown imagining all its dreaming real.

* * * *

Do You move in time, or does time move in You?
Do You do nothing, or does nothing do You?

* * * *

There is obviously no limit to God's cruelty.

* * * *

What did You really accomplish this day,
But another flurry of memories,
Already growing dim.

* * * *

It is consciousness that moves,
Not You, the stillness of awareness,
The unstained, infinite witness.

* * * *

Unravel the Gordian Knot,
Bit by bit if your aim is suffering.
Slice it in one fell swoop if it is freedom.

* * * *

What tricksters these senses are,
Manifesting a reality that can never be real,
Creating a reverie that can never be more than a dream.

* * * *

Only through the ever-streaming, ever-changing input of the senses,
Does it seem that You are seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling,
This indivisible quantum-matrix universe, a mirage of an inexplicable origin.

314

Who can say who or what or when or where or why or how,
The seeds of doubt are planted, take root, get watered, and grow to fruition.
It is, as all things ever are, the same ineffable mystery from all beginnings to all endings.

* * * *

An unending irony that the many things that make life pleasurable,
Will, without remorse, send You back to oblivion, if You do not temper them.
Existence requires more discipline, not less, as You grow older.

* * * *

The innocence of childhood was indeed a bliss of its own,
But, alas, we must all sooner than later grow up,
And make our way in the given dream.
Wander it out the best we can.

* * * *

Continually processing, grokking your little dream,
When You could, instead, be nirvana now.
It is right here, right now,
As it has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Be as indivisibly indifferent as all the stars,
It has taken to create this imaginary dream.

* * * *

Existence is the unknown, cloaked in known,
Which we all must each in our own way endure.

* * * *

When the finite reunites with the infinite,
When the drop is no longer distinct from the ocean,
Where can any seam between observer and observed reside?

* * * *

Yet another day in the examined life, the torrential spew of consciousness,
Playing its tiringly silly, often pathetic, unendingly absurd, song of mystery.

* * * *

To return to the upwelling, to Para Brahman, may or may not be your calling.
There is no predicting who will comprehend the source of awareness.
Nor is it really all that important, for the mystery is in all things,
No matter how many are, or are not, destined to awaken.

315

The malarkey of fear and superstition and ignorance,
Would have You bow and scrape and pay homage for all eternity.
But in truth, there is nothing to which You are in any way required to submit,
If You have the courage to stand free of all claims, utterly alone,
In the elemental winds of your quantum dream.

* * * *

Far more discerning and real to become a Christ than a Christian,
A Buddha than a Buddhist, the Tao than a Taoist,
The Truth than a True Believer.

* * * *

If those who say they do not care, really did not care,
Would it even occur to them that they did or did not?

* * * *

The only thing You can really do is witness it.
There is no holding on to anything,
Least of all, the vain notion,
That it has been You,
Who has really done any of it.

* * * *

Even if You were up on some great stage,
With eight billion-plus people wildly cheering,
In the vast singularity of all things matrix,
You would still be very much alone.

* * * *

Best discern the existential of it now,
For there will likely not be the opportunity,
Once the container to which You are so attached,
Blows back into the dream-weaving quantum sands.

* * * *

You can take all your dogmatic absurdities,
And the political correctness with which they are laced,
And shove them where no sun ain’t never got no ambition to shine.

* * * *

Is a contribution for a tax deduction really a gift?
Is a donation for an inscription on a wall really from the heart?
Is philanthropy really any more than good old vanity guised in yet another cloak?

316

You are not the body, nor the mind; You are not the left hand, nor the right.
You are not the eyes, the ears, the nose, the tongue, nor the layers of nerve-ridden flesh.
You are not the heart or any other organ, nor are You the tip of the biggest toe.
You are naught but awareness, as ethereal as the sky is to clouds.

* * * *

What courage it takes to stand alone, and be that which You truly are.
Do not abide the many true believers who say it cannot be,
For who are the blasphemers, but those who deny,
The truth, that is within and without all.

* * * *

And who are the savages, and who are the civilized,
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Truth is much less than the concept implies.

* * * *

Resistance to the reality within and without,
Is but an every-moment exercise in futility.

* * * *

It does not have to make any sense, You know.
The mystery of it all is really far too inexplicable,
To ever wrap even the most immortal head around.

* * * *

How would all the intelligence,
Playing out in this manifest dreamtime world,
Be possible, if it were not inherent within the quantum source?
Intelligent design, indeed.

* * * *

If You love one and hate another,
The odds are good that your interpretation of love,
Is not as unqualified or enduring, as You would have others believe.

* * * *

Perception is always such a muddy-waters thing,
Because the input of the senses is whittled down so thoroughly,
By the filtration process as it wanders through the patterning of the given mind.
Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

317

Neither supernatural storylines, nor daunting deities,
Nor ornate edifices, nor imposing statues, nor gold-trimmed regalia,
Nor grand paintings, nor elaborate décor, nor great multitudes, do for truth make.
Hokum is hokum, twaddle is twaddle, bunkum is bunkum, claptrap is claptrap, drivel is drivel,
Hooey is hooey, gibberish is gibberish, absurdity is absurdity, no matter the pretense.

* * * *

If it is your calling, your vocation, to know You are that which is mystery,
Know that You will discern it within, it will become You,
And You will be the all-seeing witness,
Of the all and none.

* * * *

Many a herd will be only too whistle-while-they-work happy,
To stampede anyone and/or anything into dusty hamburger.

* * * *

You will suffer until You let go of your universe,
And the incessant movement of the mind that sustains it.
Until You give way to the stillness of the awareness,
The source from which all dreaming streams.

* * * *

So idolatrous they cannot even begin to see it.
Too absurd to even bother arguing about it.

* * * *

A theater, a carnival, a university,
Which daily grows less and less enticing,
As the world, the universe, within,
Gradually becomes undone.

* * * *

If Jesus had written down his thoughts,
Would there even be a Christian religion?

* * * *

What are gods and demons, what are heavens and hells,
But the imaginary, stuporous vapor, of fear-ridden minds.

* * * *

Not too much longer before this mortal dream will fade into oblivion.
What a relatively short set of streaming moments, any given life truly is.

Nothing for which to feel guilt or remorse.
Nothing for which to apologize or beg forgiveness,
The pain is the price all must pay to be right here right now.
Only the rare few discerning the one and only reality.
Forgive your Self, and carry on, best You can.

* * * *

And if and when, You truly realize,
Who, what, when, where, why, how, You really are,
What will You do then?

* * * *

How can You promise any tomorrow,
When You are not yet there,
To answer for it?

* * * *

You, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
You, Quantum.

* * * *

After everything is said and done,
What is there to be, but what You truly are,
Have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Why be bound by any historical notion?
Why be crimped by any mythology or tradition?
Why not be entirely free in the sovereignty of awareness?
It is only fear that ordains You acquiesce to any artificial limitation.

319

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now …
Eternity is right here now, the mystery is right here now,
Prior to all attributes, prior to all assumptions, prior to all identification,
Prior to all movement of consciousness, of imagination.
You are it, and it is You; there is no other.
What is so difficult to fathom,
About the stillness of the ineffable awareness,
Which as simple as simple can be?

* * * *

To assert the allegory of Jesus, "the greatest story ever told,"
When You have not really read anything else,
Is more than a little absurd.

* * * *

"Should" is one of those arduous words,
Framed in countless assumptions and great expectations,
That only rarely suits anyone well or long.

* * * *

Tiny ants wandering their hills and caves,
The grand infinity of their six-legged universe,
That few two-leggeds will ever fully realize,
Is more than a little similar to their own.

* * * *

Just a touchy-feely three-dimensional dream,
Ever the same, no matter the space, no matter the time.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What would You do,
If You were able to begin again,
With a shiny new, completely healthy body,
And all You have gleaned from this brief life, entirely intact?
Would You wander down the same trail,
Or break new ground?

* * * *

It is not through thought that You, the witness, exists.
The You, You really are, is not this time-bound, fabricated character.
What You really are is the awareness, the presence,
The nowness of the eternal life.

320

So many lost little boys, so many lost little girls,
What is a world, already facing an existential crisis, going to do,
With a digitalized generation, about to join in on the cancerous feeding frenzy?

* * * *

It is the collective synergy of human endeavor,
That is carrying our kind, all the myriad creatures small to great,
And our illusory, dreamtime garden birthing ground,
Toward a most guaranteed outcome.

* * * *

The labor of children is timeless play.
The labor of adults, all too often time-bound drudgery;
A state of mind to which none need succumb.
To retain the innocence of a child,
Is a wondrous talent.

* * * *

Forget that You were ever born.
Die to all past and future.
The streaming now,
Is the awareness You are.
Everything and nothing, all the while.

* * * *

It is the body that is growing older,
Not the ageless, indivisible, immeasurable You,
The awareness that was never born.

* * * *

A Self-reflective inclination,
Is obviously not calling,
To every one across the board.
The abyss within, is perhaps too large,
Perhaps too frightening, perhaps too unenticing,
For all but the rarest, to want to peer into at any given time.
The old ‘many are called, few are chosen’ theme,
Played out in any given solar flare.

* * * *

You are only fooling yourself, if You think You will be back.
You are only fooling your Self, if You think You will not be back.
You can check out, Pilgrim, but, gosh and by golly, You can never leave.

321

A challenging thing, being in the world and not of it,
Attentive to the given moment, yet still locked in a body,
Still attached, like it or no, to the universe in which it wanders.

* * * *

The abyss can be plumbed forever, and no edge ever reached.
The senses are but an ephemeral veil to the solitude,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Once You have thoroughly explored consciousness,
And its limitless nuances to your satisfaction,
The challenge becomes how to detach,
From the endless movement,
Of its incessant blather.

* * * *

In the ever-present, the mind dissolves,
Into the immeasurable nothingness,
To which attachment has no tether.

* * * *

Two ways to fathom wisdom:
One, by doing many foolish things.
Two, by not doing many foolish things.

* * * *

What is outside is inside, and inside, out.
Where is the seam between any two or more?

* * * *

If they snicker at You because You are so different,
Hoot back at them for trying so hard to be the same.

* * * *

By life's end, how many of us wish,
We had done and said so many things differently,
That we had been both the giver and receiver of more kindness.

* * * *

Life is a marathon.
Be aware how quickly You are running it,
Lest You be caught at its end, with too little left to carry well the given day.

322

Few are inflicted with the great doubt,
That eventually conveys them all the way back,
To the ephemeral awareness prior to all consciousness.
So many temptations, so many distractions, so many delusions,
On the long and winding ever here now road home.

* * * *

Are You prepared to leave everything behind?
To be totally, absolutely free, of all manifest claims?
Are You prepared to be, You, absolutely alone, dreamless?
Naught but pure awareness; formless, for all eternity?
Or will You do all this to your Self, yet again?

* * * *

What a vast difference between
Thinking You are infinity
And being infinity.
One the product of thought,
The other simply mystery its Self.

* * * *

And what point is there, really,
In wallowing in all this sentiment,
This passion, this imaginary pretense,
Of such an obviously impermanent nature?

* * * *

Let go all the struggle.
Be completely, unequivocally effortless.
Give yourself over to the beingness, the nowness, the stillness,
Of the absolute awareness prior to consciousness.
It is your true nature; it is the eternal life.

* * * *

No matter how many ways You may find to distract yourself,
No matter how large a family You might propagate,
No matter how many people You may know,
Or the size of crowds You may daily stride through,
You are ever, have ever been, will ever be, absolutely alone.

* * * *

How often does something You were looking for, or trying to figure out,
End up being practically right in plain sight, or so simple, as to all but obvious.

323

Your dream of existence is a mystery,
That time will never long attest really happened.
Truly not at all different than any tree falling alone in a forest.

* * * *

Creation is an ever-unfolding, ever-evolving transmutation of energy.
Of the stardust, the elements, the quantum, the singularity,
Playing at existence in every way imaginable.

* * * *

When did You begin to imagine You were this mind-body?
That it belonged to You like all the other possessions,
With which emptiness continually shrouds itself.
What point is there, really, in being attached,
To its ever-changing corporeal nature,
For even one iota of a singular moment?

* * * *

There is no formula in rearing children.
Everyone has their own approach to parenting,
Some for good, some for ill.
And from it all,
Human history unfolds.

* * * *

Group dynamics include in their synergy,
The individual attributes of isolation and fear,
And thus, are often shrouded with irrational notions,
Of self-serving, self-righteous, self-promoting, persecution.

* * * *

When You are merely awareness, You are free.
When You are a mind attached to a body, You are bound.
So guileless, as to be yet another, of the greatest stories never told.

* * * *

Arrogance accumulates many an opportunity for one just reward or another.
Pity they are not always bestowed at all, or as quickly as might be deserved.

* * * *

What ego could exist without attachment to the body-mind,
And all the perceptions that have been but imagined,
In the streaming dream of absolute awareness.

It all means whatever You choose to believe it means, until You clearly realize,
Even the most profound vision of that prior to all imagination,
Really means absolutely nothing at all.

* * * *

Quantum, the source of all things.
Who else, what else, where else, when else, why else, how else,
Could all this possibly be?

* * * *

You may be the indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying mystery,
But You are still cousin to a hodgepodge of monkeys,
Chimpanzees, gorillas, and sundry primates.
In other words, You are but a beast,
An evolutionary invention,
Of puddle magic,
And muddied thinking.

* * * *

In the back and forth between You and You,
One is mind-full, the other mind-less.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life.
For what is there to pray?
What need for some imaginary god?
You alone translate creation into heavens and hells.

* * * *

We all know different things,
We all perceive different universes,
We are all stained by different experiences,
Yet we are all born of the same mystery all the while.

* * * *

Let Atlas carry the woes of the world,
Or Sisyphus push them daily up the mountain.
Walk lightly, walk freely, wherever whim may take You.

* * * *

Judgment, such an insensitive thing,
Which so many dislike when focused upon themselves,
But so readily, and without hesitation, inflict cruelly, upon so many others.

325

It is likely not politically correct to say it,
But is it not obvious there is an array of differences,
Within the human species, the same as every other life form.
Whether insects, plants, fish, birds, reptiles, amphibians or mammals,
There are countless variations across the board, within each and every grouping.
Rottweilers and Toy Poodles are dogs, Persians and Siamese are cats.
And every human being across the world, may walk on two legs,
But in the evolutionary choices made in every geography,
Distinctions in capacity and limitation, are clear as day.
It is not a right or wrong thing, nor a good or bad thing,
Nor any other variety of things, about which to self-absorb.
It is just the way it is; the way it has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Psychic vampires.
Once You discern their bleak nature,
You can either evade them, or drive stakes into their hearts.
To allow them into the inner keep of your castle,
Is to put up with a world of hurt,
That no one deserves.
If You allow them a vein, it is on You.

* * * *

All the imperial pretenses of nation states,
And all the many ways groups combine and align,
Are all just short-lived, meaningless, delusions of grandeur,
That the dreamtime inevitably shows the back door,
Hooking and gonging them off the stage,
The same as everything else.

* * * *

What makes no sense to most,
May be the only thing that does to You.
Standing completely alone, is really the only option,
For those whose doubting, discerns the truth within and without.

* * * *

If not in every breath time offers,
Then at least in the last moments before death,
Surrender to the ineffable eternal awareness prior to consciousness,
And rest fulfilled, content in that immortal knowingness,
When the Reaper comes to gather the vehicle,
To which vanity is so attached.

What is needed to abide, perhaps thrive, in this manifest dream of a world?
Intelligence, common sense, street smarts, discipline, skills,
Gumption, initiative, creativity, detachment,
And whatever else words such as these might imply.

* * * *

Any colossus is ultimately doomed to perish to something smaller.
Assuming, of course, that it does not fall on its own sword,
Or just slowly whither from age and self-loathing.

* * * *

The universe the senses and mind present, is your eternal teacher,
And will use every feasible device to awaken You,
Whether or not it is your calling.

* * * *

Humankind is perhaps the most pathological cancer,
Ever devised by this dreamy panorama of a matrix.

* * * *

Would that there were a rewind button,
For all the perceived errors and regrets.

* * * *

If You are not completely present,
Completely, with fresh eyes, here now,
Then You wander the death of recollection,
Oblivious to the eternal nature in every moment.

* * * *

There is really no label for anything,
But the mind born of time is always grasping,
To give everything one name, one sound or another.

* * * *

And, pray tell me, Pilgrim,
From where does all this intelligence arise,
If not from the vital source, intrinsic in all things small to great?

* * * *

You are That to which all prayers are imparted,
By those who delude themselves into believing such pursuits,
Have any real meaning or purpose, other than to muffle their fear of the unknown.

327

It is not a matter of believing You are that which is quantum, but in being that which is quantum.
It is in the immediate perception, the immediate awareness, the hereness, the nowness;
Not some self-absorbed entity, ensnared by the movement of mere thought.

* * * *

Only non-followers, non-believers, non-identifiers,
Those courageous and intelligent and skeptical enough, to stand alone,
Will ever have the doubting wit to discern the truth of it.
Many are called, but few are chosen.

* * * *

It did not have to turn out this way, You know.
This absurdity was not ordained by some vain, petty deity.
It has all always been about the synergy of choices,
Made long before our little portion of the show,
Came along on the timeline of our kind.
So, do not be blaming some deity,
For the exceedingly fine mess,
In which we now find ourselves.

* * * *

Get to know people too well,
And, sure enough, sooner or later,
There are funerals to attend.

* * * *

There is always tomorrow,
That day that never quite arrives,
That rainbow, that always just manages,
To elude now's ephemeral grasp.

* * * *

You really only lie to your Self,
Cheat your Self, steal from your Self,
Upset, offend, use, harm, and kill your Self.
It is a God-eat-God universe from beginning to end.

* * * *

Billions of blind monkeys,
Quarrelling over the same elephant.
All this bickering, arguing, battling, destroying,
Over so many similar things, merely given different sounds.
Could there possibly be anything more absurd?

328

Consciousness is a vibrating lens,
With countless filters crafted of every imaginable limitation.
Awareness is of the infinite source, witness within all things small to great, bound to nothing.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not about the body or mind or soul being saved.
It is the purging of the fabricated identity, of the ceaseless inventions of the mind,
And timelessly being what You truly are; that which is mystery.
You are the Truth, the Life and the Way.
Be That I Am,
The Self of all selves.

* * * *

How can You not be that which many call God by countless names,
When, without the light of awareness shining from within,
Your cosmos would not for even a moment exist.

* * * *

Is consciousness the river, in which You flow,
Or You the stillness, through which it dreams?

* * * *

A quantum-eat-quantum universe.

* * * *

What is suicide,
But the unwillingness,
To continue playing a part,
For which the pain and suffering,
Or even just the bother of daily existence,
Is just too great a nuisance to bear.
Not everyone wants to be here.

* * * *

Slice it, dice it, however You please,
That which has no seam, that which is indivisible,
Remains ever untouched, ever indivisible.

* * * *

Where is ahead? Where is behind?
Where is up or down? Sideways or crossways?
Where is the center of that amorphous, eternal indivisibility,
That which is the center, yet has no center.

329

Where is the dividing line between within and without?
The senses are but illusory, temporal filters, barriers, hurdles,
Through which the mortal mind-body is fabricated,
And the theater of consciousness,
Molded into You.

* * * *

There is truly only one religion,
And it is without creed, dogma, scripture,
Sanction, structure, tradition, leadership or contention.
True democracy of the highest order, indeed.

* * * *

You will travel whatever path unfolds.
Take it to whatever level You feel called to take it.
Just remember, there are no levels.
There is no path.

* * * *

Set your Self free from all these words, as well.
They have their uses and their pleasures,
But what You seek is not in them.

* * * *

The true physician is within.
All religions proselytize idolatry.
Priesthoods are snake oil charlatans.
Physician, heal thy Self.

* * * *

So many irreconcilable problems.
But how can You solve a dream?

* * * *

Another intellectual wrestling match,
In which You battle reality with your delusion,
Your psychic armor of inflated notion.

* * * *

What cannot be, cannot be,
No matter how many, may will it so.
And what will be, will be, no matter how many,
Might spend their entire lives attempting to halt or alter it.

330

History is the arbitrary highlighting of selected snapshots,
From eternity's indivisible, ever-graceful streaming.
The crisscrossing of the endless array of ripples,
Which bring notable events to realization.
And from those streaming moments,
New ripples, ever make their way,
In the quantum theater's dreamtime.

* * * *

You must someday die to this mortal vessel.
Enlighten and liberate your Self now.
Rebirth of the unknown is now.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same puddle,
But that indivisible truth seems to do little,
To heal all our innumerable differences,
Imaginary as all differences truly are.

* * * *

Unending bliss must surely be,
Swimming in the depths of the sea,
Or soaring into the heights of the heavens.
Whales, eagles, and other such fellow earthlings,
Must wander in a state of consciousness,
Few human beings ever reclaim,
After childhood's end.

* * * *

Try to wake up today, give it a go.
Try to transform into what You really, truly are,
Rather than endlessly regurgitating,
What You think You are.

* * * *

The immediate is, without peer.
Serene, tranquil, peaceful, graceful, aware,
Ever-steady, indivisible, eternally immeasurable, absolute.
To reside in the here now is to know eternal life.

* * * *

You must be somewhere, sometime, in the play in which You stream,
But how could it ever really matter to the indivisible, where and when?

331

Why begrudge anyone any choice they feel the calling to make?

* * * *

Tsunamis of every size, coming from every direction, for the rest of the human epoch.

* * * *

Better to be what You are, than what You never were, nor will ever be.

* * * *

What bother, all these limitations inspired by mortality.

* * * *

Political expediency; what a daily chore.

* * * *

What never born can ever die?

* * * *

Quantum mischief.

* * * *

Who knows? Who cares?

* * * *

The bona fide requires no affiliation.

* * * *

What is the latest craze but life imitating plastic.

* * * *

What is any problem but attachment to the wrong solution?

* * * *

The universe is but a dreamy sandbox for consciousness to do what it will.

* * * *

Play your little part in the world, but know it is but a dream, no matter how real it seems.

* * * *

Political correctness is a muddle, to which even the most astute often succumb.

* * * *

Everyone acting out their little cliché; all so predictable, all so passé.

332

Thinking is as much as habit as anything else given inattention.

* * * *

Another salvo of unhinged absurdity, etching its way through the neuron trail.

* * * *

What paradigm, what frame of reference, can ever encompass You?

* * * *

Too many words tend to lock us into thinking they matter.

* * * *

Easier said than unsaid; easier done than undone.

* * * *

Discern the abyss between fact and fancy.

* * * *

Could flies breed much faster?

* * * *

A quantum with a view.

* * * *

Great if that works for You.

* * * *

Keep your nose on your own face.

* * * *

The relativity of all, are but shades of gray.

* * * *

The eternal life is within and without every moment.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body is the theater; awareness, the audience.

* * * *

Likely many, if not most, believe they are better-looking and smarter than they are.

* * * *

Two grains of sand vying for supremacy of the universe.

333

Though there is absolutely no requisite,
For any moment to be played out in any particular way,
Everyone performs their destiny according to the given nature-nurture.
Though someone could perhaps do anything conceivable in the quantum-matrix sense,
Free will is an illusion, and all will journey through whatever destiny their form,
Their capacity and limitation, their amalgamation of desire and fear allows.
For anyone to do something entirely out of mind-body character,
Really just means it was in their character from the get-go.

* * * *

Pain, whether physical or psychological, is a cruel, unkind, foul,
Nasty, brutal, pitiless, malicious, spiteful, vindictive,
Merciless, vicious, heartless, ruthless,
Harsh and callous meanie.
And … more than a little likely,
The only way more than a handful of us,
Would probably ever actually learn some things.

* * * *

Getting eight-plus billion people to wake up
Just ain't likely going to happen.
So, just enjoy your show,
As best ye may,
And try not to sweat the other,
More than moderate compassion allows.

* * * *

Such is the nature of irony and paradox,
That many things stated with different words,
Apparently unconnected and contrary at first glance,
So often bear the same unadorned nuance.

* * * *

Think You cannot at all get along without someone or something?
Oh, You will, my fine friend, rest assured, You will, indeed.
Whether voluntarily, or from your cold, lifeless hands,
Absolutely everyone and everything will cease to exist when You do.
When this magical mystery tour of a dream reaches its most certain conclusion.
Consciousness is but a temporal state, requiring a vessel of some sort, in which to play out.
The promises of everlasting life, of access to one deity or another, will always prove but empty and vain.
And of what is called rebirth; it is not some individual persona, but the mystery that all things are.
And that quantum "You-ness" born anew, will blow in the nature-nurture winds of its time.
Experiencing many things; always with very much the same awareness within all.

334

Feel free to wipe the slate clean anytime You please.
There is no reason to keep it full of meaningless gobbledygook.
Forget everything, simply be what You are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Your perceived world, your perceived universe, is all about You,
And everyone and everything else is about theirs.
We are truly all alone, together.

* * * *

Is there any argument that humankind has on the whole,
Become a rather disheartening disappointment,
To any who might have hoped for more?

* * * *

How many patterned things we all, without intention,
Regurgitate, over and over, day after day after day.

* * * *

To be anonymous within is the greatest challenge.
The fabrication of identity is ever-enticing for those,
To whom the imagination of consciousness is real.

* * * *

You are in all things, and all things are in You.
Whether experienced literally, or discerned figuratively,
It is the way it is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Accepting dogma and idolatry is the first and last mistake.
Truth is an ever-present-every-moment-now kind of thing,
And no intermediaries, past or present or future, are required.

* * * *

Eternity is the seamless now,
To which momentary awareness is witness.
Die to the dream of time, and totality becomes absolutely clear.

* * * *

What point being a footnote,
Or even a lengthy chapter in a history book.
Or, perhaps the most terrifying possibility of all things narcissistic,
The front cover on a check-stand magazine rack.

335

The singular mystery somehow created You.
And You in turn, witness your version of a manifest dream.
You are it, and it is You; as indivisible, as inseparable, as it must ever be.

* * * *

There are the many, whose existence is lived out of obligation, to the arbitrary memes born of time;
And the sporadic few, whose spirits are drawn to the exploration of its mystery.
Not all can be scientists, else there would be no laboratory,
In which wisdom might brew.

* * * *

The history of humankind is an incalculable archive of every conceivable narrative.
There is really no greater or lesser story; all are equally steeped in imagination.

* * * *

Seriously, who really cares about this mundane universe, or any other?
Set them all down, wander the infinity, blissfully carefree.
Be the cosmic child, You have always been.

* * * *

What is this temporal food-body,
This witch's brew of a biological stew,
But the timeless, indivisible, quantum ether,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

This pale blue dot is but an infinitesimal iota of dust,
In an immense ocean of ineffable mystery.
Who truthfully knows if or when,
You will ever exist again?
But, tell me, Pilgrim, have You ever seen,
Any seed being given a second chance, much less a third?

* * * *

Maybe what You really want, is what your imaginary deity wants.
Maybe the mundane, through which You traipse, really is the plan.
And maybe, just maybe, the big picture is really not all about You.

* * * *

Quantum stardust somehow organized,
To such an implausible degree, as to pretend it is alive.
And when that was no longer entertaining, evolved into human beings,
In order to ceaselessly manufacture every sort of absurdly dualistic fiction imaginable.

336

It is likely inevitable in this vast mystery of a cosmos,
That any given garden world will allow life forms to evolve,
Which will sooner or later potentially threaten their very existence,
Creation is destruction, destruction is creation, extinction is nothing new.

* * * *

Everything You see, hear, touch, taste, feel, is but a projection of consciousness.
The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater You are conditioned to discern.

* * * *

Everything simultaneously streaming, unfolding one moment to the next,
In this immeasurable quantum matrix of a holograph universe.
Only your little slice of imagination is about You.

* * * *

It is all pretty meaningless, despite all assertions to the contrary.
How can any dream ever be real, no matter how real it seems?

* * * *

Without the subtlety of great doubt, truth is veiled,
Behind every conceivable whim of imagination.

* * * *

You are the singularity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more need be said?

* * * *

How can anyone imagine,
Much less deeply believe, they are,
Or ever could be, in any way, shape or form,
Separate from that which is God?

* * * *

Sometimes small-minded, sometimes large.
That is the unfathomable nature of consciousness,
And the awareness from which, and into which, it blossoms.

* * * *

At a very certain point, listening over and over and over to a regurgitating meme,
Is really neither enlightening nor interesting, nor more than a squandering of precious time.
Please try coming up with something that has not been mindlessly yammered a gazillion times before.
God is neither alive nor dead, just bored to tears with the same uselessly absurd balderdash.

337

How marvelous, for those who were born in the magical land, of the one true religion.

* * * *

There is no such thing as theology, just mythology starting with the twentieth of twenty-six letters.

* * * *

Seriously, what is so great about You, that any supreme being would want to save?

* * * *

How can there be character flaws, when the character is the original flaw?

* * * *

The challenge, is not confusing idolatry and dogma, with truth.

* * * *

Identity is merely awareness, temporarily usurped.

* * * *

The seed You plant is the harvest You get.

* * * *

Every moment erased by the next.

* * * *

In solitude, the peace of transcendence.

* * * *

The tyranny of absurdity is beyond reckoning.

* * * *

Let political correctness be someone else's problem.

* * * *

The ever-accelerating exponential of all things humankind.

* * * *

Curious how our idols become exactly what we dogma them to be.

* * * *

All there is to learn ultimately boils down to how little there really is to know.

* * * *

Yet another vague memory spinning its way toward oblivion.

338

Any given container is at most,
Only concerned about its biological survival,
And the reproduction of its genetic material in manifest time.
Anything beyond that primary directive is but the recreation of consciousness,
And its seemingly boundless, delusional predisposition,
For bad theater in every venue.

* * * *

Created of the infinite unknown, a mystery beyond all reckoning,
You encapsulate it with your finite vanity,
And call it God.

* * * *

To discern a question fully, is to fathom its answer.
Any given problem is harbor to its own solution.

* * * *

Once upon a time, You knew so much.
You were a sponge for knowledge,
For every sort of experience,
Until You saw how little,
It all really meant.
And now You grasp,
So much less, so little,
That it is all but laughable,
Perhaps slightly embarrassing,
To recall the conceit and arrogance,
Of that self-assured, youthful innocence,
You so effortlessly consumed not so long ago.

* * * *

If You would know God,
Then look within, friend, look within.
Look within, so deeply, that it all becomes so indivisible,
That the entire cosmos instantly dissolves,
Into this very moment.

* * * *

At some point for many, if not all,
The mortal frame stops being as fun a place.
Replaced by a sense of endurance, tolerance, sufferance,
Forbearance, patience, acceptance, resignation. forbearance, acceptance.
Of resignation slathered in stoicism.

339

How can the quantum singularity, that which is called God by many names,
Ever truly divide itself into more than endless arrays of kaleidoscoping dreamscapes?
Temporal reflections of light and sound seamlessly cast through every conceivable dimension.
There is no denying, but through the endless permutations of delusion,
That we are all of the same original nature.

* * * *

We all eat and drink and piss and shit through the same alimentary plumbing.
Just because we are monkeys of every color and shape,
Does not make us different.

* * * *

You need not believe any of the innumerable labels,
With which You have been characterized by yourself or others.
None pertain once You have discerned your true nature,
And the limitations of all sounds given concept.

* * * *

Is this all humanoid evolution can achieve?
Is this as intelligent as we can be?
Is this as good as it gets?
Surely, there must be more to life than this.

* * * *

An ineffable, inexplicable, unfathomable mystery,
Of which You are inscrutable observer,
Of which You possess nothing,
In so many shapes, colors, tastes, sounds, scents.
Reflections of light, and the unknowable from which all are cast.

* * * *

It is not the will of some deity, but your own, that plays out its fate.
Timelessly perceived, within and without, by the dispassionate witness.

* * * *

Any given mind, is nothing more than an arbitrary bubble of consciousness.
The only constant is the awareness, from which all dreams indivisibly spring.

* * * *

What is this thing called hope? What is it for which so many are always hoping?
More fortune? More fame? More power? More pleasure? More respect? More love?
More friends? More health? More harmony? More time? More this? More that?
Who is content with the who-what-where-when-why-how they are right now?

Do not all stories have a certain predictability about them?
Same old monkey-mind plots drawn up with different characters and sets,
Different languages and costumes, different this, different that.
All ultimately merely tributaries of consciousness,
Racing in time back into the eternal,
From which all arise.

* * * *

No matter how much any may experience in any given lifetime,
It can never be more than a statistical sample.
Enough to discern the whole,
But no more,
Than the merest drop,
Of the infinity of all things possible.

* * * *

An angel of death You are,
To so many creatures small to great,
You have consumed and destroyed to be here now.
Alas and oh well, it is a God-eat-God world.
Nothing is lost, nothing is gained,
In the grand dreamtime.

* * * *

Despite the fact that cheating does work,
And even though there is no score,
Give your Self fewer points,
If You are using chemical means,
To investigate the imperishable within.

* * * *

The ancients called the elements,
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times,
Call it the periodic table.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way You will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

* * * *

All things small to great are of the same grand eternal infinity.
Any lesser vision is but mind-born idolatry and dogma,
And not even worth one moment's distraction.

341

Every sexually reproductive species has its evolutionary partnership between genders.
In the human paradigm, males hunted and fished and farmed, protected the perimeter, provided the seed.
Females attended the village, bore and nurtured the young, passed on the culture.
Adapting these ancient relationships, so long in the making,
To a world seething in disassociation,
Is the challenge for the future ever-now unfolding.

* * * *

There is no God in the way You or anyone else across time or space has ever conceived.
That which is supreme is so indivisibly, formlessly prior to consciousness,
That all human concoctions are absurd by any comparison.
And You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

The smug, self-righteous arrogance of true believers,
Likely propels many a doubter even further afield.

* * * *

Within the quantum indivisibility of the singularity,
All things from the smallest to the greatest,
From the infinite to the infinitesimal,
Play out dreams too countless to comprehend.

* * * *

We cannot all be here at the same time.
If we wish for this garden to sustain our kind,
And all the other myriad life forms it has given rise to,
We must very quickly move toward a more rational paradigm.
If it really does not matter, which is obviously the case,
Then party on, and hope it will just be your progeny,
Who will endure the inevitable consequences.

* * * *

Such internment this obligation to others can so often be.
For their desire for so much You no longer desire.
For their fear of so much You no longer fear.
For their attachment to so much You no longer cling.
For their passion toward so much for which You feel nothing.

* * * *

The universe born of consciousness is awash in metaphors.
Though the literal often transcends in many subtle ways into the figurative,
Every sort of confusion and havoc can arise when anything figurative is taken too literally.

342

It really only matters that You wake up to what You truly are.
Do not be overly concerned about the many others in your dreamtime.
They will awaken if/when they have seen and done enough.
And if You are one of their many teachers or not,
Why would it, could it, really matter,
If there truly is no other?

* * * *

No group, no civilization, no world, can withstand,
More than a certain degree of cancerous affliction.

* * * *

How white is black? How black is white?
How right is wrong? How wrong is right?
How heavy is light? How light is heavy?
How all is nothing? How nothing is all?
How true is false? How false is true?
How high is low? How low is high?
How far is near? How near is far?
How hot is cold? How cold is hot?
How huge is tiny? How tiny is huge?
How light is dark? How dark is light?
How large is small? How small is large?
How strong is weak? How weak is strong?

* * * *

Put no idols before the I Am, You ever are.
Dogmatic assertions by any individual or group,
Are really nothing more than the same old blasphemy.

* * * *

The rutted mind begins taking shape,
As soon as nature and nurture,
Begin meshing in the theater of time.
By the age of grayness and weariness and rigidity,
Ruts run so deep, that new ground is only by the rarest traveled.

* * * *

No matter the effort any mind has ever made,
None have ever changed or altered,
Even one tiny hair on truth's chinny-chin-chin.
The play of consciousness has absolutely no say in the matter.
The way it is, is the way it is, the way it has always been, the way it will ever be.

343

So many ways we are taught and encouraged to suffer in mind,
Plus the many ways we on our own devise.
And then, of course,
There is the physical pain,
That the current of physics exerts,
On the nervous system traversing to and fro,
In these very mortal corporeal vats of biological goo.

* * * *

Before You began fabricating an identity,
You were naught but eternity, fresh from the womb of Eden.
And then You cloaked Self in a throng of thoughts,
And, without further ado, forgot it all.

* * * *

What could be more yawn than sitting alone on a cloud,
Occasionally flapping a couple useless wings,
Trying to learn how to play a harp?
At least some of that fat,
Might get burnt off carousing in hell.
Going to be one heck of a wild and crazy, no doubt.

* * * *

To believe, or not to believe; therein lies the answer.

* * * *

In the larger picture of all things eternal,
Your final moments, however they come to pass,
Will be very much like the ones kaleidoscoping right now.

* * * *

We are all very slowly melting in the drip, drip, drip,
Of our mortally fashioned, flesh-and-bones hourglass.

* * * *

No matter how humble one may appear on the exterior,
Few are capable of transcending the illusory call to glory.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, for all but the most absolute.

* * * *

So much ambition, so much vanity, so much absurdity,
To be what You already are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this right here, right now, indivisible quantum mystery.

344

Loneliness versus aloneness, duality versus singularity,
The sorrow of imagination versus the sovereignty of absoluteness.
There is really nothing to compare, when there is really nothing to be measured.

* * * *

Why would that which is indivisible, untouched by birth and death,
Ever be concerned by the absorptions of so-called good or evil?

* * * *

It has never really mattered, nor will it ever matter,
What color, sex, caste, culture, creed, religion,
Or whatever You and others think You are.
You are That I Am, and that says it all.

* * * *

To judge others is to be the critic of a theater,
You have in supreme ignorance created.
Close your eyes and other senses,
And You will see it all nothing.
Awareness dancing in stillness.
An eternal lightshow, nothing more.

* * * *

Consciousness is the flower,
Awareness, the root,
And the indivisible totality,
The ground in which all dreams,
Blossom, flourish, diminish, dissolve.

* * * *

Is the fish separate from the water?
The worm from the ground?
The bird from the air?
The sun from the flame?
‘Tis a matrix of quantum design,
Pure, simple, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What other choice was there, really?
Like it or not, fate draws You,
To your inevitable, mortal conclusion.
You cannot change anything without it ever being,
What has already been long ago written upon the sands of time.

345

There is a tendency for youth to disrespect and ignore their parents,
As well as many elders, who might share with them so much knowledge and wisdom.
Perhaps the payback will someday be, that their children and other youth,
Will behave towards them with the same inglorious disdain.

* * * *

Each and every child is ever born of Eden,
And only lose sight of the garden at the worldly beckoning,
Of those upon which they must depend, of those they must trust to survive.

* * * *

To those who proselytize one dogma or another,
What can You really do but stay silent, or apprise them, politely or not,
That You already are That which they claim to serve,
And thank them just the same.

* * * *

Having one's throat slit by a foe is to be expected,
But a sharp dagger slid between the ribs by friend or kin or tribe;
Now that is the grimmest topography of betrayal,
The pale of which goes no further.

* * * *

You came into this mystery with nothing,
You will leave it with nothing,
And there has really been nothing more,
Than imaginary notions in every moment between.

* * * *

If it is your calling to discern that which is mystery,
That which is within all, small to great,
You must let go everything.
Yes, everything.
The You, You pretend,
Fabricated by imagination,
Must become so inwardly quiet,
That You divine the awareness You are,
That which is boundless prior to all conception.

* * * *

You take some pain, You dish out some pain; impossible not to.
Existence is turbulent for all born into this dreamtime.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

346

The quantum clayness that makes up all those figurines You so vainly worship,
Is the same quantum clayness that makes up the container You think You are,
And every part and particle of the cosmos that resides between and betwixt.

* * * *

Save a world that cannot be saved, or souls that can never be lost?
Such meaningless theatrics our kind over and over so predictably play.
Why on earth should any creation ever dread or deify its source?
Nothing but monkey-mind brew from beginning to end.

* * * *

So much unhappiness, dissatisfaction, ingratitude, and struggle,
Over what is the most astoundingly incomprehensible gift,
From the first inexplicable, magical breath, to the last.

* * * *

You need not give so much attention to the mind and body.
It is all made up for such a short ever-changing while.
Give it little weight in the grand scheme of things.
It is the real that You are here to discern and explore.

* * * *

What matter that You are remembered by all the world,
Once only maggots, worms, and other critters are witness,
To the once-upon-a-time quantum universe inside your skull?

* * * *

Duality is nothing more than an arbitrary, meaningless concept,
Born of the sensory illusion that You are separate.
It has no ultimate reality whatsoever.
You are the primal essence that is indivisibly singular,
Unfathomable, absolute, prior to all imaginings born of consciousness.

* * * *

Today You have one opinion, tomorrow another, and the day after still another.
How fickle these opinions, and yet how attached we are to each and every one.

* * * *

Though we peer across world, and into the far reaches of the universe,
Though we see into the infinitesimal of which all is created,
Still we cling to all the traditions and superstitions,
Of one geographic assumption or another.
How absolutely amazing is that?

347

Peering out from the stillness of awareness,
Through every visage from the infinitesimal to the infinite,
Unknowably mysterious, inexplicable, enigmatic, inscrutable, unfathomable,
The timeless, indivisible, immeasurable, quantum singularity,
The one and only, ineffably eternal You.

* * * *

The boundless awareness is, without any movement of me or myself or I.
It cannot be altered, claimed, manipulated, possessed, or usurped.
It is the untapped spring, the uncarved block, the tabula rasa.
It is the primal source of all; partial or beholden to none.
It is prior to all manifestation, equally present in all;
And ever carries on after the dissolution of all.

* * * *

Who You might think I am, is not the I am, I am.
Nor is the who, You think You are,
The You, You are.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, contentment, harmony,
Are of the ever-unfolding instant.
Not a product of thought,
But an effortless relinquishment,
To the timeless beingness, a.k.a., eternal life.

* * * *

Self-discovery is a moment-to-moment process,
As true a scientific inquiry as there could possibly be.

* * * *

How can there ever be a collective vision in the human epoch,
When every human being, every life form, is a universe unto its Self?
All are spun of the same awareness, the same quantum, the same singularity,
But consciousness, imagination, knows naught but bounds at every turn.

* * * *

The many others across all eternity are no different than You,
And the Golden Rule says it as clearly as it can be said:
Do unto others as You would have them do unto You.
What need for any further suggestions, principles,
Guidelines, rules, decrees, edicts, amendments,
Or commandments or regulations or laws?

348

Your world, your universe, your self-metaphors, are all imagined.
Still the mind, close the eyes, the ears, all the other senses,
And the nothingness of awareness becomes apparent.

* * * *

If You really want to annihilate the universe,
The quickest way is to just find a trigger,
And let your brains out for a breather.

* * * *

Why should You be concerned,
With what others think,
When it is really,
Your own creation,
From beginning to end.

* * * *

Be of reasonable mind,
Of tolerable wit and humor,
A friend unto your Self.

* * * *

What is mine, what is yours, really?
A brief experiencing, nothing more.

* * * *

The reality of truth is really only comfortable,
If You are open and receptive to what is truly real,
And dishonesty and delusion and confusion,
No longer mesmerize your reverie.

* * * *

Absolute awareness is the underlying operating system,
Upon which all consciousness is artlessly programmed.

* * * *

There can only be one Truth, one Reality, one God, one Whatever,
And it is meaningless to argue or create some dogmatic stance over it.

* * * *

The quest for truth is more than an assertion of this or that.
True inquiry delves into the source, into the awareness,
Into the infinity prior to all concepts born of mind.

349

Quantum earth, quantum water, quantum fire, quantum wind, quantum sky.
Everything ultimately of the same quantum indivisibility,
No matter how mind slices or dices it.

* * * *

Every life form that is born of this mystery must inevitably die.
But the essence of which all creation is formed,
Is never born and never dies.

* * * *

All things that arise from the shifting sands of time,
Must inevitably fade and fall and dissolve back into it.

* * * *

The swimmingness of the eternal nature,
Is the realm of all the other creatures of Eden,
Who have managed not to degenerate, to devolve,
Into the madness, the absurdity, of imagination.

* * * *

She, too, will be a hag, and he a geezer.
Every rose has its day; every rose fades.

* * * *

Memes are so tiringly predictable.

* * * *

Makes You question, examine,
Perhaps even think for your Self.
That is obviously the point of all this.

* * * *

Being the totality, You are, is not a belief system.
Truth is not subject to any conception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun, everything new under the sun.
So predictably unpredictable, so unpredictably predictable,
Every unfolding, eternally streaming, matrix of a moment.

* * * *

The freedom that is not tempered by consideration and responsibility,
Is self-absorption devoid of reason or meaning, purpose or relevance.

350

Eight philosophical questions that will never be solved:
Why is there something rather than nothing?
Does God exist? Is our universe real? What are numbers?
Do we have free will? Is there life after death? What is the best moral system?
Can You really experience anything objectively?

* * * *

Few baulk at the everyday routines to which they are accustomed.
The problems arise when they learn of different ways,
And expend their lives coveting more.

* * * *

Those few who manage to stream along in the pure awareness,
Prior to time, prior to space, prior to consciousness,
Are unburdened by any history, whatsoever.

* * * *

Close the eyes, ignore the senses, still the mind,
And what have You got?
That is right; nada, nichts, niente,
Rien, intet, niets, wala, ingenting, nothing.

* * * *

Greet all fatuous claims with a skeptical ear.
Anything may be possible in this quantum dream,
But imagination often delves well beyond probability.

* * * *

Life, there is just no choice about it.
Every seed is cast into one fate or another.
Every seed must play out whatever hand is dealt,
Or else conceive a means to fall on one sword or another.

* * * *

The past had its momentary window.
You need not allow it to dominate, to control, yours.
The tyranny of tradition has no power, but through your acquiescence.

* * * *

Who knows what incredible mysteries may reside,
On other worlds, in other dimensions, of this vast quantum matrix?
You must rely on your own frame of reference, to hypothesize all possibilities possible,
Yet how can any ever be anything but You, whatever the guise?

351

Many chatter away about truth, but none have ever, or will ever own it.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry, no matter the myth, no matter the image, no matter the figurine.

* * * *

Who is who? What is what? Where is where? When is when? Why is why? How is how?

* * * *

The Memedom of God: Memeism practicd by memeists seeking memehood.

* * * *

Where would your universe be without You to create and witness it?

* * * *

Psst, Don Quixote, they are just the windmills of your mind.

* * * *

To what new limitation will the body aspire today?

* * * *

The internet: the library of consciousness.

* * * *

You are an audience of one.

* * * *

What effort is woven into a web of lies.

* * * *

Only the eye of the monkey sees itself any different.

* * * *

The hoity-toity rule a silly little world of their own absurd design.

* * * *

Best not to judge other points of history merely through the reflection of your own.

* * * *

For the mind that discerns totality, what matter what is done or undone?

* * * *

A universe without, a universe within, You are That I Am.

352

Believers and atheists, all playing their little game, dancing their little dance.
Pretending to know what they cannot, never have, and never will.
To know You know nothing is the only honest stance.
Make-believe may offer some solace,
But no assumption can ever touch what is real.

* * * *

The parochial mind is incapable of discerning its Self.
To explore the farthest reaches and beyond,
One cannot be bound by anything.

* * * *

The journey may begin with the first step,
But the pace along the winding trail,
Is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is.
It is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

More words, ever more words.
More differences, more confusion,
For the witch's brew to simmer and stew.

* * * *

This momentary nowness,
Is all that is really happening.
The dream is just that … a dream.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Depending on the color of your skin,
The depth of your wallet,
Or the witnesses lined up against You,
Probably best never to assume You will get a fair trial.

* * * *

Curious how so many mystics,
Across time and space,
Give over a portion of their existence,
Attempting to help others discern their inherent freedom,
Often inspiring dogmatic absurdities of every hue in their well-intentioned wake.

353

How beyond all pales absurd it at some point becomes.
We prattle endlessly about the silence, the serenity, the austerity, of a still mind,
But to remain in that state every moment, is for most, if not all, very challenging, very unlikely, indeed.
The monkey-mind is ever an absorbing thunder and lightning show,
To which death is really the only antidote.

* * * *

The indivisibility of the quantum chaos, is order unto its Self.
What stability can there be in the theater of consciousness,
But what awareness, through imagination conceives?

* * * *

You think You are really so different?
That your little drama has not been played out,
Countless times beyond counting?

* * * *

We are all time-travelers of imagination.
Strap in and enjoy the ride as best ye may.

* * * *

How can anyone possibly care,
About eight-plus-plus billion people,
And all the other life forms across the planet,
Except in the most abstract sense?

* * * *

The ultimate You, is untouched by any and all claims.
A Self-contained, quantum matrix of the highest order.

* * * *

No matter the creative or destructive enterprise playing out,
How can the ocean of mystery, ever become greater or lesser?
It ever reigns sovereign, absolute of its own inherent nature.

* * * *

What sort of deity is it that does not encompass the stars?
And how would it be possible for it not to include You?

* * * *

You begin as student, your universe the teacher.
And if/when You become your cosmos,
Perhaps a student will appear.

354

Call it That I Am, call it Brahman, call it Tao, call it God, call it Self, call it whatever You will.
It is all the unnamable awareness that is prior to all dreams of consciousness.
Absolute, indivisible, complete, supreme, without peer.
And You and everything else, it as well.
There is nothing that is not this ineffable mystery.
Despite all imaginary inventions, it is ever the indelible unknown.

* * * *

The quantum mystery does not care into what form it is fashioned,
Or if it is used in any meaningful or profound way at all.
It plays any part that indivisibility dictates.

* * * *

All your many attempts to hold onto anything,
Are absolutely futile, utterly meaningless.
There is naught but the dreamy now,
And the perceptions to which the mind,
With such tenacious determination, clings.

* * * *

Truth is esoteric and beyond grasp to most.
Some have the eyes to see and ears to hear;
But in others, the ground is dry and barren.
So it goes.

* * * *

No matter the form,
No matter the time and space,
You cannot be anywhere but here now.
It is the way it is, across the board.

* * * *

Knowledge will never reach a conclusion,
For it is far too adept at creating itself anew.

* * * *

All forms are but variations of quantum vibration,
The underlying physics of the elements within all things,
As witnessed by the ever-present, ever-perfect, eye of awareness.

* * * *

What a magical dream this garden world was, before humankind began assaulting it,
With its insatiable greed, its unending self-absorption, over every imaginable difference.

355

The relatively agreeable thing about imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything your mind might dare.
Often much more enjoyable, and certainly less bother than the real thing.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are born of the same indivisible mystery.
All are fated never to see more than reflections of their own faces.

* * * *

Mind can be a problem-solver; mind can be a problem-maker.
Cease making problems, and it attains a measure of stability.

* * * *

We all, small to great, must play whatever part,
The given anatomy deceives us into believing.

* * * *

So many teachers.
Everyone and everything, really.
What does not communicate one thing or another,
To those to whom learning is as natural,
As drinking a glass of water?

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Wander beyond the idolization of form,
Geography, language, culture, creed,
Or any other temporal, tangible creation.
Discern the infinite intangible, the unmanifest,
The indivisible, from which all creation materializes.

* * * *

Ignorance, stupidity, avarice, entitlement, and hate;
Ever at odds with intelligence, enlightenment, generosity and love.
Another day, same predictable, maddening paradigm.

* * * *

First entry into the chilly waters of any experience,
Always requires the girding glint of will, and an attentive breath,
Before wading or jumping or diving into the ever-churning unknown of time.

356

Careening fast and furious towards extinction by our own hand,
May well be a unique knock-down in this world's relatively brief timeline.
What other species has ever had the capacity, and for more than a few, the inclination,
To despoil and destroy this garden, the way we of the two-legged stance do?

* * * *

Where would You be without your world, your universe, or it, without You?
You imagine yourself separate, but where is the gap, where is the seam?

* * * *

From where do thoughts such as these come?
Is it not obvious that we are all portals,
To the same mysterious source?

* * * *

Free will? Yeah, right.
Maybe to stop, go straight, turn around,
Or perchance go right, even left.
But even that is dubious.

* * * *

What any true scientist,
Must first and foremost be,
Is a seeker of that which is true,
Whatever it is, wherever it may lead.

* * * *

Another shopping day begins.
What else do You not need so badly?
What more can be bought that You will rarely,
Perhaps even more likely, never use.

* * * *

Buy into a meme, and your life will whirl,
Its constricted pattern for the rest of your existence.
Doubt is the saving grace from a mind chock-full of absurdity.

* * * *

From the quantum, all-seeing perspective,
What is any existence, any stream of consciousness,
But yet another footnote in the annals of this mystery theater.
Important unto its Self, but really nothing more than a brief dreaming,
A brief notion, a brief glimmer, in the play of time, in the quantum stardust of it all.

357

How fortunate, those whose destiny it is to attain virtuosity in one realm or another.
Only just less fortunate, are those who can appreciate the virtuosity of every realm.

* * * *

Whether or not any given mind can always remain happy, perhaps even joyful,
Is an inquiry each must explore, and only perhaps ascertain, very much alone.

* * * *

Is not the world humankind has together created, purgatory enough?
What can You expect from a creation chock-full of vain sheeples?

* * * *

Is there any greater curiosity than how absurdity has become,
Such a dominant force in the evolution of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

Greet your executioner with a cheerful nod, a handshake,
Maybe even a hug and peck on the cheek, if time allows.

* * * *

How many have awakened, and to what degree?
How many have not awakened, and to what degree?
And does it really matter any degree, either way?

* * * *

Keep devouring, keep ravenously wolfing it all down.
Maybe one of these sorry daze, You will finally be full.

* * * *

A curious thing how those with whom we are most familiar,
Must often endure, in part or whole, our withering contempt.

* * * *

If a tree falls in a forest, unwitnessed, did it ever really happen?
If a tree falls in a forest, witnessed, did it ever really happen, either?

* * * *

All translation must be observed with a dubious, discerning eye;
Especially the interpreter, the sorter, the filter, in your own inured mind.
Everything You perceive, translates through the biases of your frame of reference;
Entirely subjective, entirely slanted, entirely unique, entirely idiosyncratic, entirely alone.
Step back from your conditioning, and realize, from the dispassionate view of the quantum matrix,
That your entire existence, from womb to grave, is all nothing more than the huff and puff of imagination.

358

You are not the body, nor are You the mind,
Any more than You are your car, home, workplace, world, or universe.
You are that which is prior to anything and everything.
Always seek the greater ground.

* * * *

One moment streams into the next, seamless,
And in each and every absolute, sovereign, unblemished,
Indivisible, nameless, flowing moment,
You are all that is.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Always best to be somewhere else,
When shit is in gravity's embrace,
Or moving rapidly towards a fan.

* * * *

No destiny can be changed.
No fate can be avoided.
All are merely played out,
As nature and nurture sculpt.
All are written, or yet to be written.

* * * *

What to do with a life,
When it offers so much more,
Than desire could ever possibly pursue.

* * * *

Dogma is the worldly vision,
Of those who, for whatever reason,
Lack the eyes to see, and the ears to hear,
The infinite mystery, in which each and every one,
Equally participates in so many ways.

* * * *

Responsibility falls upon each and every one,
To decide how they will play out their worldly existence.
To blame some deity or demon for one's choices is absurdly infantile.

359

How can anyone look at all these fellow creatures small to great,
And not, without doubt, discern the obvious fact, that within each and every one,
Is the same indelible source, the same awareness, the same intelligence?
That all are the same omnipresent, omniscient witness as You.

* * * *

So many masks come and gone, and many more yet to be,
And behind all, the same faceless source.
Call it what You will,
It is ever indivisible and absolute.

* * * *

Passionate responses to any of life's tremors,
Ever magnify the moment's passing.
In the agony and ecstasy,
One cannot be, without the other.

* * * *

When what is, is all that is left to want,
It will be, as always, ever present.

* * * *

To be free of imagination,
Or not to be free of imagination,
The question of all questions.

* * * *

Why would You wait for anyone else,
Especially, when there is no one else.

* * * *

Perhaps You are on the road to redemption,
If You have even barely discerned the demon,
And are no longer allowing it to reign your show.

* * * *

Nope, nope, nope, there is nothing more to it,
Than what this moment, each and every now offers.
Even gods on high, are caught up in one dream or another.

* * * *

Idol worshippers will never be content with the truth of the here now.
The inexplicable absoluteness of eternal life is not for the meek of spirit.

360

Everyone wandering about, completely absorbed in one screen or another.
What an inexplicable world, we have in our linear-cubicle thinking, created.

* * * *

No one else can ever perceive your version of the dreamtime.
Do with it what You will, what You can, in the time allowed.

* * * *

Mere words cannot for any actual change make.
'Tis in action and deed that all futures are spun.

* * * *

Gravity must eventually collapse into itself,
So deeply as to completely evaporate,
And then, boom, big bang again,
Into some vast new invention,
Upon which philosophers,
So eloquently blather.

* * * *

Eternal means timeless.
Eternal life means timeless life.
To live a timeless existence, You must abandon,
The false identity born of imagination,
To that nowness You truly are.

* * * *

You have explored the world,
You have gazed out into the heavens.
You have contemplated every sort of pursuit.
Now, distinguish from whence it has all come to pass.

* * * *

For memes to let loose their rigid grip,
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift,
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will rule the future.

* * * *

Clouds are merely the wisps of an ocean of air,
The sun a smidgen of dust, around which other particles orbit,
All flecks in a cosmos, that is but a brief commotion in the infinity of awareness.

361

Consciousness streams simultaneously in every form that life has ever taken.
Each and every one its own completely incomparable universe.
Each and every one concurrently kaleidoscoping.
Not one ever exactly the same.
Yet all the while, all, exactly the same.

* * * *

Who cares who said it?
Or what was said, where it was said,
When it was said, why it was said, or how it was said.
If it is true, it is true, and that which is true,
Can never be bound or captured,
By the limits of mind.

* * * *

You are not the body.
You are not the body.
You are not the body.
You are not the body.
You are not …

* * * *

Quibble, quibble.
Quibble, quibble.

* * * *

Just is-ing along.
Nothing is but what it is.
Nothing done, nothing left undone.

* * * *

Just because You think it,
Does not mean You have to do it.
The garden is for those who lack imagination.
It is in the moment-to-moment choices,
That heavens and hells are created.

* * * *

You, who are the unfathomable, indivisible singularity,
Seem to have been born to experience the otherness, and may well do so,
Until who knows how, who knows why, who knows when,
Who knows where, who knows what,
Who knows who.

No mortal frame can be preserved in this ever-changing theater.
It, and the personality to which imagination is so attached,
Must inevitably, as all forms do, dissolve from the stage,
On which it has so sincerely, and with such passion, played.

* * * *

It is attachment to our mind-bodies, to all the sensory inputs,
To the mirage, the illusion, of a kaleidoscoping cosmos,
That precipitates all this agony, all this suffering.
A relentless moment, all across the world.

* * * *

Kill off little self however You will.
The awareness is indifferent,
To all manner of fates.

* * * *

Power without accountability,
Without consequence,
Is rarely, if ever,
A balanced equation.

* * * *

Do You swear,
To tell the truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth,
So help You God?

* * * *

What an abysmal, toilsome thing it is,
To daily observe humankind learn so little,
From its unrelenting predisposition for muddle.
The ceaseless machinations of horror and corruption,
Are spread deeply and broadly unto the roots and flowers.

* * * *

So irrevocably connected, as to be daily ensnared in absurdity, are we?
Well, do not worry, my fine friend, it is not for that much longer, now, is it?

* * * *

If You are seeking to discriminate the truth, You will find it within.
If You are merely looking to reaffirm your sundry delusions,
You will remain bemused by Samsara's countless veils.

363

As enlightening, absorbing, entertaining, and often oh so horrifying,
As all the innumerable flavors of imagination can be,
It is ever merely a kaleidoscoping dream,
And really, in the ultimate sense,
Just does not even matter one scintilla.

* * * *

Peace, contentment, serenity, grace, happiness, joy.
The final harbor.

* * * *

Nothing to do, really, but witness the show,
Wherever You may be, whatever the course.

* * * *

Daily, the same old scratchy record.
No news would, indeed, be good news.

* * * *

The abyss yawns at your vanity.

* * * *

The balloon of consciousness,
Must expand far and wide, deep and long,
To reach its inevitable limit.

* * * *

North and south, east and west,
Up and down, in and out, right and left,
Just arbitrary sounds for manifest consciousness,
To pretend at carving up the indivisible.

* * * *

If You will not learn something,
Out of some sort of inherent common sense,
Then, rest assured, pain is always an enthusiastic teacher,
In the wings, ever alert, patient, fully armed.

* * * *

Those who dominate the world have no relationship with nature or themselves.
Therefore, alas, Mother Gaia and all her creatures small to great,
Are condemned to enslavement and destruction,
For whatever coin can be fashioned from their demise.

Where is this vain, resolute, notorious “I” we so readily assume real?
Is it the ever-changing body, the ever-changing identity?
Is it the rambling compendium of perceptions?
Can it even be the timeless awareness,
Common to all things living?
How can there truly be,
“Me, myself, and I”
In that infinity which is prior,
To all forms fashioned of quantum vibration?
That which is ageless, formless, indivisible, sovereign, absolute.
That which has never even once suffered mortal birth,
Much less the pangs of imagined death.

* * * *

Every streaming moment, so fleeting, like an ever-burning fuse.
Every point of nowness, gone as swiftly as it arrives.
Everything, but figments of imagination.
Merely a dream of the senses.
A magical, mystery theater of illusion.

* * * *

Every bubble of illusory existence one day bursts.
Your world, your universe, will expire,
When You close your eyes,
For the final time.

* * * *

You are nothing; You are everything.
Hard to comprehend, but it is that simple.

* * * *

Always arduous sailing,
When others want more from You,
Than You are willing or capable of offering.

* * * *

Throughout your life,
You have cared about this or that,
For lengthy, moderate, or brief slices of time.
And yet, sooner or later, care’s capricious nature, inevitably,
For whatever raison d'être, draws to a close.
So, the question becomes:
Why do You care about anything?

365

It is all make-believe, a game of pretend, a lie to which most subscribe.
Every mind wraps around one security blanket or another,
To hold fast to its imaginary, sensory reality.
Those whose fate it is to awaken,
See it for what it is,
And in time,
Make their way home.

* * * *

The differences there are be between so-called angels and demons,
Are in the arbitrary choices made by consciousness.
The same awareness is witness to all.

* * * *

There is, indeed, something very schizophrenic in all this.
You are the world – You are in it, and it, in You.
And there can be every sort of irony,
Every conceivable paradox,
Abiding in those divergent states.

* * * *

Why would You ever, even for a moment,
Believe yourself anything other,
Than pure awareness?
All identification, all naming,
It but the fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

We are all born of the same source,
Whatever You may wish to call it.
But it is for each, very much alone,
To figure out exactly what that means.

* * * *

Whatever the destiny, the endgame,
Is inevitably enforced by the same Reaper.
Nobody has ever made it to heaven or hell alive,
And the same can be said for karmic absurdities, as well.

* * * *

To be born again into the absoluteness of eternal awareness,
Is the true purpose and meaning, the true reckoning,
The true potential, of every breath, every step.

366

This garden world has been spinning round and round for several billion years,
And the universe billions more than that, as it will be for eons more.
How can anyone seriously believe their imaginary notions,
Are anything more than a momentary flurry,
In the grand totality of it all?

* * * *

What is required to awaken,
Is to inwardly pay very close attention,
In a non-intellectual, prior-to-consciousness way,
Until You very logically, without doubt, discern for your Self,
That You, the witness, the observer, are the observed.
All duality is the concoction of imagination.

* * * *

How can anyone ever lead any other,
To that source wherein there has never been a follower?
All any can really do is just point the way,
And, without further ado,
Call it a day.

* * * *

All these things You love and hate,
Desire, fear, dread,
And poof!
Suddenly, they are all gone,
If they were ever really there in the first place.

* * * *

No need to put into words what words cannot tell.
Let the action of conduct and deeds be the message.

* * * *

The universe created of senses and mind,
Is both the teacher and the greatest distraction.
A manifest dream, in which the stillness of awareness,
Is locksmith to the momentary nature of an eternal existence.

* * * *

The Muslim and Mormon religious shticks,
Are only a few centuries less cultish than the Christian one,
And that merely a few less than the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, and Roman ones.
All established religions across the world are cults; just with more vintage upon which to lay vain claim.

367

We all vote with our wampum,
And however everyone together casts their ballot,
Creates an irrevocable dystopian future, for which each and every life form,
Is to one degree or another, already paying.

* * * *

Very difficult, indeed, to be detached from the given body,
Especially in the flurries of pleasure and pain.
And, of course, which distraction,
Is easier to endure?

* * * *

What might You be doing with your existence,
If You had not somehow taken the road less traveled?
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Whatever You want, Quantum Dearest,
Sweetie-kins of the bona fide imperative.

* * * *

Before all firsts, after all lasts, You are.

* * * *

In all its pricelessness,
The irony and paradox of Truth,
Is how little profit it offers those who mine it.

* * * *

Again and again, and yet again,
You are ever tempted in so many ways.
To be free, or not to be free, that is the question.

* * * *

There is no way to get through existence,
Without hurting or being hurt, intentionally or not.
A full dollop of forgiveness by all concerned, is the best salve.

* * * *

The question ever remains:
Do You follow your own observations,
Or subscribe mindlessly to the countless delusions,
Consciousness, with complete and utter ease, every moment weaves.

368

There is ultimately only one law in this world,
And it is enforced with complete equanimity by Mother Nature.
Those who ignore or transgress this simple reality,
Inevitably pay one price or another.

* * * *

And in the fleshy depths of the dark, churning cavern,
In which your teeth gnash without hesitation,
A new universe explodes into being.

* * * *

How can the blind ever be expected to see,
That which it is not in their nature to see?

* * * *

We call the human species civil-ized?
Who, pray tell, do we think we are kidding?
Read it and weep:

civil |ˈsivəl|
adjective
courteous and polite

civilization |ˌsivələˈzā sh ən|
noun
the stage of human social development and organization
that is considered most advanced

* * * *

Receiving everything from a silver platter,
Does not construct gumption and grit at the core.
Entitlement is a cancer; both individually and collectively.

* * * *

Pssst, to all You true believers,
Waiting for Armageddon;
Jesus is not coming back.
Time put all the middlemen behind You,
And start figuring out what he was talking about on your own.

* * * *

You need not submit to the dualistic notions, of this world or any other.
They are but ceaseless sensory manifestations, born of temporal limitation.

369

You have played the given nature-nurture part as well as You possibly can,
But You have all along been something of a pretender, a chameleon.
The truth is, You have often sensed You are not a human being,
Nor any of the countless other forms in which You dance,
In this infinite eternal theater that You, your Self, are.
For that which is absolute, indivisible, complete,
Is what You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What suffering consciousness so endlessly concocts.
End desire, release fear, soften the heart.
All differences are imagined.

* * * *

Who are You? What are You? Where are You?
When are You? Why are You?
How are You?
No knowing, really.

* * * *

It is all God,
Including You.
Figure it out.

* * * *

Alone, so alone.
Ain't it wonderful?

* * * *

The filament of awareness,
Is the eternal Me, my Self, and I.
Anything less is delusional.

* * * *

Who can care for You,
If You do not care for your Self?
Be your best friend in every form and guise.

* * * *

You have an absolute right to protect yourself,
Against any and all who would harm You and yours.
As much as many a heart would choose to see it otherwise,
In this shades-of-gray garden, if You want peace, prepare for war.

370

So many so-called spiritual seekers,
Ambitiously questing the beingness, that has been theirs from the get-go.
Just too caught in the Gordian Knot of their aspiration,
To discern there never was a goal.

* * * *

No more than a dream,
No more than an imaginary theater;
With every possible agony, every possible ecstasy.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Consciousness is the Bartertown of imagination.
No stone will be left unturned under all its suns.

* * * *

An empty page is the most receptive ear.
An uncarved block, a pièce de résistance.

* * * *

No human has ever beheld its own face,
Nor any other part of the given body,
To which the eyes have no access.
Why that is, is less than obvious,
To all but the rarest of the rare.

* * * *

Most everybody seems to believe,
Their version of absurdity is normal.

* * * *

Curious how almost any given belief,
Tends to inspire some form of dogma.

* * * *

Even an entire universe cannot fill You.
The utter aloneness of the infinite singularity,
Is absolutely, indivisibly, eternally unfathomable.

* * * *

The only constant in this ever-changing cosmos is awareness.
The elemental theater, in which consciousness runs amok,
Is a veil, in which suffering is an inevitable outcome.

371

Language can never be anything more than an endless stream of metaphors.

* * * *

Any given existence is, from cradle to grave, an ever-morphing mix of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

We are all born of the same womb, live in the same house, and share the same grave.

* * * *

What You cannot do or be, or perhaps, should not do or be, imagine.

* * * *

Who can teach anyone, not open to learning anything new?

* * * *

So, where exactly is this thing called vanity?

* * * *

Nature belies any and all dogma.

* * * *

Doubt cannot be transplanted.

* * * *

So … so … so … monkey-mind.

* * * *

In stillness, You are as before all creation.

* * * *

This cannot be taught, only learned, and then forgotten.

* * * *

Who created God? … What do You mean we do not ask that question?

* * * *

What is true, absolute power, but the mind that can hold fast, its passionate monkey.

* * * *

The one and only God – for the want of a better word – includes You.

* * * *

Across the world, true believers praying to a dial tone.

A vastness, filled with swirls of consciousness;
All coursing the same immortal, timeless awareness.
The quantum matrix of that which is prior to all naming.
That source, that is the one witness within all, small to great.

* * * *

Why would it ever possibly matter to be known in the minds,
Of others You will never even have the misfortune to meet?

* * * *

All these so many thoughts, really mean diddly-squat.
They are merely a means to the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional, ephemeral dream of matter,
With which You identify for a brief sense of time.

* * * *

The only real enduring solace,
From the ceaseless storms of consciousness,
Is immersing into the aloneness.

* * * *

How quickly a ripple can turn into a tsunami.

* * * *

We must all endure so much pain.
How is it we do not all feel compassion,
For each other, and all creatures small to great.

* * * *

Aphorisms are no different than fine wine.
Inhale them fully to plumb, to fathom the insight.
Imbibe them slowly to perceive, to discern the wisdom.

* * * *

Existence is indeed painful, but to be free and at ease, is possible,
If You discern the calling, and are willing to let go of everything.

* * * *

Every body-mind is a facet of the ever-unfolding genesis.
An every-moment fabrication of evolution.
Nothing more, nothing less.

373

It is a mystery.
It is the mystery of all mysteries.
It is not a Christian mystery, it is not a Jewish mystery.
It is not a Muslim mystery, it is not a Hindu mystery, it is not Taoist a mystery.
It is a mystery that does not belong to, or favor, any -ist, or any -ism.
It is not subject to any idolatry, it is not subject to any dogma.
It is a mystery free and clear from any and all claims,
By any individual or group across all eternity.

* * * *

Yet another collection of ethnocentric idol-worshippers,
Bent on convincing everyone theirs is the one and only.

* * * *

Sometimes, a good offense is the best defense,
Sometimes, a good defense is the best offense,
And sometimes, just best to get out of Dodge.

* * * *

What to do, once You see?
Some flee it, some embrace it,
Some straddle the fence.
Whatever calls You,
Imitate no one.

* * * *

Forget the body,
Forget the mind,
Forget the world,
Forget the universe,
Forget everything.

* * * *

To wander in awareness,
Without accumulating this or that.
Free from ownership of any thought or thing.
Holding onto nothing, how difficult can that be, really?

* * * *

From infinite to infinitesimal, everything to nothing, unknown to known,
Top to bottom, great to small, here to there, this to that, that to this,
You are indivisibly, infinitely, perfectly, absolutely connected,
Yet completely, irrevocably, forever alone all the while.

374

There is no existence in any creation, no matter the dimensions, that will not be but temporal illusion,
Because, no matter how hard it tries, Self, the grand witness in all things small to great,
Can never discern its true reality but through the reflections of otherness.
So, delude yourself in any and every way for all eternity,
It is ever the same dreamer dreaming;
Ever You, in one imaginary holograph or another.

* * * *

What is the point of an existence that lacks thoughtful reflection?
That moves through time without the nuances of critical thinking?

* * * *

Seven billion human beings born in just two hundred years.
How could anyone seriously expect or believe,
That it would not inevitably devolve,
Into anything less than near-total anarchy.

* * * *

All nature consumes to its limits.
Everything has limits.
Balance is all.

* * * *

Family, a given.
Friends, a pleasure.
Acquaintances, tolerable.
Adversaries, a bother.
Enemies, a hazard.

* * * *

Not to worry or panic,
But rest easy, that tomorrow,
You will likely forget something else,
Along with making any number of foolish mistakes,
And maybe even a very major screw-up.
C'est la vie and so it goes.

* * * *

Religion that is not religion, belief that is not belief;
In which momentary awareness is the only faith required.
Staged, ever-streaming, in a sensory theater of a timeless dream.
No one can help You realize your ultimate, indelible reality.
You must discover it completely, totally, forever alone.

375

No matter how real it all seems, the You that You play,
Is but the whim of imagination swirling about the senses.
An arbitrary, ephemeral set of perceptions from all get-go's.
You have never been more than this every-moment streaming.

* * * *

Everything we take for granted in the given day-to-day,
Is, really, just as astounding as all the things,
We consider inexplicably mysterious.
How are we not every moment lost in wonder?

* * * *

To be content with the life You have been dealt,
From Royal Flush to not even a high card,
That is the every-moment challenge.

* * * *

Yet another intriguing nuance to the universe,
The world, the human condition.
Yawn, ho-hum.

* * * *

Even now, after a plethora of dreamtimes,
Nearly everything under any sun,
Still, You long for more.

* * * *

Awareness is not,
Has never been, will never be,
Confined by any limits set by consciousness.

* * * *

It takes a strong, disciplined spirit,
To maintain a steady course amid the rocks;
The sirens of imagination singing out every temptation.

* * * *

The curious thing about most-if-not-all organized religions,
Is they truly believe theirs is the only true religion,
And that their true God will favor only them,
And will cast everyone else into hell.
Groupthink is ever groupthink,
No matter the flavor of the Kool-Aid.

376

Sometimes the mind become so clear,
That it seems You have finally awakened for all eternity.
But then the murkiness of consciousness resumes its conditioned grooves,
And You must once again stumble about the convoluted labyrinth of your very vivid imagination,
Until the eternity of every moment breaks through the mists anew.
Perhaps one day You will stay here.

* * * *

Freedom is truly your original state.
You only choose oppression,
Because the senses have fabricated samsara,
And the mind, its ceaseless array of passions, of desires and fears.

* * * *

The ever-kaleidoscoping sensory streaming,
Is given the illusion of continuity by consciousness,
But it is, has ever been, will ever be, eternity all the while.

* * * *

Good thing we found fig leaves and learned to sew;
Elsewise, walking down any given boulevard,
Might be a rather terrifying experience.

* * * *

Pruning a tree or bush is challenging;
How much more so, raising a child.

* * * *

Let us not confuse truth with comfort.

* * * *

Nobody can see through your eyes.
They have their own vision to discern.

* * * *

This moment, this right now,
Is all there is, and there ain't no more,
No matter how much imagination yearns it so.

* * * *

You are the writer in the writing,
The singer in the song, the painter in the painting,
Ever wandering an inexplicable dreamscape in your own solitary way.

377

Which moment can ever crowd out or define another,
When all are equally, timelessly, here-now, come and gone.
It is only imagination born of mind that concocts time's illusion.

* * * *

You poor, hapless, puny, wretched, miserable, pathetic mortals.
You do perpetrate so much suffering upon yourselves.
You might inspire some genuine compassion,
Were so much of it, not so wanton.

* * * *

You are that mystery from which all things spring.
You are the earth and sun and moon and stars,
And all the intervals betwixt and between.
And You are none of it, all the while.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, grace.
The many-splendored quality of beingness.

* * * *

Crammed full with so much vain silliness,
And still hungry for more, more, more.
What a force, this insatiable desire.

* * * *

Real gold is something money cannot buy;
No matter how vast or magical the universe.

* * * *

Every life is tinged with many regrets.
No use dwelling on what cannot be rewound.
Learn well, grasp the greater vision, and stream on.

* * * *

"The way of humankind is harsh," God said wistfully.
"But was it not a splendid creation?" Mother Nature sighed.

* * * *

Your spirit has never known anything but well-being and good fortune.
It is impervious to the vagaries of any form, any existence.
It is pure, immaculate, untainted, innocent,
To the most indivisible, sovereign, absolute degree.

378

If You yearn a relatively simple, candid, serene, anonymous, streets-lined-with-gold existence;
Better to be born a peasant than a king; better to be a nobody than a somebody.
For there are far fewer constrictions imposed by the many others,
And it is much easier to walk the path You choose.

* * * *

What hath science and industry and technology and commerce,
Wrought upon this ever-spinning garden world,
And all its innocent residents,
This fine day?

* * * *

Who, what, when, where, why, how,
You were before manifest time's dreaming began,
You will be again after its last breath.

* * * *

If You are a demon in mind and body and spirit,
Then this dream world offers every opportunity,
Your dearth of imagination may possibly obsess.

* * * *

Whose idea was this genesis thing, anyway?
Oy vey, what a headache, and for what, really?
A theater of the absurd, with narcissistic hedonism,
The grand puppeteer from beginning to end.

* * * *

And what does the actor do with the given life,
Once it is clearly, absolutely understood that it is all,
Nothing more than hollow, impromptu theater?

* * * *

History is written by winners, losers, survivors, abiders;
Whoever makes the effort to set down one version or another.
But sooner or later, all eyes grow dim, and all ears, deaf,
And all chronicles are lost to the winds of illusion.

* * * *

The awareness is not the manifest dreamscape.
It is the unfolding creation from which all things ascend.
It is for each to discern, to perceive, within their individual dream;
That they are the same awareness, the same source, as any other is in theirs.

379

What is it, draws some minds into the examination of mystery,
And other into living out the dreamtime of the senses,
But an inexplicable mustard seed of curiosity.

* * * *

True religion, true spirituality, true grace, true faith,
Is a grass roots, solo kind of endeavor.
No middlemen required.

* * * *

It is an immeasurable, indivisible, quantum matrix,
Each and every life form witness to it,
In its own unique way.

* * * *

Any given body is really no more than a container,
From which mystery witnesses a sensory play.
The challenge is not forgetting it is not real.

* * * *

It is attachment to the mind-body,
That is the source of all this angst and suffering,
All this delusion, all this absurdity.

* * * *

At which beginning,
Do You stop calling it a beginning?
At which ending, do You stop calling it an ending?

* * * *

What a truly astounding thing,
To hate another enough to harm or kill.
Just remember when someone does the same to You.

* * * *

The issue of material possessions,
Is less about whether or not one owns them,
As much as it is how much they encumber one's mind.

* * * *

Why should You not agape your Self?
Why deprive your Self the infinite immensity,
Of what You truly are, have always been, will ever be?

380

When the given existence gives way to inevitable departure of the container,
The vast cosmos that mind and senses have into dreamtime spun,
Will dissolve back into the indivisible quantum mystery,
The given mind-body is a one-time-only show,
Never really “yours” from the get-go.
This is the only imaginary you,
That is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Attributes and handicaps, capacities and limitations,
Merely define the actor in this mortal theater.
Prior to them, You are imperceptible.
No matter the shifting exterior,
No one can know You,
Unless they know themselves.

* * * *

This birthing ground, this dust ball, is afire,
And too many are, for all intelligible purposes,
Foolishly oblivious to the health and well-being,
Of the only residence in the neighborhood.
Delusional far beyond the pale.
How amazing is that?

* * * *

That You exist is not mystery enough?
That You exist is not eternal enough?
That You exist is not time enough?
That You exist is not gold enough?
That You exist is not real enough?
That You exist is not true enough?
That You exist is not holy enough?
That You exist is not sacred enough?
That You exist is not magical enough?
That You exist is not spiritual enough?
That You exist is not purgatory enough?
That You exist is not heaven or hell enough?

* * * *

The quantum ground entices You with every imaginable trial,
In order to gradually draw You deeper and deeper,
Into the abode You have ever inhabited.
Any and all resistance is futile.

381

There is nothing practical about knowing You are the mystery.
Much of the time You may well be considered,
Quite eccentric, even mad.
It is not easy being a chosen One.

* * * *

Speaking the truth is always called blaspheme,
Insubordination, insurrection, revolution,
By those who do not choose to hear it.

* * * *

What have You not done under your sun?
This.
Right here, right now.

* * * *

Friends are the better way.
Followers only muck it up.

* * * *

The tyranny of words,
Of sound given concept,
Bind us, blind us to the truth,
Prior to their origin.

* * * *

Sewing is welding with cloth.
Welding is carpentry with metal.
Carpentry is sewing with wood.
Artisans come in all flavors.

* * * *

You are the first, You are the last,
Everything before and between and after.
There is ultimately naught but You; You ever alone.

* * * *

Why would the moment after the last wheezing breath,
Be any different than the one just before it?
Or the one just before birth,
Be any different,
Than the one just out of the womb?
The totality that is unborn-undying, is without attributes.

382

Mystery forbid, we ever cross space to reach another garden paradise,
When all our species has ever really ever done to this world,
Is subjugate and exploit and torture and slaughter.
Curious how easily guardianship gave way to avarice.

* * * *

To the youth of the morrow's space and time,
Have You educated yourself to your best advantage?
Will your skillset enable You to survive,
And perhaps even thrive?

* * * *

You are not That I Am, You are This I Am.

* * * *

You are drawn to thoughts such as these,
Because of an introspective caliber,
Mortal limitation cannot contain.

* * * *

Everything transmutes eventually.
It is just how and when, not if.

* * * *

Sometimes You wander,
Sometimes You sit,
Sometimes You eat,
Sometimes You sleep.
Sometimes You are busy.
Sometimes You do nothing at all.
Sometimes You just are, and call it enough.

* * * *

If You want to save your children,
From sickness, injury, aging and death,
And the countless forms of torment throughout,
Probably best not to bring them here in the first place.

* * * *

Any fate largely depends,
To what end the given persona will go,
To appease their hunger, their thirst, their craving,
Their unquenchable, passionate yearning for more, more, more.

383

Free of past, of future, of desire, of fear.
Free of birth, existence, identity, hope, dread, death.
Free of the sensory theater, of the world, of the cosmos, of any deity.
Free of anything and everything, free even of nothing.
Simply awareness, eternally alone.

* * * *

The universe is so vast, and we, so small.
Intriguing how the multitudes are so absorbed,
By so many trivial, inconsequential, vain pursuits,
Considering them so important all the while.
Nero is not the only one fiddling away.

* * * *

Agonize for as long as it pleases You.
It will only end when You are finished,
With all pursuit of rhyme and reason.

* * * *

Any given existence,
Is merely an endless parade,
Of agonies and ecstasies,
That only touch those,
Attached to illusion.

* * * *

Pay attention.
That moment is gone,
And another who knows how many,
Just streamed by, too.

* * * *

Are You really any more,
Than the smokiness of any flame?
That ghostly trail wafting evenly from a pipe,
Is truly as real as your meager role in this ineffable dream.

* * * *

You want to know the one and only truth?
It is all You, nothing but You, and You absolutely alone.
Now, Pilgrim, sally forth against the many windmills of space and time,
And discern yet again, You are the source, You are the mystery,
If such dreamtime fate be yours in some future telling.

Who cares who said something, who did something?
Who penned it, drew it, composed it, cooked it, created it, demolished it.
Ultimately, that it was played out, is all that matters.
The same mystery is within all.

* * * *

In the grand, holographic dreamscape,
Someone had to be, at the right place, at the right time,
Or at the wrong place, at the right time.
It just may, or may not,
Have been You.

* * * *

That humankind considers itself superior,
To all other life forms small to great,
Is the greatest absurdity ever told.

* * * *

Creed, dogma, canon, belief, faith,
Are not the truth, the life, the way.
You are the truth, the life, the way.

* * * *

The observer is the observed,
And the observed is the observer.
There just ain't no two ways about it.

* * * *

Allowing total strangers,
Many of them fools or demons,
To decide they should be your leaders,
How mad is that?

* * * *

How amusing to witness consciousness,
Playing out its seemingly endless menagerie,
But when the curtain comes down, is not every stage,
Really very much of the same theater?

* * * *

Either You have the incisive intelligence to discriminate it, or You do not.
No waffling, no babbling, no playing-the-middle-maybes.
No iffing, no anding, no butting about it.

385

Everyone is going to likely need a little experience under the belt,
Before they can comprehend that it is all imagined.
Few, if any, are born enlightened,
And fewer still with the inclination to live free.

* * * *

Any given life is but a fleeting sense of space and time,
In which the ever-present ether of awareness,
Equally permeates every moment.

* * * *

No point in dreading the inevitable demise.
All anyone can do is watch and wonder,
Until the Reaper, grim or otherwise,
Shows up to harvest the dreamer.

* * * *

Nothing to grasp, nothing to spurn.
Nothing to say, nothing to take back.
Nothing to know, nothing to not know.
Nothing to establish, nothing to dissolve.
Nothing to hold on to, nothing to let go of.
Nothing to embrace, nothing to relinquish.
Nothing to borrow, nothing to pay back.
Nothing to retain, nothing to renounce.
Nothing to accept, nothing to reject.
Nothing to do, nothing to undo.

* * * *

Discerning the infinite truth of your Self,
Erases all karma, erases all consequences,
And aligns your dreamtime fate with eternity.

* * * *

Why does anyone need any religion to be kind?
Why does anyone need any doctrine to be considerate?
Why does anyone need any scripture to live a pious existence?

* * * *

No mortal seed defies gravity more than a brief while.
And those who would challenge its obvious force,
Without due consideration and great respect,
Inevitably submit to a harsh lesson very quickly.

386

It is through language that all conscious distinctions are made.
Prior to the articulation of imaginary self through personal pronouns,
Prior to the fabrication of knowledge, Eden was free of any dualistic notion.
There is no god, there is no devil, there is no heaven, there is no hell,
But through the ceaselessly absurd confabulations of mind.

* * * *

And what, really, is there to dread about the dissolution,
The evaporation, the oblivion, of the mind and body,
Of this imaginary identity of the manifest kind?

* * * *

How predictable it is for any given monkey-mind,
To disparage, to resent, to even hate,
The countless things,
Outside its finite frame of reference.

* * * *

Is it better to perish quickly, painlessly,
Or slowly, so that the unfolding agony,
Lets You know You are still breathing?

* * * *

The God so many project,
Is really formed and adorned,
With their own narcissistic vanity.

* * * *

Is it real hunger,
Or just the insatiable mind,
Choosing between different sensations?

* * * *

Wake up, my dears.
You are all the same oneness.
Move beyond your self-absorbed dreams.
They are not, have never been, nor will they ever be,
The infinity of mystery You truly are.

* * * *

Shopping, shopping, shopping, until You be dropping,
Looking for the next thing You just cannot possibly exist without,
But will very likely forget as soon as it is stowed away in one closet or another.

387

Every language is the unique way any given human grouping,
Conceptualized the time and geography from which they originated.
What an expansive state of consciousness it would it be to fathom them all.

* * * *

Whatever happens to You in this brief mortal existence,
You must ultimately work out on your own.
No one can really save You,
If You will not to your Self lend a hand.

* * * *

To abide in this dreamtime manifest theater,
All must, all will, in one way or another,
Play along with the given collusion.

* * * *

There is nobody to follow,
In the quest for the infinity of truth,
Because it cannot be taught,
Nor can it be learned.

* * * *

Why do You doubt your light?
Why do You doubt your truth?
Why do You doubt your Self?

* * * *

You are free, no charge.

* * * *

For a mortal duration,
Through one seed or another,
You awaken yet again in consciousness.

* * * *

We all, each and every one,
Establish a set of arbitrary assumptions,
To which we daily adhere and project upon our world.

* * * *

What someone said, what somewhat heard,
What are the odds that anyone, no matter how nimble,
Ever really, entirely, spot-on, grasps any other's frame of reference?

388

You well know the many sights, the many sounds, the many tastes, the many smells, the many textures,
The many thoughts, the many passions, the many pleasures, the many pains.
What more could You possibly want or need?

* * * *

What is pain? Is it physical? Is it mental? And which is real? And for how long?

* * * *

You need not keep rehearsing; You need not continue practicing.
You have your little character down; You have it figured out.
The big challenge now is enduring getting off the stage,
Taking off the costume, and departing the theater.

* * * *

Impossible to even begin to comprehend,
All the boundaries, all the limitations,
In this inane ball of consciousness.

* * * *

Whatever You do is your fate.
There is no changing it, really.

* * * *

In the grand eternal now,
You are that which was never born,
That which can never die.

* * * *

Dogma is the charade,
Of followers lacking the wit or will,
To discern for themselves the sovereignty within.

* * * *

The You, You so earnestly imagine You are,
Is naught but a synergy of everyone and everything,
Ever compiled in your brief, very temporal frame of reference.

* * * *

When You are out of kilter, when You need to recover some detachment;
When You need to reset, rekindle, retune, reorganize, recalibrate,
A greater perspective from one hellish moment or another;
It generally works to take a physician-heal-thy-self-time-out ride,
On the flying carpet of imagination, to another shard of the given dreamtime.

389

What are You really doing that You have not done perhaps countless times before.
You are a pattern, the same as everyone and everything else.
Death only wipes the slate clean.

* * * *

Are You really all that interested,
In allowing others to embezzle too great a slice,
Of what little eternity remains in this finite, temporal container?
Puttering along indivisible seems far more enticing.

* * * *

Hot or cold, hard or soft,
Awake or asleep, engaged or unengaged,
Honest or dishonest, clothed or naked, seen or unseen,
Clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable,
Self-absorbed or self-absorbed,
It is all the same.

* * * *

The great fear is imaginary, vain attachment,
To the endless cravings of sensory body.
It has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

The Eve Gene strikes again.
Nothing is never enough.

* * * *

Assumptions abound.

* * * *

It is through imagination,
That this universe is created.
In your own image, so to speak.

* * * *

What is jealousy but an abiding insecurity,
A sense of ownership with a tinge of loathing.

* * * *

The intriguing thing about the indivisibility of nothingness,
Is how it permeates every fragment of this touchy-feely matrix.
An illusionary banquet that leaves consciousness ever hungry for more.

390

And God so despised the world he had created, that he gave his only son,
To spawn a religion that would guarantee its destruction,
Through every absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

If there is a God, it surely must be the same for all.
And here humanity is, ceaselessly battling,
Over dogmas all belief inspires.
The sheer inanity of our limited vision,
Is the madness of vanity beyond all reckoning.

* * * *

Neither past nor future exist.
Nowness is your kingdom.

* * * *

What is freedom?
What is truth?
What is real?
What is not real?
What is aloneness?
What is indifference?
What is absoluteness?
What is contentment?
What is detachment?
What is equanimity?
What is happiness?
What is serenity?
What is bliss?
What is totality?
What is the Way?
What is That I Am?

* * * *

In the world … seemingly so.
But of it? Well, daily less and less.
What has practicality got to do with it?

* * * *

The ecology of the passionate mind
Is little more than a muddled, discordant jumble.
The real You, prior to consciousness, is spacious awareness,
From the deepest within to the farthest without.

391

So much vanity over the biological artifice surrounding an alimentary canal.

* * * *

What an astounding thing the play of language, and all that it has created, preserved, destroyed.

* * * *

What is all religion founded upon, but fear of what is, and craving for more of it.

* * * *

Any parasite can feed on its host, only for as long as the host endures.

* * * *

An emptiness, the depths of which, few mortals care to linger.

* * * *

Are You doing nothing, or is nothing doing You?

* * * *

All seeds are but temporal time machines.

* * * *

Another crock of poop uncorked.

* * * *

Nobody's discovery.

* * * *

Every bird, its own song.

* * * *

A god born of imagination is not God.

* * * *

Spending your fortune, one breath, one step at a time.

* * * *

What is unknowable is unknowable, no matter how adroit the speculation.

* * * *

Children are not the only ones who must someday, somehow, put away their childish things.

* * * *

Philosophers wrangle with a universe absolutely indifferent to their struggle.

It is only the mind and body that imagines experiencing anything.
You, the eternal observer, the awareness, remain ever indifferent.

* * * *

What is the whole kit and caboodle but a time-ridden reverie.
All meaning, all purpose, is imagined from first breath to last.

* * * *

We are all but ephemeral dreamtimes of our ultimate nature,
Temporal waves crashing upon the rocky shores of infinity.

* * * *

To gaze across all history with neither need nor want,
Is a freedom even the many gods of old would envy.

* * * *

Each must ascertain his/her own eternal salvation,
In the nothingness of the ever-present awareness.

* * * *

The meek will always find one wolf or another,
All too willing to gorge upon their gullibility.

* * * *

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend,
That is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

* * * *

Much more important to have faith in your Self,
Than in what this mirage of a world thinks of You.

* * * *

Ignorance without hesitation impales those daring,
To question or impede or obstruct its narrow vision.

* * * *

What is the point of judging any part or particle of it, really?
A dream is a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How often is obtaining that thing, or experiencing that experience,
Really more about the craving that brewed prior to the gratification.
How many sit, waiting, in some dark, crowded, all-but-forgotten space?

393

One man's babble is another man's song; one man's pleasure, another's pain.
No one sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, anything the same.
We all sail alone within an ocean's dream.

* * * *

The origin had to be nothing; else something could not be.
But from where-oh-where did nothing come?
The ultimate unanswerable question.

* * * *

Why narrow your Self to this or that assumption,
When You are in every way truly nothing,
But the clear space of awareness.

* * * *

You need not believe anything.
The awareness You are, does not require,
Any movement of consciousness,
For You to witness the play,
Created by the senses.

* * * *

The harvest of guilt,
Is shame and remorse.
Forgive your Self, move on.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space,
But through the play of the senses,
As witnessed by the awareness You are.

* * * *

No matter how hard You strive,
No matter what intrepid efforts You make,
You can never win an argument with Mother Nature.
She be the power; best learn well, and abide and endure her way.

* * * *

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics, all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

What are belief and atheism but mind-made assumptions, conjectures;
Two sides of the same old coin of human persuasion.
Agnosticism, not pretending to know,
Is far more honest.

* * * *

What if humankind transformed its vain paradigm,
To something more aligned with the garden,
And all its creatures small to great,
And perhaps even one another.
Everybody, on three: One, Two, Thr …

* * * *

Heaven, hell, 'tis ever the same.
There is no other side, no other way.
Despite all dualistic notions to the contrary,
It is all the same quantum oneness.

* * * *

Traces of perception,
Harvested by the senses,
Warehoused on a neuron trail,
For imagination to fashion,
Into another bit of time.

* * * *

Before good and evil,
Before all its causes and effects,
There is only the vast unknown stillness.
Within it, is the truth, the freedom,
That the intangible You is.

* * * *

From the first breath to the last,
What is the sensory mind really about,
But hedonistic consumption of its universe,
And a narcissistic fixation with an imaginary self.

* * * *

Nature is the mystery's expression,
And humankind but one of its myriad creations.
Separate only in consciousness, dualistic only in the mind,
In no way any less indivisible than all creation can be from its creator.

395

What is this inexplicable universe, but an immense aquarium, filled to the brim with quantum essence;
Playing out every conceivable permutation consciousness might project, and physics allow.
Intelligent design, indeed: indivisible, total, sovereign, real prior to any perception.
The everything and the nothing, indelible, well prior to anything imaginable.
And You, sovereign witness, born of the same enigmatic source.

* * * *

Reality is so much more than any words,
And idols and rituals and costumes and symbols and dogmas,
Can ever even begin to clearly ascertain.

* * * *

We human becomings can learn to get along, or not.
To cooperate, tolerate, and together survive,
Or to beat madly about, and die off;
It does not at all matter to anyone but us.

* * * *

We all share the same awareness,
The same reverie of time and space,
Yet each and every one is utterly unique.
All frames of reference are relative,
Until what is seen is no more.
All judgment is absurd.

* * * *

It is your show.
Enjoy in joy as best ye may,
Or wallow in misery, if that be your bent.
No matter from the ultimate view.

* * * *

The world is an ocean of thoughts,
Crashing, swirling, drifting.
And You, the real You, the one and only You,
Is witness to it all; ever free, despite all the clamor of the senses,
Playing out in the imaginarium of any given mind.

* * * *

Poor old Jesus; all his groupies just will not let him rest in peace.
Always remembering him up on that cross in complete and utter agony,
As though there really was something glorious about being painfully scourged.
At least Buddha, for all his effort, gets to hang out as a serene statue in a lot of gardens.

396

All that is done is simultaneously undone each and every moment.
Whether it is taken seriously or with a chuckle, makes no matter, whatsoever.
No point of consciousness has ever been more than the timeless transience of imagination.

* * * *

If Jesus and his omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent Daddy,
Really want/need to be believed in, as much as so many seem to assume,
Well, then let him reappear and prove two thousand-plus years,
Of idolatrous absurdity were worth the wait.
Put up or shut up, so to speak.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone from their inevitable fate.
You may play a part, but it is they, alone,
Who must live out their dream.

* * * *

The seeds of a great dark age are sown,
And woe unto those innocent beings,
Who are not prepared and vigilant.

* * * *

Joust with others if You will,
Or sit quietly beside a forest stream,
It is ultimately all the same.

* * * *

Only that which is mystery,
Can spin something from nothing,
Every moment, for all eternity.
And You, witness to it all.

* * * *

Call it destiny, fate, kismet, dream,
It is ever ephemeral and time-bound,
And has no lasting nature, whatsoever.
Only that prior to quantum dust has merit.

* * * *

You are imagined within me, and I within You.
Each of us fathoming our little dreamtime selves real,
Yet nothing more than ephemeral junctures of consciousness.
Nothing more than illusory droplets in this ineffable quantum mystery.

397

That baggage You daily carry about in your mind,
Jam-packed with knowledge, likes, dislikes, fears, desires, worries,
Hopes, beliefs, regrets, all the this's and that's, that formulate your dreamtime universe;
You could just put it down for a bit, perhaps even never pick it up again.
But no, cutting loose of all your imaginary renditions,
That would be beyond all pales.

* * * *

The secular triumvirate: creation, preservation, destruction,
Are equal, ever-present, kaleidoscoping qualities,
Of this indivisibly timeless dreamtime.

* * * *

Self-interest inevitably sows disharmony.
Pride, coupled with the great dread of life and death,
Ultimately makes true cooperation,
All but impossible.

* * * *

Caress all the wounds and tension,
Your vat of flesh and bones has endured,
That You might arrive at this moment of existence.
All those injuries are ultimately imagined.
Allow the ground to nurse and heal,
Your twisted, misaligned spirit,
Into the totality it truly is.

* * * *

Though death be all around You,
Your time to greet it,
Will be sooner than You think.
May as well put a call into the coroner now.

* * * *

Mystical writings across the world,
Are figurative how-to manuals for budding mystics,
All too often misinterpreted by minds spun in the unwavering literal.

* * * *

One of the many challenges of growing older,
Is reminiscing one's youth, and the yearning for all the things,
Queuing up to be seen and heard and tasted and smelled and touched and understood.
The preciousness of innocence can only be lost once.

398

Despite the mind's preference for anything over its opposite,
At the essential level, there is no real difference,
Between any pleasure or pain,
Any good or evil.

* * * *

If You are not at peace, if You are not somewhat content,
It might be time to recalibrate those assumptions,
Or perhaps be finished with them entirely.

* * * *

Discern the simplicity prior to consciousness,
The clarity born of pure awareness,
That which is witness,
To all that is known and unknown.

* * * *

What matter if no one but You alone,
Ever sees it or lives it or dies it?
You are soul witness to it,
Forever first and last.

* * * *

Same old, same old,
Repackaged for another run.
‘Tis all so predictable.

* * * *

Until You can clearly declare,
"I am the truth, the life, and the way,"
And deeply, intuitively perceive what it implies,
You have not quite figured it out.

* * * *

You are not the body,
Moving through time and space.
You are the eternal awareness, witnessing,
A temporal, three-dimensional weaving of the senses.

* * * *

This is the only here-now there can ever be.
The infinite singularity made manifest in the finite moment,
Timelessly discerned through the consciousness of each and every witness.

399

Family and friends and foes, alike, drying up, blowing away, in the dreaming of time.
And what is real? And what is not real? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

It is not your consciousness, nor my consciousness, nor anyone else's consciousness.
It is simply consciousness, playing out in every mind, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

All the gibberish, all the babble, all the drivel in the world, means nothing.
Be still, and know You are, have ever been, will ever be, That I Am.

* * * *

No one can be truly responsible for anything beyond their control,
Which, for all practical purposes, is just about everything, really.

* * * *

Just because this theater wanders to the far reaches of absurdity,
Does not mean You cannot enjoy the agony and ecstasy of it all.

* * * *

So many groups in this world claiming persecution by others,
To justify their favor in the vanity of some imaginary deity.

* * * *

Awareness is prior-to-conscious dream of time and space,
Fabricated in the quantum-neuron matrix of any given mind.

* * * *

Without its bag of assumptions, to what would the mind hold?
Would that it were not so simple to tranquilly let go of everything.

* * * *

Every sort of distraction will haunt You, until You set them all aside.
Not easy for any dreamer to detach completely from the sensory play.

* * * *

When all is said and done, it matters less how You spent your existence,
Than whether or not You mustered the intellect to discern it clear and true.

* * * *

The play of imagination requires collusion for the world of mind to abide.
As Shakespeare through Hamlet spoke: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
You need not give over to any of it, if You have the wit, the audacity, to stand alone.

400

What hope can there possibly be, when the bar,
Is set at meaningless, irrational absurdities, across the board.
When nature is usurped, ravaged, squandered, in every way, in every corner.
When the absurdity of trivia and distraction, carnivals and clowns, power and fame and fortune,
Become the mainstay, the lifeblood, the prime directive, the raison d'être.

* * * *

The sages say, look within,
And when You do, You find zilch, nada, zip, nil.
And so, You begin looking everywhere else for something, anything,
Because a still, gaping abyss could not be all there is.
It just has to be more than naught,
But, alas, it is not.

* * * *

What nonsense, this need to believe in anyone or anything,
Much less have anyone or anything believe in You.
Here You are: unknown, indefinable, timeless.
Nothing to believe in, nothing to prove,
Once the beingness of awareness
Has reclaimed its primacy.

* * * *

Your quantum nature is indivisibly timeless.
Are You mad for seeing it, or mad for not?

* * * *

What will the dreamtime You now witness,
Be in 10 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000
Or 100,000 or 1,000,000
Or gazillions beyond counting.

* * * *

Why would You need for anybody,
To know You, or know of You,
Once You discern your absolute nature?
Vanity is nothing more than imagination gone askew.

* * * *

What will happen to your world, your cosmos, after the body disincorporates?
What will happen to everyone and everything after You are no longer present to witness it?
Imagine the dissolution of consciousness, of letting go of everything,
As everything is simultaneously letting go of You.

401

Your raison d'être is what You think about alone in the darkness.

* * * *

The nothingness offers little into which imagination can bite, ergo, much ado about it.

* * * *

Every birth the creation of a new universe; every death the destruction of one.

* * * *

You have never been anywhere, but this ever-present, eternal now.

* * * *

What petty gods that require incessant worship and praise.

* * * *

Creator and creation are always one in the same.

* * * *

It is a quantum-eat-quantum universe.

* * * *

So many carnivals, so little time.

* * * *

Lost in time, found in time.

* * * *

A collusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

The senses and mind timelessly creating time.

* * * *

It is not how or where You begin, but how and where You end.

* * * *

The senses are the veil that words sew with the robust thread of imagination.

* * * *

Identity is something of a trespasser, a squatter, upon the indivisible indelibility of awareness.

* * * *

Life is a string of momentary decisions, choices, to which the only end is death.

402

This garden world, this universe, this creation, this great nada of a dreamtime,
Is going to do just fine without its two-legged, absurdly estranged cancer.
Consciousness is really nothing more than a feverish flash in the pan.

* * * *

So many in these modern times,
Seem more interested in spending their existence,
Staring mindlessly for hours and hours into one screen or another,
Rather than engaging in the bona fide virtual reality,
Playing every moment in their minds.

* * * *

If this amazing, inexplicable mystery is happening,
Then is not just about anything a possibility,
Out there in the universal immensity?
And all of it, and beyond, You.

* * * *

Forget everything.
Dismantle the conditioning;
The attachment to any conceptual weavings.
Become that which has no boundaries.
That which discerns no duality.
No within, no without.
No inner, no outer.
No this, no that.

* * * *

See what cannot be seen,
Hear what cannot be heard,
Smell what cannot be smelled,
Taste what cannot be tasted,
Feel what cannot be felt.
Be what cannot be known.

* * * *

Not likely any given middleman,
Will ever direct You towards the truth,
Without exacting one pretty penny or another.

* * * *

What is organized religion,
But bits and pieces of prodigious wisdom,
Slathered with meaningless portions of ludicrous delusion.

403

Likes and dislikes are always subject to change.
Each of us is endlessly changing and re-arranging the furniture,
In the creation-preservation-destruction of all things born of the passionate mind.

* * * *

Who, actually, is your father, your mother, your brother, your sister,
Your friend, your enemy, or anyone or anything else,
Passing before your infinite eye?

* * * *

All memories are but vague, ephemeral perceptions,
Of an ever-kaleidoscoping sensory mirage,
Born of the mind bound in time.

* * * *

The iceberg is ripping through the hull.
Who will survive to see the dawn?

* * * *

We all live in glass houses.
Curious how few realize it.

* * * *

All flaws are imagined.
Physician, heal thy Self.
Be whole, sovereign, true.

* * * *

How draining it can so often be,
To daily regurgitate and play out,
This imaginary edifice of perception,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

How You daily endure all the gibberish,
Inanely, insanely spouted from every nook and cranny,
Is, in itself, more than a little remarkable.
Detach, Pilgrim, detach.

* * * *

You are but one of a universe chock-full of every sort of pattern,
Playing out its programming, for as long as the given design abides,
Its written-in-the-sand destiny, in its transitory slice of time and space.

404

Every mind, front and center stage, in an entirely different play.
Each and every one, the leading star of their own show,
All costumed up to reveal the inner reflection.

* * * *

Make awareness the default setting, and Eden reappears;
Now camouflaged by metal, asphalt, cement, glass,
And countless other patterns of born of mind.

* * * *

The literal-minded will never comprehend truth,
No matter how adroitly it is articulated.
It requires a figurative awareness,
To ascertain the ultimate.

* * * *

The common sense that is not common;
One either has it, or has it not.
Count your blessings,
If You somehow,
Had it from the get-go.

* * * *

As fascinating and absorbing as history,
And all things intellectual are,
They are all imagined,
And therefore, ultimately, unreal.

* * * *

All relationships are political,
And though many may foster equality,
More than a few devolve into power and control.

* * * *

There is no love, there is no hate.
There is no light, there is no vibration.
There is only the singularity of awareness,
In which every other, every moment, is imagined.

* * * *

The Great Quantum is, indeed, great.
And I, You, we … are all filaments of that greatness,
Born to witness whatever ecstasy and agony the given reverie decrees.

405

Any Auschwitz, any mayhem upon others, is really only the inevitable outcome,
Of the torture and genocide, we practice on all our other fellow earthlings.
Compassion is a quality of existence initiated in each and every step.
The fate of the many is often bound up in the actions of a few.

* * * *

Born again into yet another manifest form,
And through her innumerable sirens, the primordial mother,
Beckons You with every imaginable enticement,
To one rocky shoal or another.

* * * *

You wander the maze of the given little mind,
Until You perhaps some day discern,
That it has always really been,
Merely a reflection of the big mind.

* * * *

Simple beingness requires no identification,
No movement of thought, whatsoever.
Being in the world, and not of it,
Is to be, ever-present, now.

* * * *

Every life form on this planet,
Learns to care for itself, or dies.
Much simpler than rocket science.

* * * *

… Here now … here now … here now …
… Now here … now here … now here …

* * * *

Most have always ignored truth,
So why would they pay attention now?
Much easier to commit every form of idolatry,
Than to become what You truly are.

* * * *

Somewhere along the line,
You realize it just does not matter anymore,
But carry on as if it did, just to play out the character designed,
The pattern being woven in your little stitch of time.

406

The Jesus-walking-on-water allusion is obviously figurative from a quantum perspective.
And he probably brought the wine and bread, and Lazarus was more than likely not really dead.
Accepting anything literally that You have not for your Self scientifically observed and/or experienced,
Is generally a dubious misstep into the ceaselessly precarious absurdities of any and all delusion.
Hold fast to the rational, the sensible, the balanced, the coherent, the logical, the realistic.

* * * *

Reminiscence all the conversations in which You have ever participated,
And wonder at this astounding theater of consciousness,
In which You are ever center stage.

* * * *

All religions are limiting for those earnestly seeking truth.
No group, no other, can truly assist in discerning,
That which is totally alone, without peer.

* * * *

You are the spark, not the circuit.
The circuit is but a dream along which energy travels,
For but the briefest of whiles.

* * * *

Alas, the garden our kind has fashioned,
And is daily continuing unabated to fashion,
Is all really just festering wounds and scar tissue,
For who knows how many dystopian epochs to come.
It will likely take the tectonic plates more than a few moons,
To completely expunge the innumerable inanities,
Of our relatively brief time in the sun.

* * * *

If it is truly indivisibly one, if time and space are not real,
Then where can there have ever been any beginning, any end?
Any boundary, any rend? Any inner, any outer? Any this, any that?

* * * *

Your fellow earthlings surely deserve a modicum of respect and consideration.
After all, we all slimed our way out of the same puddle in some way back when.

* * * *

… detach … big breath … detach … big breath … detach … big breath … detach … big breath …
The absoluteness, the sovereignty, the indivisibility of eternal life, eternal freedom,
Is an in-the-moment-unburdened-by-all-the-baggage kind of thing.

407

Awareness is awareness.
Neither light nor dark, right nor wrong, strong nor weak, vibrant nor passive,
Kind nor cruel, sweet nor bitter, great nor small, good nor evil.
Absolutely indifferent in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Save the world? What, pray tell, is there to save?
How can that which was never spent, ever be depleted?
That which was never something, ever be nothing?
That which was never one thing, ever be two?
That which was never light, ever be dark?
That which was never born, ever die?

* * * *

The body, the mind, the world, the universe,
Is but a sandbox, in which consciousness,
Is offered every opportunity to awaken.
Many are beckoned, few are inclined.

* * * *

There is no your way, or my way.
The is only the Way,
For each,
To uniquely discern.

* * * *

A quick, hard slap across the face,
A bucket of water dumped upon the head,
The knock of a stick across the back,
Whatever it takes to wake up,
To the stillness of truth.

* * * *

If You have discerned it,
Surrendered to it, become it,
And the world no longer sustains You,
What on earth would entice You to ever return?

* * * *

If You put yourself out there,
It is challenging not to come away tainted,
By Samsara's many vain and pleasurable enticements.
Pay attention, if possible; else You may not quickly, or at all recover.

408

Desire for gratification, dread of pain, curiosity about life, fear of death,
Are DNA's evolutionary means in its futile attempt at immortality.
Keeping the mind from devolving into paranoia and paralysis,
Is the moment-to-moment tightrope the mind daily walks.

* * * *

Once upon a time, in the Old School world,
It was fire and sword that created mayhem and ruin,
But in the digital lunacy of these modern times,
You cannot push the save button too often.

* * * *

The newborn is pure awareness.
In the infant and child,
The seeds of consciousness,
Begin gradually sprouting in the mind,
In whatever direction the winds of time may blow.
But it is in the awareness, that all truly are,
Have always been, will ever be.
It is from the source of all,
That eternal life ever springs.

* * * *

No one, no matter the rank or capacity,
Really has any authority, any say,
Over your state of mind,
But You, You alone.
Freedom is a birthright,
If You are fearless enough,
To maintain it against all odds.

* * * *

Peace on earth,
Requires peace of mind,
And good will towards each and all.
What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

* * * *

Attitude is a statistical bell curve,
Ranging from joy to sorrow.
Where anyone journeys on the curve,
Is all about the play of imagination that manifests,
In the given mind, in the given context, in the given moment.

409

Therapy for the blind is vision;
For the deaf, hearing; for the hungry, sustenance;
For the numb, feeling; for the artist, creativity; for the gluttonous, more;
For the seer, the mysterious unknown.

* * * *

Why do so many play out their existence fearing death?
Other than the discombobulated inanities inspired by imagination,
Death is simply not waking up to another tomorrow.
It is living and dying that are the bother.

* * * *

There is no conclusion to all that is measurable,
Until You understand the choicelessness,
In which all dreams are dreamt.

* * * *

You ask me who … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me what … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me where … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me when … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me why … I tell You I do not know.
You ask me how … I tell You I do not know.
All I can tell You is … I am That I Am.
All I can tell You is … You are, too.

* * * *

If You cannot keep your passions in check,
They will to bitter ends, perhaps likely delve.

* * * *

Curious how worked up some people can get,
When You say things they do not want to hear.

* * * *

You can withdraw from the world into a cave,
Or embrace it all, and sing the song, dance the dance.
Either way, it is still but a fleeting, ever-changing dreaming.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God, quantum-bash-quantum, stars-fling-comets-across-the-universe,
Rock-paper-scissors, throw-the-dice-across-the-table, everything-on-red,
Touchy-feely-three-dimensional-dream, kind of manifest zone.

410

How seriously to take this kaleidoscoping dreamtime, depends on your nature.
To be light and breezy all the time, well, few can truly manage to be that free.

* * * *

Where is the exact demarcation between this so-called good and evil?
A line or two in the sand of an ever-shifting consciousness, indeed.

* * * *

Any given universe offers an all but infinite set of experiences,
But no lesson is ever learned until You teach it to your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space.
None can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

Barefoot in the remnants of an ocean wave;
What is that sand rushing between your toes,
But You in yet another of the myriad forms.

* * * *

Any given mind is an ever-fluctuating wander-fest,
No matter the landscape or horizon or pale beyond.

* * * *

The garden world You might have happily preserved,
Were such a thing even possible, was long ago undone.

* * * *

Feel the craving of worms for your sack of juicy, tasty flesh,
As You wander above ground for only but a little while longer.

* * * *

Are You looking at things with fresh eyes, with an alert, serene mind;
Unfiltered, uncompromised, untethered, by the mirage of imagination?

* * * *

Unless their actions force You to pay attention to their ceaseless absurdities,
Why should You care even one iota, what all the other monkeys think and do?

* * * *

Amazing as it is, in its function as a portal, into this touchy-feely sensory dreamtime,
What a revolting piece of work, the human body, once You yellow-brick-road it closely.

411

The virtual reality is a programmed matrix born of an indivisible, quantum dynamic;
An intelligent design well beyond the dogmatic reckonings of any monkey-mind.

* * * *

Contending that there is no God, does not necessarily make someone an atheist.
It may simply be asserting that one refuses to subscribe to a limiting definition.

* * * *

The emotions of human perception are but the wiring of evolutionary origin.
Really nothing more than a temporal mutation in the mammalian paradigm.

* * * *

When You discern what is true, and disappear into the timeless awareness,
The universe within and without, converts to its untainted singular reality.

* * * *

Humility and modesty are just stilling the self-absorbed inner chatter,
Immersing into the imperturbable, timeless tranquility of awareness.

* * * *

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.
Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

* * * *

Count the boulder fortunate that it need not collude itself a boulder,
And can merely sit alongside the river, watching its dream stream by.

* * * *

This streaming dreamtime moment, will be at best partially perceived.
More likely quickly forgotten, and even more likely all but unnoticed.

* * * *

Sadly curious how the yearning for spiritual freedom, can be so mangled,
By those who so diligently strive to control anyone who naively allows it.

* * * *

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

* * * *

You get told this, You get told that, everyone imagining every possible confabulation.
Consciousness is the wind of the mind, blowing every direction; inconstant, in every way.

412

No culture reigns supreme but through its covetous intolerance of others,
And its ability to subjugate and annihilate through the will born of mind.

* * * *

Each of us, every day, in every way, work often times very hard,
To hold our ever-changing perception of a universe together.

* * * *

In all our myriad forms, in all our myriad minds,
We are all the same witness, the same awareness,
Playing out different panoramas of same mystery.

* * * *

The deification of a lie can never be true.

* * * *

The repetitive grooves of limited thinking,
Only grow deeper and more and more confining,
As eternity does its time-marches-on thing.

* * * *

What good is knowledge, what good is history,
If You have not learned the many lessons offered?

* * * *

You will be at the portal of the one and only truth,
When the words no longer sound, like just another lie.

* * * *

In natural selection, there is the survival of the fittest.
In unnatural selection, it is the thriving of the inadequate.

* * * *

A woman's affection is often full of limiting terms and conditions,
To which many a male seems genetically programmed to concede.

* * * *

If there is any ultimate purpose or meaning to this mystery of existence,
Surely, it is realization of the singularity, within and without all creation.

* * * *

A child's reality is unanchored to the whirling-swirling of imagination.
It is the rare, doubting few, who truly ascertain the freedom of a newborn.

413

Where to go, if You are happy here; where to be, if You are satisfied now.
So many looking for happiness and satisfaction everywhere but within.

* * * *

You are each and every moment born completely anew.
Why should You ever feel at all bound or obligated,
To be the same in everything You say and do?

* * * *

Freedom is in the clarity of awareness,
Not the quantum theater of sensation.

* * * *

Be anonymous without.
Be anonymous within.

* * * *

Your entire cosmos,
Is but a speck of dust,
At the tip of a fingernail,
At the edge of the infinity,
That is all, the only You,
You have ever been.

* * * *

Pain is the unjust dessert.
Chew well.

* * * *

Eternal life,
Is forgetting everything,
Even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

This vast edifice is entirely imagined.
It is not, has never, will never be truly real,
No matter how diligently You strive to believe it so.

* * * *

How do You wish this dream to continue is the question,
For You are all the players across time in your mind.
Will it be a simple, pleasant, even joyous dreamscape?
Or a dystopian nightmare from which none will ever escape?

414

All our imaginary universes are built within frames of reference molded by experience.
Each of us can only see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel,
What minds have been conditioned to discern and realize.
The ineffable mystery, is vessel for all.

* * * *

As real as it may seem in the moment-to-moment,
Of this three-dimensional sensory theater,
None of it has ever truly been,
More than a brief sensory distraction.

* * * *

A different time, a different existence.
A different appearance, a different dream.
A different world, a different universe.
All the differences; same mystery.

* * * *

Formless or no, it is all You.

* * * *

So much to remember.
Much simpler to forget.

* * * *

How can infinity be measured?
Science is bound by its limitations.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.

* * * *

We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive aspect of creation.

* * * *

And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?

* * * *

The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.

415

In vanity's battles over time and space, there can be only winners and losers.

* * * *

The challenge with fate is not knowing what it is, and having to play it out one moment at a time.

* * * *

The trouble with facts, is that everyone seems to be harbor to so many different ones.

* * * *

So immeasurably wealthy that You do not even have to count anymore.

* * * *

Creation is a roshambo – rock-paper-scissors – kind of thing.

* * * *

You are small, You are large, and everything between.

* * * *

What, in God's name, is there to fight over, really?

* * * *

What need to call the inexplicable by any name?

* * * *

God and Satan are the bogeymen of imagination.

* * * *

Freedom is in the doubting of everything imagined.

* * * *

Born again and again, with every breath, for all eternity.

* * * *

In the beginning, in the middle, in the end, what matters, really?

* * * *

Always worth loosening the treasury purse strings to research the obvious.

* * * *

The only real choice in life, is whether or not You are going to swim out into deep end.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of inattention to not have discerned the truth of it.

416

Once You have glommed the gist, the drift, the point, the kernel,
What dog and pony show, what theater of the absurd,
Could possibly be all that appealing?

* * * *

The truth of awareness requires nothing.
No laws, no principles, no dogma, no creed, no hierarchies,
Fabricated by the mind-made limitations,
Of self-serving middlemen.

* * * *

How much better off this garden world would have been,
If the three religions that sprang from the desert,
Had been forever drowned in the sand.

* * * *

Surround yourself with those who always acquiesce,
And You will likely always hear your right answer.

* * * *

The notion of history is sculpted in countless ways,
Through the never-ceasing, indivisibly eternal now.

* * * *

What greater folly, what greater absurdity,
Could there possibly be in this inane dream of a world,
Than to try to influence its illusory course?

* * * *

The instantaneous journey home is not for the meek.
They will, indeed, inherit the earth and all its limitations,
For that is the far shore horizon of their given vision.

* * * *

Since You are truly everything,
In your immortal never-born-never-die way,
You experience birth and life and death every passing moment,
In an all but infinite number of ways.

* * * *

It has always been your voice speaking to You,
Through the innumerable others You have encountered,
Throughout your mortal existence in the dreamtime of samsara.

417

Perhaps God is manifest for the same reason You are.
Wine and women and song, are not necessarily just mortal fare.
Even the deities of olden times enjoyed altered states of consciousness,
In the grand once and a while of the given here and now.

* * * *

Dwell in that stillness, that awareness, that timelessness,
From which the dream of consciousness rises and falls.
Imagination, as present as it seems, is not eternal life.

* * * *

Everything You think is ultimately an assumption.
The challenge is to fabricate as few as possible.

* * * *

I am You, and You are me,
And together, we, each in our own unique way,
Sing the song of mystery.

* * * *

Who was that masked
Infant … child … adolescent … adult?
One in the same, no doubt.

* * * *

All the attachments,
To all the things,
To all the memories,
To all the relationships,
To all the this's, all the that's;
What weights chaining the free spirit.
Distractions from the ever-present awareness,
In which life is eternal, in which the real You, ever are.

* * * *

The ever-changing mortal frame,
Is a mobile unit in which energy transmutes.
The mind is a neuron matrix in which imagination frolics.

* * * *

Revolutions are brought about by those whose disenfranchisement,
Creates the will to seize what they feel is rightfully theirs,
Through whatever means the given time allows.

418

Why should You not agape your Self with every fiber of your beingness?

* * * *

This very moment is as inexplicable as every other moment that has ever been or will ever be.

* * * *

Pay close attention: time does not exist, and the nowness streams quickly eternal.

* * * *

Political expediency is about keeping what You really think to yourself.

* * * *

And what is it to which You think You are waking up?

* * * *

Another monkey mimicking intelligence.

* * * *

So many over-reactions.

* * * *

Vanity gone wild.

* * * *

You, the Great Nada, its Self.

* * * *

No effort required to be all You truly are.

* * * *

The eternal life is a state of beingness, not becomingness.

* * * *

The world that mind built is interesting and entertaining, but to what end?

* * * *

And what is the point of all this passion, for what is really nothing more than a brief dream?

* * * *

So many things You could have, would have, said and done so differently.

* * * *

To live forever, to ever be the same, why would You do that?

419

The most majestic tree;
Really no greater than a simple blade of grass.
The most ornate flower; really no more profound than a modest weed.

* * * *

Awareness is the one and only real You prior to consciousness.
Consciousness is nothing more than imagination,
In the playground of the mind.

* * * *

If You enjoy and embrace the worldly world,
There are an endless number of distractions offered.
If not, well, You are either in for a bumpy ride,
Or on your way to becoming very still.

* * * *

Every streaming moment the quantum matrix,
Vibrates itself indivisibly, immortally anew,
Within and without the one and only You.

* * * *

Of what need does pure consciousness,
Have for any thing, or any other?
Freedom is without compare.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God world.
Chew well.

* * * *

From formlessness You arise,
To formlessness You will return,
To what You have ever really been.

* * * *

If this dream is happening,
Then what dream is not possible,
In the grand theater of infinity's rainbow?

* * * *

You can be as small-minded as everyone else,
When You forget You are awareness, not the body.
Samsara is an enduring 24/7/365-all-your-life antagonist.

420

Those who long for mortal immortality live in dread of the shadow of death.
Though many are called, few ever die to time, few live eternally free.
What is called death is merely returning to the quantum womb;
Oblivion's potential to arise into whatever adventure calls.

* * * *

We are all dust in the wind in some who-knows-when tomorrow.
Worms' meat in some moment, some modern time or another.
It is really just a matter of who is going to bury or burn who,
Assuming, of course, there is even a pound of flesh to find.

* * * *

Those who will not, or cannot abide,
By Mother Nature's rules in whatever niche is offered,
Must necessarily change or perish.

* * * *

It is what it is.
Nothing anyone anywhere has ever said or done,
Is saying or doing, or will ever say or do,
Will ever change it even one iota.

* * * *

By whatever name You may choose to call it,
This essential nature is what You are,
What You have always been,
What You will ever be.

* * * *

To believe awareness,
Is attached to any concept or form,
Is but vain arrogance born of human limitation.

* * * *

The manifest dream is a grand feast,
And at its source is that which is absolute.
And when You are stuffed to the point of bursting,
Self-discovery is the final desert, the nightcap, so to speak.

* * * *

One's peace of mind toward fellow human beings,
Might well be better served if You gave them the same attention,
You would ants aimlessly crisscrossing below, or birds flitting about above.

421

Scientific Method … noun … a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

1) Define the question
2) Gather information and resources (observe)
3) Form hypothesis
4) Perform experiment and collect data
5) Analyze data
6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
7) Publish results
8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

* * * *

Whether words imprison or free depends upon the ear.

* * * *

I have given You conscious reality.
Through this mind, You exist.
Had we never met, or had I never heard of You,
You would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside this awareness, this consciousness,
You do not exist.

You have given me conscious reality.
Through your mind, I exist.
Had we never met, or had You never heard of me,
I would not be, but through the wide-ranging intuition of all things possible.
Outside your awareness, your consciousness,
I do not exist.

What is the world but a brief ephemeral dream for all.

* * * *

Of Tastes, there are said to be as many as six:
Sweetness, sourness, saltiness, bitterness, umami, pungency;
Smells include musky, putrid, pungent, camphoraceous, ethereal, floral, pepperminty;
Touch consists of pressure, skin stretch, vibration, temperature;
Sound is vibration; and Sight, color and brightness.
And that is just in the human version of the electromagnetic potential.
How many senses there might be across the entire board,
Is well beyond any terrestrial pay grade.

422

Included in the relatively few quotes attributed to or about Jesus in Christian mythology,
And largely misinterpreted by those many inclined to idolatry and dogma:
Know thy Self; Love thy Self; Physician, heal thy Self;
You shall love your neighbor as your Self;
To thine own Self be true;
Husbands, love your wives as your Selves;
Have this mind in your Selves, which was also in Christ Jesus.

* * * *

It is all about synapses, how many there are, how fast they fire.
The Genetic Lottery is the Wheel of Destiny.

* * * *

Eden is still very much present, very much here now.
It is You who must clearly divine its eternal presence.

* * * *

You really believe You have free will?
Only if You are in denial of all that has transpired,
In the eons long before You were born.
What will play out will play out,
As if choreographed,
With unimaginable precision.

* * * *

So much influence established by mindsets,
Whose time in the sun was long ago buried.

* * * *

Another wave of human history,
Of world history, of universal history,
In which You must play your itsy-bitsy part.

* * * *

It is naught but a dream,
But just try telling others that.
Some either want to worship or kill You,
Rather than figure out what You are talking about.

* * * *

What vanity to call your Self by any name.
"I Am" is even an assumption of dubious consequence.
Only in complete stillness are You unstained, indivisible, absolute.

423

Faith, hope, love, are but ephemeral concepts born of the monkey-mind,
Bothers born of the wiring of an evolutionary track.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Those who abide in nature wander to a different rhythm,
Than the hive-dwellers whose tempo is governed,
By the frenetic creations born of mind.

* * * *

Without any certainty of our fate, we wander forward.
What courage it takes to face and endure each day.

* * * *

If You do not doubt,
You may well mindlessly accept,
Traditions, dogmas, rituals, symbols, superstitions,
And delusional ignorance in general,
As the mainstays
Of that which is truth alone.

* * * *

God and the Devil are drinking,
Dice-rolling, cigar-chomping buddies,
Who take turns performing each other's parts.

* * * *

What if You could simultaneously
See-hear-touch-taste-feel-and-beyond
Every vibrating aspect of the quantum matrix?
Far more than any measly Om, to be sure.
And by the way, ultimately, You are,
One drip-drip drop at a time.

* * * *

In the not too far distant dystopian future,
The world's progeny will likely be asking,
"What in God's name were they thinking!?"

* * * *

More than likely that once the commission is earned,
Once the fee has been paid, once the vein has been tapped,
The middlemen will fade back into the web to await the next mark.

424

What is ego but a collection of attachments to all the accumulations of mind and body?

* * * *

What makes You think You deserve heaven if You cannot endure its serenity here now?

* * * *

Why not live in bliss, in perpetual happiness, in an ever-present orgasm of awareness?

* * * *

What is sexual attraction but an evolutionary attempt by DNA to attain immortality?

* * * *

The dogmatic, the true believers, use the demons of others to deal with their own.

* * * *

What an incredible waste of one's life bothering about what others think of You.

* * * *

Dogma and idolatry are but ceaselessly repetitive loops in human programming.

* * * *

How silent is silent? How deep is deep? How still is still? How alone is alone?

* * * *

Death is ultimately the greatest teacher, for it is the annihilation of all that is false.

* * * *

Why fight the insanity, the absurdity, of a species immobilized by its imagination?

* * * *

What vanity to believe You must endure great suffering for some imaginary notion.

* * * *

It has always been You, no matter the form, no matter the time, no matter the space.

* * * *

Ye gods, how many ways the body is capable of torturing its every nook and cranny.

* * * *

What higher purpose, what greater meaning, can there possibly be than Self-discovery?

* * * *

What upshot any concept, but a distraction from the "what isness" of any given moment.

425

Some play soccer or baseball.
Some paint trains, or put sailing ships in bottles,
Other read, write, walk, cook, garden, or lounge about watching television.
We must all pass our time in one fashion or another.
Some consciously, some not.

* * * *

The real You has ever been born, the real You has never been born,
In as many forms, in as many places, in as many times,
As there are zeroes to follow any number,
And yet your eternal nature,
Ever remains indivisibly immaculate.

* * * *

As You have forgotten so many vague perceptions,
You have very likely been forgotten by far more.

* * * *

Another vaporous trail of indivisible bread crumbs,
For those who would aimlessly wander,
The road less traveled.

* * * *

Everyone articulates an entirely unique universe,
Based on the continuously evolving nature-nurture,
Interweaving through their kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

All are born anew each and every eternal moment,
But it is the realization of the reality within,
And the total dissolution of the mind's fabrication,
That is, for every earnest enquirer, the greatest challenge.

* * * *

You cannot help but disappoint anyone,
Whose set of expectations, whose field of vision,
Is self-serving, narrow, irrational, unreasonable, delusional.

* * * *

Maybe turn your cheek once, even twice,
And then, well, the primal imperative may need to quickly kick in,
Unless You are keen on being scourged and crucified.
Martyrdom is indeed enticing for some.

426

Once You are dead and gone, just how important is it, really,
How possible is it, even, that anyone remembers anything about You?
How can a few lines in some history book mean anything at all,
Once the dust has settled behind those unseeing eyes?

* * * *

To discern the intrinsic serenity of the unfolding moment,
You must detach from all the pleasures and pains,
Of mind and body in the sensory plane.

* * * *

Suspend knowing, forget everything.
Be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

So nothing as to be everything.
So everything as to be nothing.

* * * *

Before genesis, You are.
After genesis, You are.
In genesis, You are.

* * * *

Forget everything.
Remember nothing.

* * * *

It is what it is.
All beliefs about it
Are all but meaningless.

* * * *

From awareness springs life eternal.

* * * *

Love is a concept with so many vain definitions,
As to be as absurdly laughable as the notion of God.

* * * *

Revenge is really nothing more,
Than a captivating loop of hate and violence,
A festering round-and-round, of the divisive potential within all.

427

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.

* * * *

The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.

* * * *

All have equal access to the source of this mystery.
Rest assured it is quite indifferent to all creation.

* * * *

There really is no this or that, or that or this.
There is really only just the way it is.

* * * *

Observing the body without delusion,
There is really not all that much,
About which to be vain.

* * * *

Sometimes You create.
Sometimes You preserve.
Sometimes You destroy.
That is the way of it.

* * * *

More legalistic jabber from the choir.
Vanity is the source of all differences.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God cosmos.
Everything in one pattern or another,
Because that is how this mystery matrix works,
For as far, for as wide, for as deep, for as long,
As the quantum sandbox of eternity plays out.

* * * *

Discerning truth is an experiential actuality.
It has nothing to do with the endless assertions of blind faith.
It is simply being attuned to the timeless awareness in the right here, right now.

428

Group, herd, gaggle, flock, swarm, mass, crowd, throng, rabble, drove, multitude, company,
Host, army, pack, troop, gang, troupe, party, band, bevy, knot, cluster, bunch,
Posse, crew, surge, stream, huddle, school, horde, hive, mob.
So many words describing groupthink.
An instinctual thing; functional until it is not.

* * * *

Is this really your body, or merely a vehicle, a container, a conduit,
That the actual You only for a brief sense of space-time occupies.

* * * *

Despite all assertions that there is or is not a God,
No one really knows who-what-where-when-why-how,
Which leaves agnostic the only honest perspective.

* * * *

Whether You call it cause and effect,
Karma, fate, kismet, chance, luck, accident,
Consequence, providence, fortune, upshot, lot, result,
Destiny, ordained, designed, predetermined,
All play out in the ever-present now.

* * * *

This eternal moment is all You have, all You are.
Whether or not it is where You might wish to be,
How could You be anywhere else, or anyone else?

* * * *

New day, same old story.
Without fresh eyes, who can discern,
The newness under every moment's starry sky?
Without fresh eyes, what are there but regurgitating puppets,
Dancing to the whims of the strings of history.

* * * *

If yesterday and tomorrow were real,
Why cannot You see and hear and touch and taste and feel them?
Even this moment is forever done and undone.

* * * *

Differences make the world go round,
But it is not they that create the world, the universe,
Or anything operating within the indivisible singularity of all things.

429

The natural laws govern all creatures, all things, from small to great.
Gibberish is not what makes the universe spin round and round.
There is not some deity tracking demerits on a naughty list.
Heaven, hell, is the world You every moment imagine.
You are ultimately on your own, completely alone.
Even your mother cannot shield You for long,
From the long and winding road ahead,
On which the many agonies and ecstasies,
Will reveal the lessons to which You subscribe.
So it goes … deal with it … get over it … move on.

* * * *

All the sensations, all the passions,
All the concoctions of mind and body,
None are the essential, real You,
The sovereign, immaculate,
Absolute witness,
The heart of awareness,
The oneness prior to all dreams.

* * * *

You are The First, You are The Last.
You are not, however, the first,
Nor will You be the last.
Every existence,
Its own little adventure.

* * * *

If You were to suddenly perish,
What others, what thoughts, what problems,
What things, what wealth, what karma,
Would You carry into the abyss?
Be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

If it is your fate to discern a larger perspective,
Than the given geography allows,
You must exit the cave,
And leave no stone unturned,
In the hologram your mind perceives.
And in reality, it may not be at all that necessary,
To leave the squalor of the cave, or turn over even one stone.
The only real question is whether or not You seek to be free of all constraints.

430

Truth is not something for which You must petition permission to discern, to realize.
You are on your own, ever alone in an odyssey of Self-discovery,
Within the infinite essence of the quantum sea.

* * * *

Curious how the rich, the famous, the powerful,
Bask in the adulation and envy, or disparagement, of the masses.
Everyone on one path to glory or another.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

Life, long no matter how short; short, no matter how long.

* * * *

Alas for the sciences that they shall never discern,
The very first moment consciousness,
Separated from Eden.

* * * *

You are bound in dreamtime,
Until the samsara of consciousness,
Has played itself out in You.

* * * *

To destroy a fellow earthling,
Without cause, purpose, or meaning,
So much unnecessary, unwarranted suffering,
For what, really?

* * * *

This garden world owes You nothing.
It provided the seed, and You are doing with it,
Whatever the dreamy space-time of consciousness wills.

* * * *

The course humankind has taken is not all that inspiring anymore.
The petri dish is getting too trashed, too crowded,
Too predictable, too absurd.
It is all vanity and greed,
And there is really no way out,
But for the rarest, most astutely discerning,
Who can, in the face of any temporal sensory temptation,
Maintain a steadfast immortal presence in the eternal “so it goes” of it all.

431

Allowing the ever-conflicting squalls of the world into your mind,
Makes for a perpetual storm of every imaginable magnitude,
To which all wishfully final solutions are never final.

* * * *

It may all be written in the sands of time,
But it is You who must live it out, one moment at a time.
Free will, such as it is, looking forward,
Fate looking back.

* * * *

If there is a middleman between You and truth,
Then the only question is how thick the lie.

* * * *

To recall how the world,
Once inspired such longing, such passion.
Oh, those were the daze.

* * * *

The obvious only become obvious,
When the mind and heart are clear,
Free of all meaningless burdens.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths,
And back to sleep, back to sleep,
In the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

So small and so huge as to be indistinguishable,
From the dynamic synergy of its countless parts.

* * * *

Words are entertaining distractions,
But to be completely alone, solitary to the infinite degree,
Well, what is there to think, really?

* * * *

Even when their dream is afire,
Human beings have the delusional capacity,
To believe that a deity is looking over them, protecting them,
And that he/she/it, will help them somehow continue on, as they always have.

432

The ongoing enjoyment of anything, is in the comfortable appreciation,
Of its fathomable aspects, of its layered subtleties,
Of its unfolding nuances.
And boredom, too much of the same.

* * * *

The human paradigm is very much about consumption.
Consumption of the senses, of the mind-body,
The ever-unfolding differentiation,
Of one aspect or another.

* * * *

You need not abide the limitation,
Of anyone or anything if it does not suit You.
You are sovereign; be sovereign.
No sanction required.

* * * *

What is anything to You who have seen,
An infinity of universes come and go?

* * * *

How long, how short,
How broad, how deep,
How narrow, how steep,
How, how, how,
How it all is,
Is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

There is no personal deity,
So much as there is a personal You,
That is a mystery called God by many names.

* * * *

That which never sleeps,
Is within and without all small to great.
A boundless abyss of serenity; a mystery beyond compare.

* * * *

The cosmos is an eggshell; the mind a beak.
Eternal salvation is the sovereignty of every given moment.
It is the ineffable timelessness of awareness, that the perpetual now ever offers.

433

Likely these thoughts and others of a similar ilk will not appeal,
If You lack a certain yearning for the end of absurdity,
And the bliss of oblivion beyond the pale.

* * * *

Once some deity is postulated real and true,
Eventually that deity must wonder how it came to be,
To which the only indivisible answer is You,
And You do not know squat, either.

* * * *

Consciousness shapes every mind in its own way,
Based on whatever languages and mythologies,
Are available in the winds of the given time.

* * * *

You have invested so much in so many things,
And now You must somehow let it all go,
To discern that which You truly are.

* * * *

In the journey to Self-discovery,
Any other can only direct You so far.
The final steps are for You to make alone.

* * * *

Not likely any given middleman,
Will ever direct You towards your truth,
Without exacting one pretty penny or another.

* * * *

The senses are akin to a video game;
A virtual reality fleetingly considered existence.
To believe, or not to believe, is, indeed, the only question.

* * * *

From the ultimate perspective, there is likely not anything,
You have not done or said or thought, or at some point will.

* * * *

In whatever time is left, what will humankind,
Make of its contorted journey through consciousness?
What You would give for a time machine to watch it all play out.

434

It would be impossible to know everything there is to know,
To experience everything there is to experience,
And, fabrication that everything is;
Why would You need to? Why would You want to?

* * * *

If You have a sincere and real hankering for freedom,
Then these thoughts may be of some use.
If You are content with lies,
Best dilly-dally dawdle elsewhere.

* * * *

Is the human species really that much different,
Than any bacteria consuming its way,
To the edge of a petri dish?

* * * *

Earnest science is the most enlightening way,
Of examining this immense mystery;
Call it whatever You will.

* * * *

You think You know so much.
A little humility, puleeze!

* * * *

Nothing is sacred.
Nothing is not sacred.

* * * *

Consciousness is a means,
To playing out the dream of time.
You are the awareness, not consciousness.

* * * *

To wander the eternal life,
You must be both in and out of life,
In each and every breath, each and every step.

* * * *

Discerning the one and only truth within and without;
As arduous as a long, winding climb, to the highest mount;
As effortless and agreeably simple as a stroll in an idyllic park.

435

All these sounds are but interchangeable concepts describing the same unfathomable reality:
God, Brahman, Buddha, Jesus, Allah, Soul, matrix, unicity, oneness, stillness,
Indivisible, sovereign, absolute, awareness, consciousness, bliss,
Serenity, divinity, nothingness, totality, ether, dream,
Universe, quantum … mystery …

* * * *

Whatever gave You any sign, any indication, any hint, any suggestion,
That the quantum mystery has ever cared about the personal You,
Except the vanity of the meme into which You were launched.

* * * *

Surrounded as You are by the sensory play,
An ether replete with earth and air and water and fire,
You are, You have ever been, You will ever be,
Totally, without doubt, completely alone.

* * * *

Best to take ecstasies in small measure,
Agonies with a whopping dollop of stoicism,
And moderation as regularly as possible.

* * * *

Who are You? Who are You not?
What are You? What are You not?
Where are You? Where are You not?
When are You? When are You not?
Why are You? Why are You not?
How are You? How are You not?

* * * *

This world is your home.
You were born here,
You will live and die here.
There is no other viable alternative.
If You do not cherish her, if do not nurture her,
She will tit for tat You, she will quid pro quo You, in spades.

* * * *

All religion is unnecessary, pointless, superfluous, gratuitous.
Whether one deity or many, not one is real, not one is true.
All are imaginary inventions, collusions, lies, of the monkey-mind.
What dogma, what idolatry, can there be, in the indivisible formlessness?

436

The gist, the meaning, the crux, the essence, the substance,
The point, the kernel, the core, the lesson, the heart,
The moral, the wisdom, the spirit, the truth,
Is all that really counts in any story.

* * * *

What You take for reality, is merely a sensory streaming,
Inspired by the imagination we label consciousness.

* * * *

This existence is your opportunity to awaken.
Play out your attachments, knowing they are but dross,
In the true reality of the stillness before time.

* * * *

The body-mind is a churning vat of brewing goo,
In which agony and ecstasy, both real and imagined,
Play out ceaseless twists and turns of every concoction.

* * * *

Consciousness can never keep up with the awareness,
That creates and destroys time each and every moment.
All it can do is relinquish all control to the eternal witness.

* * * *

Of the human paradigm, it can generally be said,
"I will care for You in so far as You will care for me."
Love and hate are but capricious flips of any given mind.

* * * *

The persona is akin to a useless load of rocks,
Weighing You down with all its imaginary draughts –
Unreal, false, illusory, absurd, delusional – from the get-go.

* * * *

Wrestling with the future of humankind,
And all the myriad fellow creature small to great,
Is an eternal chess game, a Sisyphean task, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Were the positions in time reversed,
Between You and those who have come before,
Do You really believe You would not have done much the same?

437

Deities have always been invented across the world, across time,
To cope with the unknown, to deal with the waves of agony and ecstasy,
Of this sensory dream, in which we play out our endless vanities.
The wisdom of insecurity is for the few and far between.

* * * *

What point will there be to being a footnote in the history books,
When worms are the only things moving about your cranium?

* * * *

Those who believe they knew You way back when,
May have a most challenging time realizing and accepting,
You no longer participate in the same state of mind.

* * * *

Everything is written-in-the-sand after the fact.
Dubious whether there is any meant-to-be about it.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Humankind has bequeathed the unborn progeny,
Of countless life forms across the planet,
A nightmare of epic proportion.

* * * *

Practicality may not be the harbinger of truth.
Abiding in truth may not always be practical.

* * * *

It is the same stillness, the same nothingness,
The same nownesss, the same perpetuity,
As it has ever been, and will ever be.
In each and every breath, a tidbit of eternity.

* * * *

Herded by time, into adventure after adventure,
And just as surely pressed on again and ever again.
What a challenging dream to at so many times endure.

* * * *

Who are the Krishna's, the Buddha's,
The Lao Tzu's, the Christ's, or any other mystic seer,
But that which is Quantum Soul come unto manifest consciousness.

438

There is nothing in this world, or any other, that must, or can be, continued.
The eternal moment is, with or without a manifest dream.
So, Pilgrim, where are You in all this?

* * * *

Every culture, no matter the size, no matter the capacity,
Must inevitably succumb to the consequences,
Of every success, of every failure,
In its synergistic dream.

* * * *

The universe is the aggregate of all things quantum,
And prior to and beyond all that,
Well, You.

* * * *

If I exist, it is possible that You do, as well.
If I do not exist, then how can You?
And visa-versa on both counts.
Strange thing, this quantum sandcastle.

* * * *

Rage on, if You must, but to what end?
What can unbound destruction,
Ever hope to create?

* * * *

What is wealth, what is not wealth?
Has a nugget of gold really any more value,
Than the ocean-born mystery of a tiny grain of sand?

* * * *

The dream births You,
Attends You,
Feeds and clothes You,
Gives You pleasure, inflicts pain,
With every intention of someday killing You.
And You, in return, accept your destiny, and believe it all real.

* * * *

What a near-infinity of hooks the universe begats,
To perpetually seduce You into its illusory, delusional reality.
A streaming web of sensory-inspired passions of every imaginary flavor.

439

Eternity is far larger, far smaller, than any metaphor can ever travel.

* * * *

The dearth of values, discipline, fortitude; ever the portent of the descent into chaos.

* * * *

Just because something makes You comfortable, does not make it true.

* * * *

You are the first, You are the last, and the during, as well.

* * * *

I am … You are … we are all together … alone.

* * * *

That which was never lost, can ever be found.

* * * *

The obvious is not, to many, if not most.

* * * *

The human zoo, and only some in cages.

* * * *

The effortless mind is an abyss unto its Self.

* * * *

Weary of pleasure, weary of pain, what is left to do?

* * * *

What cancer has any interest in limiting its insatiable nature?

* * * *

If anything was sacred, why would everything always be changing?

* * * *

The chasm between what You want and what You need, may well be very large.

* * * *

Look down your arms to your hands, and discern why You will never see your face the same.

* * * *

Curious how so many consider their savagery to be the mark of civilization.

440

Perhaps the universe is a huge mind in the relativity of all things cosmic.
Perhaps existence was created because this quantum mind willed it so.
Perhaps this is just another speculation, likely as moot as any other.

* * * *

What dreamtime of consciousness plays out within any of us,
Is more out of our hands than pride would deign believe.
Free will is an assumption, standing on very thin ice.

* * * *

So much absurdity to keep the mind a-wandering.
Carnivals at every turn are a sure means,
To the collapse of any world.

* * * *

Nothing, about which there is much ado.

* * * *

It is by the light within, that all is seen.
The sun and stars are but reflections.

* * * *

Do You live to eat, or eat to live?
Or a bit of both, in moderation.

* * * *

There is nothing to want, nothing to fear.
It is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.

* * * *

To discern religion of the divine kind,
You must set aside dread of the unknown.
You must summon the courage to stand alone.

* * * *

The sooner You face clearly, squarely, the way things are,
The sooner You will be able to disentangle any given problem.
Procrastinating only allows quandaries to swell to grander heights.

* * * *

Every life form across all creation, abiding in a niche of its own,
Struggling to survive, in whatever way the programming of the genetic lottery allows,
Against the endless waves of annihilation, cast upon its mortal frame.

441

It is the same awareness in all,
Dreaming eternally in one simultaneous here now,
Witness to all genesis, in every way, in one synchronized, indivisible instant.
I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

* * * *

Have we not endured enough cults to know that every group fabricates its own mythology,
To cultivate its groupthink revelation, its groupthink vanity, its groupthink raison d'être.
No need to believe, no need to follow, no need to subscribe to any limiting notion.

* * * *

To be unconcerned about the endless concoctions of space and time,
While the clock tick-tick-ticks away in the timelessness,
Is, indeed, the challenge for any who see.

* * * *

Any given personality is really nothing more than a byproduct,
Of the response of consciousness to the winds of time,
And all the attachments to its imaginary state.

* * * *

You cannot fit a square block,
Into a round hole, nor a round block into a square one.
And never the twain shall they meet.
Just the way it is.

* * * *

All your experience, all your knowledge,
And You, still ever unknown all the while.

* * * *

So many facets, so many reflections.
What is a quantum mind, a god-mind to do,
But be as detached, as the awareness ever allows.

* * * *

Anyone can discern that which is eternal,
If they are able to inwardly liberate everything.
The eye of a needle is only as small, as the eye is blind.

* * * *

That which is God, that which is Self, that which is Quantum, that which is You,
Is far greater than the collaboration, than the synergy, than the relativity, of all its parts.

442

Arrogant, bigheaded, conceited, egocentric, egoistic, egotistic, high and mighty, selfish,
Vain, narcissistic, inflated, proud, self-absorbed, self-admiring, self-centered,
Snobbish, self-important, self-interested, self-loving, self-seeking,
Self-satisfied, self-regarding, smug, stuck-up, superior.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, and so many metaphors to boot.

* * * *

Each and every day, every human being in this dreamtime,
Wakes up, and re-imagines a cosmos, they truly believe real.

* * * *

You are but one,
Of the myriad eyes of the mystery.
Yet another matchless witness to the infinity of dreams,
The ineffable ever, in imagination, inspires.

* * * *

It is rational to go your own way, to abide alone.
Guilt, remorse, obligation, are but mortal cuisine.

* * * *

As if all the measuring really means squat.

* * * *

Check your vanity at the door, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Abide the irrational, the absurd, the insane,
And be agreeably disposed, when rationality,
Moderation, good intention, sporadically arise.
The good news is that it may not be all bad news.

* * * *

What so many call love in this theater of the absurd,
Is expressed through endless shades of self-absorption.

* * * *

What contortions, those cemented into one meme or another,
Will maintain, to rationalize, to justify, their imaginary universe.

* * * *

There is intelligence, insight, wisdom, in every geography, in every time.
No culture or group reigns, unmatched, in the countless lessons, life offers all.

443

Be mindful of the glass house confines, from which You judge anyone or anything.

* * * *

In this mortal theater, most are woefully unprepared for the tsunamis that will soon be in droves arriving.

* * * *

Why bother hoping for some exalted heaven, if You cannot be content with a simple breath?

* * * *

The danger in being a stranger, is accidently stepping on inexpedient toes.

* * * *

The future transforms into the past in the ever-present now.

* * * *

The inanities of vanity know no boundary but death.

* * * *

History is opinion laden with many views.

* * * *

You are awareness, consciousness the spark.

* * * *

Are You sorry You did it? Or sorry You got caught?

* * * *

How many ways we devise to torment ourselves and others.

* * * *

Find the courage to be strong in the winds of your brief moment in time.

* * * *

The difference between black and white, is in the arbitrary eye of the given beholder.

* * * *

Ever a peculiar thing, how humankind is so obsessed, to have answers to questions that have none.

* * * *

It may matter far less what You are doing, than the awareness You are, as You are doing it.

* * * *

There is likely not an age in the human paradigm, that insidious intent was not at play.

444

Another place, another time, another sunny day, another stormy night,
Another conversation, another meal, another cup of coffee, another shot of whiskey,
Another book, another movie, another television show, another play, another song, another photo,
Another workday, another vacation, another holiday, another anthropological event,
Another journey to the privy, another shower, another preening moment,
Another war, another accident, another birth, another death,
Another creative moment, another amusement,
Another … another … another …
Another so it goes.

* * * *

All who have touched your existence, your mind, your body,
Have played but ephemeral parts in the dream You dream.

* * * *

For those who ponder the mystery in majestic metaphor,
In the revelation of that they deem to be God,
Awareness is King and Kingdom.

* * * *

What are we two-leggeds but organized matter,
Very much believing it all matters.
Nothing is sacred.

* * * *

Religions play upon the insecurity of mind.
Spirituality encourages its understanding.

* * * *

More nonsense for the dustbin of history.

* * * *

Be wary of making the narrow assumption,
That intelligence is restricted to humankind's,
Egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric interpretation.

* * * *

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child,
I understood as a child, I thought as a child.
But when I became a man, I put away childish things."
How limited to think that ancient adage to be only referring to children.
Ask rather: And what is a child? And what is not a child?
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

445

Acquisitive, avaricious, bent, sparing, close-fisted, corrupt, corruptible, craving, crooked,
Desirous, derisory, dishonest, excessive, fraudulent, gluttonous, grasping, greedy, grudging,
Immoral, insatiable, materialistic, meager, mean, measly, mercenary, mingy, miserable, miserly,
Niggardly, piddling, parsimonious, penny-pinching, scrounging, shady, bribable, venal,
Tight, tightfisted, unethical, ungenerous, unprincipled, paltry, stingy, voracious.
Greed works for some.

* * * *

Ay-yi-yi, the jailhouse choir, and its inane political correctness.
It is enough to make any seer retire into a deep, dark cave.

* * * *

If You do not care enough to be the change,
Of which You so eloquently speak,
Why expect it of another?

* * * *

Forget everything.
Everything!

* * * *

Why so sad?
Why so angry?
Why so fearful?
Why so serious?
Why so zealous?
Why so rushed?
Why so lonely?
Why so needy?
Why so You?

* * * *

What urgency is there in this universe,
Once You recognize it for the dream it is.
What is there to save, to change, to do, to be,
But what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
What You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

What to do when You are done,
With all that is of human confabulation.
What to do when unpretentious beingness is enough,
But whatever comes and goes in the earth-wind-water-fire of it all.

446

The array of experiences each mind perceives, fashions its own future.
One's fate is assured; it cannot be other than what it is.
The ever-shifting sands consume all.

* * * *

There was nothing before You, will be nothing after You,
And, challenging as it may well be to discern,
Is nothing within You all the while.

* * * *

It was knowledge that cloaked the vision of Eden.
It is awareness that renders it apparent again.

* * * *

It may well be less, "The horror! The horror!"
Than it is, "The absurdity! The absurdity!"

* * * *

Nothing is the matter; the matter is nothing.

* * * *

The civilized man is only fooling himself.

* * * *

It is all merely an intriguing, temporal veil.
So it goes. deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

True wealth is cannot be measured by any number,
Woven by any words, nor captured within any form.
Serenity is far too immediate, to long endure in minds,
Filled with greed and lust and other passionate ambitions.

* * * *

All the things You have said and done,
To please, to gratify, to satisfy others, to what end?
For whom do You still pretend? For whom do You still perjure?

* * * *

Why would You really need to believe the mythology,
The folklore, the legends, the customs, the traditions, the history,
All the many perceptions, of any given culture, ultimately real and important,
Including the dreamy sliver of space and time that You call your own?

447

Just because You do not want to hear something, does not make it untrue.

* * * *

Simple pleasures in moderation, generally cause far less suffering, than those carried to the extreme.

* * * *

So, You woke up again this morning, and what is your dream up to this inexplicable day?

* * * *

Awareness is witness peering out, and consciousness, quantum larking about.

* * * *

What to do with your existence when there is nothing more to want?

* * * *

The truth can never be possessed by any mythology.

* * * *

The end is nigh, but perhaps not quite yet.

* * * *

No worries, it is just a monkey thing.

* * * *

Giving thought to that which needs none.

* * * *

Is the fish in the ocean, or the ocean in the fish?

* * * *

What are You, but a manifest ghost, bound by gravity's rainbow.

* * * *

The source is slowly reeling You home, escapade after escapade after escapade.

* * * *

What are You holding onto, but a mass of thoughts, that ultimately have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

The greatest wealth is forever within, but vanity must still itself, to discern it.

* * * *

They come, they go, all these ghosts, born of the sensory mind.

448

Hello, how are You today? I am fine, how are You? Fine, thank You. Have a good day. You, too.
No matter the language, no matter the culture, no matter the time, no matter the whatever,
Have human greeting rituals ever really been all that different anywhere in the world?

* * * *

Fate is fate.
To think it has ever been at all changed,
Is akin to believing, going right or left, forward or back, faster or slower,
Really means anything.

* * * *

There just is no stopping it, until the train tumbles off the tracks,
And even then, You can be sure it never ends,
As it never began.

* * * *

The human drama perhaps boils down,
To our unceasingly futile effort, to keep things the same,
Once we have irrevocably changed them.

* * * *

The question any would-be-wanna-be parents,
Should clearly ruminate upon, before casting their seed,
Is whether or not they would want to come back,
To the dystopian tsunami daily unfolding.

* * * *

Do not believe even for a moment,
That anything You have ever spoken or written,
Will significantly modify or change the human paradigm.
Toying with history is an amusing diversion;
Far more than likely futile fare.

* * * *

The monkey-mind is chock-full of irrationality.
Only minds establish upon prudent, disciplined inquiry,
Can have any reasonable likelihood of approaching existence,
With some evenhanded measure of rational integration.

* * * *

The nuances of any given history are seemingly unfathomable.
Every witness perceives the same things as no one else ever will.
We are all wandering about the same theater in different universes.

449

What is it like to be so without doubt, so uncritical, so unskeptical,
As to be all together complacent, consenting, to the given propaganda?
What are the circumstances, the dynamics, that fashion the true believer?

* * * *

The river does not cling to the boulder, nor the boulder to the river.
Everything, every moment. the same smoky quantum streaming.

* * * *

The dilemma with too much, is that it is just too much.
The dilemma with too little, is that it is too little.
And the amazing thing about almost right,
Is how few seem satisfied with it.

* * * *

You are the immortal aspect of this vast theater.
DNA is but an ever-mutating wannabe,
A contagion of quantum origin.

* * * *

Just because it is a beyond-the-pale mystery,
Does not mean it was fabricated by a deity,
Who in some minds resembles Santa Claus.

* * * *

Even when You are alone, with nothing to do,
It is challenging for the whimsy of imagination,
Not to carry You out, sortie after sortie, into the fray.

* * * *

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

* * * *

Is man the measure of all things, or merely the measurer?

* * * *

How much the anticipation of death shades human existence.
The tingle of the executioner's razor-sharp blade on every neck.

* * * *

Love thy Self, and, knowing Self to be in all creatures small to great,
Is it not likely You will be somewhat compassionate to all others, as well?

450

Existence is often painful, churning in every sort of struggle and conflict.
And each in his/her own way, daily endures the agony and ecstasy, into which they are cast,
Until that last exhaling breath finally exchanges the myriad pleasures and pains,
For the serenity of the oblivion to which all inexorably succumb.

* * * *

What is any given childhood but an empty mind, an innocent mind, a tabula rasa mind;
Not yet filled with a lifetime of perceptions, of desires, of fears, of dreads,
That future agonies and ecstasies, will over time, imagine real.
Forget everything; be reborn into the timelessness.
Into what You are before all beginnings.

* * * *

Ultimately, this reverie is nothing more than a passage of imagination.
Ever-kaleidoscoping perceptions to which You are so attached.
The key to freedom is in the stilling of the busy mind,
And a clear, discerning, fearless detachment,
Toward the infinity of sensory hooks,
Playing out within and without.

* * * *

Traditions, folklore, myths, legends, parables,
What enticingly brief notions, brief distractions.
Mortality proves the insignificance of all histories.

* * * *

Who cares, really, what any critic or censor thinks.
Let them make their own movie, write their own book,
Paint their own painting, create their own creation,
And see how paltry it is for any to judge another.

* * * *

Are You moving through now? Is now moving through You?
Or are You simply now, eternally aware, infinitely absolute?

* * * *

Pass on what You can, to as many as You can, as often as You can.
You never know who will have the ears that hear and eyes that see.
Nor what will flower in the challenging dreamtime now unfolding.

* * * *

What are good and evil but different aspects of the same monkey-mind.
Where else in the universe could such absurd notions possibly exist?

451

On a small spinning pale blue dot, in an outback of a brief manifestation,
Vanity arose in a noisy flurry, for barely a whisper of the space-time it imagined real,
Before relatively quickly dissolving back into the indivisibility of its fundamental quantum nature.
Such is the outcome of all imaginary forays inspired by the theater of consciousness,
In the likely very rare moments that it manages to evolve into being.

* * * *

Truth does not require anything of any of its incalculable creations.
It is prior to any given who-what-when-where-why-how.
It is anonymous in its indivisible singularity.

* * * *

There is nothing everlasting about any form, about any dynamic.
Nature is a chaotic divinity; illusion, an anchorless dream.
And through it all, is an indivisibility, so cosmic,
Only in wonder can it be comprehended.

* * * *

Curious how many find it so unfathomable,
That every other life form small to great,
Is born of the same intelligence as we.

* * * *

Yet another Orwellian caricature.

* * * *

A dream is a dream,
No matter how real it seems.
Truth is truth, no matter the delusion.

* * * *

At the heart of awareness,
All the naming means diddly-squat.
What is, is, no matter the sound it is granted.

* * * *

Thinking from very small, to thinking very large,
Takes some to where they only seldom think at all.

* * * *

You are but a filament of breath.
Feel that breeze wafting through your nostrils,
And realize, yet again, the unequivocal impermanence of all things.

452

Those who have thought so many thoughts, examined existence in so many ways,
Are no nearer to the quantum beingness than any peasant ploughing the fields of gold,
Or any worker bee quietly living out their fleeting existence in one urban hive or another.
Perhaps more aware of it, but no more in control of it, than any man in the moon.

* * * *

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

* * * *

What is consciousness but a dreamy cloud of imagination;
Of dualistic notions inspired by the sensory creation.
One may clearly distinguish reality though it,
But the dream in itself is not the truth.

* * * *

What would it be like to be so present,
As to experience fully every now,
Any given life has to offer?

* * * *

To be born is to die,
With some wandering,
Through a dream between.
That is the way it is.

* * * *

Who is this I?
What is me? What is mine?
Everything is yours. Nothing is yours.

* * * *

To be as passive as the lotus;
Well, not easy, my friend, not easy.
Especially when You are bearing the wounds,
From so many battles with the windmills of your mind.

* * * *

All these traditions,
All these geographic assumptions;
Vainly vying for supremacy in a world of dreams,
Where all patterns small to great orbit in a vast sea of relativity.

453

When the given body hungers, when it thirsts, it seeks out food and water.
But that which slakes the ravenousness nature of the unquenchable mind,
Is an existential question to which each dreamer must alone find answer.

* * * *

You are but a minute speck of this vast conundrum of a universe,
That happened, for whatever speculation might be mustered,
To have been born into this dreamtime as a human being,
Into a particular geography, with a particular mindset,
To which You have likely become particularly attached.

* * * *

The shift from consciousness, from imagination, to awareness,
Is like a submarine moving from the churning surface,
To the stillness of the tranquil depths below.

* * * *

We all, in any given interaction, present our inner truth,
And if one expounds a lie, then a lie is the truth.
Whether or not one sees the difference,
Is the lie's truest achievement.

* * * *

What if You truly discerned,
That You had gotten it all wrong?
Would You be able to somehow recalibrate,
And, like an uncarved block, start over, begin anew?

* * * *

From the mystery, quantum formed.
With its isness, quantum spun manifestation.
Without this quantum patterning, no thing would be,
Yet its untouchable original nature, will be forever unknown.

* * * *

Everyone is dealt a different hand,
In this poker game of time and space.
Each plays it out as the given cards allow,
But it is nothing more than smoke and mirrors.
And someday, no matter how well any player bluffs,
Every stack of chips inevitably topples in the last wager.
Masks and players ever change, but the game goes on and on,
For as long as the house has the cards to shuffle and chips to play.

454

Memes can be cancerous patterns that infuse minds with regurgitated drivel.

* * * *

Is history that does not eventually point You to your ultimate Self, history worth knowing?

* * * *

All emotions are nothing but sensations to which imagination attaches value.

* * * *

What consequence have You not paid times beyond counting?

* * * *

Is it true, or just another lie, the only question.

* * * *

Are You even a human being anymore?

* * * *

It is so, because You see it is so.

* * * *

Consistency is oh so droll.

* * * *

Doubt until You doubt not.

* * * *

Stop pretending You know anything.

* * * *

The awareness in one, is the awareness in all.

* * * *

Nighty-night; more make-believe, more pretend tomorrow.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God world, a God-eat-God universe, a God-eat-God mystery.

* * * *

The Reaper is likely long past laughing at all monkey-mind exertions to avoid the scythe.

* * * *

… eternity … birth … an imagined existence … death … eternity …

455

The question for the young is ultimately less, “What to become?”
Than it is, “How do You want to dance your very short while?”

* * * *

Any would-be deity that does not include absolutely everything,
Is merely mumbo-jumbo born of the half-baked monkey-mind.

* * * *

And what of those who will not adapt to the coming change?
Well, as always, they shall be fodder in one stew or another.

* * * *

Something that is well-said, something that is well-written,
May mean something different every time it is said or read.

* * * *

What any other thinks of You, what You think of any other,
Is meaningless once You discern all things small to great,
Are ultimately within and without the source You truly are.

* * * *

Kiss up, kiss down, or serve all equally with fair intention,
Is always the choice of any who play the game of hierarchy.

* * * *

The real You is indivisible, unchanging, sovereign, absolute.
Repeat after me: I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life.

* * * *

Still the mind, breathe in, breath out; in awareness, You are.
The seeker is that which is sought; it is that simple, that clear.

* * * *

What do all these thoughts, all this knowledge, all this trivia,
Mean, really, to a mind that has been stilled into eternal grace.

* * * *

Regarding any religious assumption, any spiritual speculation,
You really only know what someone else did not know, either.

* * * *

You are both the protagonist and antagonist of your own dream.
Your own jailer, in an imaginary prison, built of mind and senses.

456

True meditation is not at all forced,
And no tradition, no scripture, no posture, no symbol,
No dogma, no mantra, no status, no garb, no diet, no gender, no vernacular,
No attribute contrived by the monkey-mind is in any way required to abet its momentary process.
Pure awareness is the source, the baseline, the witness, of all quantum creation.

* * * *

However immense and majestic the vision these words may attempt to convey,
Its reality is so much greater than even the greatest imagination,
Will ever be able to even vaguely imagine.

* * * *

Perception is but a very infinitesimal, very biased sampling,
Of the quantum vibrating within all patternings,
Whose mystery is ever-present.

* * * *

Smart phones making for dumber and dumber people.
Finger quick with a click, but not a lick of sense,
On how to sow a seed, support its growth,
Or harvest and process it for the winters ahead.

* * * *

You are born now, You live now, You die now.
Time is just a temporary state of imagination.

* * * *

If someone was really going to take your advice,
Would they have even needed it in the first place?

* * * *

You are so caught up in the sensory dream,
So hypnotized, so conditioned, so brainwashed,
That You believe it all real, You believe it all important.
You believe everything thought, You believe everything felt.
All is vanity, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but,
And it the key to the mind in which You reside.

* * * *

Find your own voice, free of all the conditioning.
Free of the misinformation and disinformation of propaganda.
Free of the indoctrination and habituation of any brain-washing, whatsoever.
It is in there if You have the courage to stand alone against all tides.

457

There is no duality until consciousness diverges into the self that is not.

* * * *

What are You to do with your brief flurry of time, but whatever imagination bids.

* * * *

Holodeck … Holoworld … Holoverse … ever an infinite matrix of unknowable origin.

* * * *

How does God create, but by being You and me, and everyone and everything else.

* * * *

How small is small, how large is large, depends how well You can see.

* * * *

There is a bridge for sale in your future, if You are that gullible.

* * * *

Awareness is the quiet hum of the boundless awakeness.

* * * *

What imagination sows, imagination reaps.

* * * *

Only in imagination do You suffer.

* * * *

Are You not weary of all the pretending?

* * * *

And this, is what we, in all our vanity, have created.

* * * *

Political correctness is the great malady of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

There are those who create history, those who regurgitate it, and those who ignore it.

* * * *

You are as alive as You have ever been, or will ever be, in this very much right-here-right-now.

* * * *

The challenge is to never believe any speculation to be more than speculation.

458

What is existence but every moment fathoming, navigating, negotiating,
A quantum dreamtime that will never even once stop,
Until oblivion do You merge.

* * * *

How can anyone ever even begin to settle,
For any infinitesimal egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-solarcentric vision,
Of this beyond-all-pales enigma of a mystery?

* * * *

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

* * * *

All life is born of the same origin, the same source.
Despite our attachment to genetic bloodlines,
We are all cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

Across the universe, throughout eternity,
There are an inestimable number of perceptions,
Within each and every imaginary moment,
From each and every imaginary angle.
So boggling as to make any mind,
Singularly serene in wonder.

* * * *

Satisfy your Self first and foremost.
What others think of You means nothing.
They will think whatever You think they think,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The quantum either of genesis is still evolving,
And we are all equal players in the dreaming of it.
Intelligent design, free and clear of idolatry or dogma.

* * * *

If these were your final breaths, the Reaper hovering near,
What would You be doing? What would You be thinking?
Would You be all alone? Or surrounded by family and friends?
Would You be filled with sorrow? With regret? Or content to the brim?

459

One moment so quickly gone, another hour an hour too long.
Every one passing exactly the same, no matter the weather of any given mind.
Every one witnessed by the same omnipresent, indelible awareness,
That permeates equally all things from small to great.

* * * *

How quickly every moment passes the same.
Sometimes as terribly, swiftly ruthless as an enraged sword.
Others, as softly untroubled as a butterfly's wing.
Yet, ever the same, ever the same.

* * * *

Insanity in every nook, absurdity in every cranny.
Who can be helped, who will not help themselves?
Who can be saved, who will not save themselves?

* * * *

Opinions, opinions, opinions,
Opinions about this, that, and the other thing,
What do they really, truly mean?
Diddley-squat.

* * * *

We quarrel over anything and everything,
As if anything and everything really matter.

* * * *

The great number of hallucinogens,
That Gaia across her orb offers,
Take those open to inner exploration,
Down many trails, across many borders.
For those who would pursue a grander vision,
It a journey to be taken as dauntlessly as will allows.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever need or want to duplicate,
To imitate another's life in any way, any shape, any form?
Live your own existence, free of any history, free of any burden.

* * * *

Many if not all things, end up being very different from what they started,
And yet the same all the while, is the irony and paradox,
Of this quantum matrix of a theater.

460

None can hold onto the good any longer, nor get through the bad any more quickly.
All must be enjoyed or endured as consciousness sanctions.
And the awareness ever untouched.

* * * *

What quality of parenting is there when parents are staring into screens,
And their offspring beside them, inhaling burgers, sucking up sodas?

* * * *

It is not original sin; it is original separation, it is original disconnection.
And it happens every instant one forsakes the eternal moment.
Every time one embraces the pretense of knowing,
Imagined by the mind bound in time.

* * * *

From the bliss of the womb,
Through the birth canal, into hell.
Thank You, Mother, thank You, Father,
For an excursion, surely no one of sound mind,
Would ever even more than fleetingly fantasize taking.
And the real nightmare, is You know what:
That it might well happen again.
Bwahahahahaha …

* * * *

Never forget that You are a part of the insanity.
That no matter every exertion of mind,
You are separate from nothing.

* * * *

Any definitions of that which is mystery,
As ludicrous as all descriptions ultimately are,
Should always be as nebulous as imagination allows.

* * * *

Each and every mind falls prey,
To whatever prompts the paramount delusion,
To whatever carves the deepest furrows in the patterned mind.

* * * *

Smoke and mirrors at each and every turn.
How can anyone who is candid, be anything but agnostic,
About questions, whose many answers can never be more than speculation?

461

Group dynamics are group dynamics, no matter the size or nature.
Really nothing more than tribalistic notions founded in the jungle long ago.
The common denominator of all religions, nation states, families, and high schools.
Just the monkey-mind over and over in different levels of self-absorption.
Egocentricity, ethnocentricity, geocentricity, heliocentricity,
Were written into the original DNA source code,
Long before the will born of mind,
Began plying Darwinian truth to its own ends.

* * * *

To share, to discuss, to examine, perchance to glean and appreciate,
The interminable contortions of all difference, all uniqueness;
Rather than make every attempt to change or destroy it.

* * * *

There are no doubt, many, many extraordinary,
Inexplicable moments in any existence.
Porcelain thrones are like that.

* * * *

Quantum light.
Quantum sound.
Quantum vibration.
Quantum consciousness.
Quantum awareness.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum home.
I, Quantum.

* * * *

Discern the inescapable, one and only You,
That You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In the grand is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Why should anyone submit to the arbitrary dictates
Of any individual, any group, any tradition, any dogma?
To stand alone, free, untainted by time, is the indivisible way.

* * * *

Do You cling mindlessly to your passions?
Your desires, You fears, your angers, your likes and dislikes?
Let go in the awareness of mind; be free in the day-to-day, as the moment allows.

462

The anxiety over death is within those who live in a mind with every sort of dread.
If You are existing fully, if You are born and dying every moment,
Then what fear of the inevitable end finds harbor?
Eternal life is the inexorable grace,
Of those who discern their immortal nature.

* * * *

So absorbed by the space-time continuum of your little dream,
That only during rare moments in the given here and there,
Will You detach from the mind, a bag of neuron goo,
Seemingly filled with every imaginable inanity,
Born of the ceaselessness of consciousness.

* * * *

One must forget absolutely everything to discern that,
Which only the utter stillness of presence can know.

* * * *

The human paradigm is steadily approaching,
Its not very appealing decline, if not conclusion.
Kind of a reaching-the-edge-of-the-petri-dish thing.

* * * *

What was important yesterday likely is not today.
What is important today likely will not be tomorrow.
What is important tomorrow likely will not be the next.

* * * *

You believe what You choose to believe,
But believing does not, has never, and will never,
Make any falsehood or any fabrication into something true.

* * * *

Suspend the thought process,
The movement of the sensory mind-body,
Rest easy in the essential state, attentive to the ground,
To the eternal, in which the many boundaries between within and without,
Dissolve into the immeasurable prior to consciousness.

* * * *

To have gotten this far in life, to have reached this very here-now moment in time,
Is pretty friggin' amazing, considering what it took to tolerate the agony-ecstasy of it all;
That You somehow managed to dodge, managed to survive, those many, many, very close calls.

463

No idol, no dogma, can compel anyone to be anything, that does not sally forth from within.

* * * *

When there is no place to be but wherever You are, where can death have any entry?

* * * *

Who can read such thoughts as these, whose ground is neither tilled nor fertile?

* * * *

Immerse in the quantum womb of that which is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Good fortune is finding yourself in someone's guardianship.

* * * *

Consciousness is movement; awareness just is.

* * * *

The singularity in every sort of disguise.

* * * *

Common sense, such as it is.

* * * *

Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

Aloneness is its own harbor.

* * * *

What is death but the end of vanity.

* * * *

What are the loins but quantum heir looms.

* * * *

Why do You feel any need to participate in it as You do?

* * * *

What need for compassion in this ever-churning God-eat-God universe?

* * * *

From the infinity prior to all beginnings, to the infinity beyond all endings, You are.

464

If the reality humankind is creating is not all that appealing, should You pretend everything is wonderful?
Or call a spade a spade, and hazard being unpopular, hazard being shunned by the other monkeys?
To be of the mob, or not to be of the mob; to be alone, or not to be alone, that is the question.

* * * *

Fear is the harvest of all the agony and ecstasy imprinted in the mind and body.
Transcend it via the quantum field, where imagination is but a flurry of stardust.

* * * *

Every one's account of awakeness cannot help but be different,
As are all things that emerge from the ground of consciousness;
Conditioning being such a strong mainstay of its erratic nature.

* * * *

The mystery of this vast creation is a beyond-the-pale enigma.
The Greatest Story is at best to be surmised, never told.
All notions are but speculations of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothings but.

* * * *

Talk to anyone as much as You please,
It is up to them to listen as sincerely as possible,
To get the truest, most viable translation.
It is about inquiry, not dogma.

* * * *

The quantum matrix programming is indivisible,
Indelible, indifferent, inexorable, indissoluble, indefatigable.
Intelligible only through the incisive code-breaking,
Of mathematics, art, music, linguistics,
And other paradigms intuited by imagination.

* * * *

The newborn is but simple awareness.
The identity that will gradually in imagination blossom,
Will be the mind-body's nature-nurture adaptation to the sensory theater.
The means to survive, to endure physically and psychologically,
The dreamtime into which it has been by mystery cast.

* * * *

What need for belief, for hope, for faith, for love, for philosophy, for fealty, for dogma,
For any attributes born of the other, which are but ever-moving shadows within the ultimate.
What is, is, and it is an immeasurable, indelible awareness, prior to any and all quantum theaters.

465

All become inured to a certain degree of physical and mental pain and suffering,
To where even a twisted ankle, a burnt finger, or the plucking of a nose hair,
May barely warrant much more than a fleeting curse by a few synapses.

* * * *

The monkey-mind lays claim to every imaginable expression of behavior.
What rock has not been turned myriad times well beyond remembering?

* * * *

The time of consequences will increasingly play itself out,
Until the Reaper finally plucks You off the stage.
Keep a couple coins handy for Charon.

* * * *

What is knowledge but busy-busy distraction,
From the what is of the unfolding moment.

* * * *

What is death but not waking up again.
Nothing to anticipate, nothing to dread.
Nothing to hope for, nothing to believe.
All attributes are but the mirage of mind.

* * * *

When your gods, your idols, your dogmas,
Have, for the last of many times failed You,
Perhaps You will at last learn to stand alone,

* * * *

Imagination sallies forth,
Always behind, no matter the moment.
The collusion putters on of its own synergistic whimsy.

* * * *

Suicide is not cheating death;
Only taking a hand in how it will happen,
Rather than lingering for a more tedious, painful finale.
Charon still earns his obol for yet another voyage across the river Styx.

* * * *

The manifest space-time continuum is not linear.
It is a boundless, indivisible, multidimensional, quantum matrix.
Eternally singular, inexplicable, but for imagination's dynamic, time-bound dream.

466

Specialists often tend to be blind to many things outside their sliver of interest,
And generalists too wide-ranging to cultivate much depth in the immensity of theirs.
It can be a cannot-see-the-forest-through-the-trees, trees-despite-the-forest, chasm thing.

* * * *

All monkey-mind interpretations are but imaginary, subjective, self-absorbed confabulations,
Of the egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-chronocentric-heliocentric-cosmoscentric kind.

* * * *

So many spending their existence trying to be good, trying to stay out of trouble,
Based on the contrived belief in an extremely jealous, vengeful deity,
That will see that they are eternally judged and punished,
If they fall short of the dogmatic mark.

* * * *

Much easier to worship idols,
Much easier to follow someone else's law,
Than it is to perceive the timeless within for your Self.
Many are called; few are inclined.
So it goes.

* * * *

For anyone to believe any mind-born creed,
Is for whatever reason favored by some all-mighty deity,
Has always be an absurd ethnocentric notion.

* * * *

Many may have been called,
But relatively few seem to have answered.
So much ignorance, so much rancor, so much willful harm.
How draining to watch the garden daily diminish.
Who would ever need witness it again?

* * * *

There is always the potential for anything,
To evolve into any given mind's dogmatic agenda.
Best to always keep that critical-thinking gauge on full alert,
Including toward your own genetic proclivity for narrow-mindedness.

* * * *

All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost.
How bothersome great adulation would be for many of those destined to see.
Anonymity, within and without, is an agreeable aspect of the freedom sovereignty allows.

467

Despite the muddle humanity has in every way imaginable made of it,
How can it possibly be, that all creation is not fashioned of the same source?
All the creeds ever devised across all eternity, cannot negate this one indelible truth:
That the quantum in one, is the quantum in all, and the quantum in all, is the quantum in one.
No one possesses the ultimate indivisibility, any more than anyone or anything else,
Regardless of the incalculable machinations of the undiscerning multitudes,
Given over to every imaginable paradigm, under any given sun.
Do not be drawn into delusion by the fog of words.
Monkey-see-monkey-do is not bona fide.

* * * *

Best stay detached from humanity's ceaseless inanities.
Until the splintered souls of this dualistic world wake up,
The insane absurdities of estrangement will carry on.
Some sort of realization may or may not happen,
But there is no point being daily upset about it.

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness is awareness.
Awareness is timeless; consciousness, time.
Awareness is still; consciousness, movement.
Awareness is reality; consciousness, imagination.
It is what it is; nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

All You are, all anyone or anything else is,
Is the timeless awareness playing out a pattern,
A blueprint, a design, an archetype, a genetic construct.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Is this whole dream, is all of eternity,
Just an interminable recording going on and on?
The unknowable, merely playing it all out to pass the time.
A cavernous awareness simultaneously inhaling,
Through every eye, every single moment.

* * * *

Most are likely easy targets, should anyone want to do them harm.
The challenge in this dreamtime, is to either make as few adversaries as possible,
Or to have the wherewithal to build castles and armies resilient enough to fend off the barbarians.
Not too many thespians get to play pharaohs and kings and other warlord roles,
So, most must parlay a plebeian part as the fickle fates allow.

468

Philosophers, students of existence that they are, ponder anything and everything.
No stone is left unturned, as many times as are needed to learn,
Whatever it is he/she is born to discern.
We are all seekers, seeking out one fate or another.

* * * *

The river would not be but for the spring at its source.
And the spring but for the clouds from the sea,
And the sea but for the returning river.
To every thing there is a season,
A time to every purpose.

* * * *

Just You, totally alone, absolute, indivisible,
The senses streaming a world, a universe,
To which no time or space is attached,
The eternal life of the quantum soul.

* * * *

What are You, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

* * * *

All sense of persona, of self,
Is a temporal fabrication of imagination,
Of the winds of consciousness blowing every which way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Consciousness is an evolutionary mutation of instinct.
The fruit of this garden world is knowledge.
Once it was plucked from the vine,
Once Pandora's Box was opened,
Once the Genie was out of the bottle,
All the cards followed suit, all the dominos fell.
Much less about original sin than it is original separation.
The rub is reattaching the fruit, closing the box, corking the bottle,
Shuffling the cards, and somehow putting Humpty-Dumpty back together again.

469

Why would anyone be unable to see this mystery as anything but a spontaneous creation?
Why would anyone embrace any make-believe dogma, when none are essential?
Why would anyone adhere to a deity limited by any vain confabulation?
Why would anyone debate the fact that they are whatever it is?
Why would anyone ever feel the need to be anything,
But very much present, very much right here, right now.

* * * *

Humans are always so wrapped up in what others think of them.
What a curious dependency is bred into our monkey blueprint.

* * * *

What is this monkey-mind need to identify with things,
To always be describing ourselves in so many ways,
Tagging ourselves as so many this's and that's,
As if all the labels have ever meant anything.

* * * *

We are just DNA doing what DNA does.
Toss consciousness into the instinctual cauldron,
And You have the good, the bad, the ugly,
In spades well beyond counting.

* * * *

What greater serenity can there be,
Than to be alone with one's thoughts,
Steeped in the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Envision a mystery, so immensely now,
As to include You in its field of awareness.
You as one of its countless eternal witnesses.
Indivisibly one, in every way creation sanctions.

* * * *

Imagine, if You will, a poker table with Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Peter Pan, and Jesus,
All wearing baseball caps, chomping on cigars, sipping whiskey.

* * * *

Bother that it is for those who must endure the mortal aspect,
The quantum essence cannot know its Self but through creation of the other,
In as many ways as possible as often as possible, to better reflect upon all things imaginable.

470

Wisdom is the upshot of a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of pain, in every way imaginable.
It is the outcome of having witnessed patterns over and over enough,
To well anticipate their inevitability.

* * * *

You must have a deep and earnest yearning for oblivion to discern it for long.
Elsewise, the inattentive mind rockets off in one direction or another,
And there You are, back in the same old, tired, hurried flux.

* * * *

Are You the identity to which You so resolutely cling,
Or the ephemeral awareness that perceives it all,
Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination.

* * * *

Curious how so many seem to choose,
To spend so much of their languid existence,
In little boxes suckling the dreary teat,
Of rambling bureaucratic malaise.

* * * *

How similar we are in our differences.
How different we are in our similarities.

* * * *

Call it justice, call it capricious,
But some form of law will be kept,
By whoever possesses the fiercest club,
In whatever way the pendulum of time swings.

* * * *

This world is filled with great violence and chaos.
Most cannot afford a bodyguard, much less an escort,
So, alas, it is prudent to be at the ready should need arise.
Si vis pacem, para bellum – If You want peace, prepare for war.

* * * *

It seems far less likely that humans were made in the image of some deity,
Than they are fashioned of the infinite potential of singular quantum design.

* * * *

A fist is a stone is a club is a sword is a spear is an arrow is a bullet is a bomb is a missile.
In warfare born in the jungles, in the rivalries of long ago, the aptitude for tool-making is all.

471

Life is only as free as You do not poop on someone else's freedom,
And then it becomes the law of might makes right, the law of club and fang,
And idioms galore about power and control rolling on down the line.

* * * *

Strands of chromosomes,
Since matter's transformation into existence,
Competing across the board in every way for survival, for supremacy,
For immortality of the mortal kind.

* * * *

Sometimes You give your attention to consciousness.
Sometimes You give your attention to awareness.
And in the end, it does not really matter at all.
There is no meter, there is no final judgment.
It is a three-dimensional quantum dream,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Rest assured, it shall carry on without You.

* * * *

To whom but the rare inscrutable few,
Is silence more sweet than clamor?
Sightlessness sweeter than sight?
Tastelessness sweeter than taste?
Oderlessness sweeter than smell?
Touchlessness sweeter than touch?
Thoughtlessness sweeter than thought?

* * * *

If You want to sustain mental health,
If You want to prevent something like suicide,
Perhaps You should transform this overwhelmed world,
Into something, in which virtue and kindness, wish to carry on.

* * * *

Every time You start that conversation with some stranger,
A new perspective, a new world, a new universe, slowly unfolds,
Each one its own flavor from sweet to sour to salty to bitter to umami.

* * * *

We are all patterns seeking some sort of respite, some sort of reprieve,
From whatever purgatory the sensory-mind every twinkling, imagines real.
The promises of God, of heaven, of eternal bliss, however hollow, are an easy sell.

472

Regarding destiny: Do You choose it? Or does it choose You?
Is there free will, chock-full of options, in this theater of space and time?
Or is the entire dreamtime nothing more than an indivisible, juggernauting recording,
An infinite matrix witnessed by the ultimate You in every way imaginable?

* * * *

Most everyone is going round and round one track or another.
But there are some dazzling random exceptions,
And they lead remarkable lives.

* * * *

Total freedom is the end of the countless assumptions,
Born of the busy-busy, incessantly chattering mind,
The dancer dancing in the nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Are You moving through time and space?
Or is time and space moving through You?
Or is anything, anywhere, moving at all?

* * * *

When You are completely, totally, alone,
You need not believe or pretend anything.
You can be free to be absolutely nothing.

* * * *

The real You is not this flesh-and-bones edifice.
All identification is unqualified fabrication.
No concept can encompass anyone or anything.
All definitions are deficient, no matter how profound.

* * * *

Every life form is of a seed line,
An eternal thread of life sowing new life,
All evolving from life's origin, however it began,
To which speculation and conjecture proffer every answer.
That the unknown is eternally unknowable does not seem to register.

* * * *

What irony, that in the face of an incredibly astonishing mystery,
Humankind has lost itself in an absurd collusion of every thinkable vanity.
An entirely imaginary invention, this myopic notion of a separate, individual persona.
A duality, sparked in consciousness, when it began its evolutionary spin in the jungles of long ago.

473

There are no followers in the journey toward wisdom and beyond.
One may peruse the many thoughts of those who have come and gone before,
But the expedition into the great unknown, is, as it has ever been, an unqualified solo act.

* * * *

When has the awareness ever seen more than an ever-changing reflection,
Of any eyes through which it is has peered out upon its given universe?

* * * *

Physics is physics, chemistry is chemistry, biology is biology.
Nature is what it is; the rubrics of the game are set.
Play well, or suffer the consequences.

* * * *

History tends to raise winners to pedestals,
And spin losers to denigrated, even vilified obscurities.
The true histories, well, how many, if not all,
Are long lost in the sands of time?

* * * *

How big is big? How small is small?
Scientists, mathematicians, and other bean counters,
Always adding zeroes to every end,
To what end?

* * * *

In all its interminable forms and concepts,
The idolatry to which the monkey-mind is prone,
Shares across the board, the same absurdity.

* * * *

A world jam-packed with inane choices,
To which alternative thinking is looked at askance,
And often times with violent aversion.

* * * *

What is the universe, but very tiny, very brief sparkles,
In the grand infinity of the inexplicable eye of awareness.

* * * *

Science that does not flow with nature is not science.
Science that manipulates nature to unnatural ends is not science.
Science that generates mayhem and destruction upon the garden is not science.

474

And why should not every day be rife with contemplation of the unknown?
Why should not every day, even in the tempest of great activity, be a day of rest?
What is it so many are striving to be, to prove, in this most astounding dream of time?

* * * *

From the neurology of the primal brainstem, the dawn of consciousness,
Gradually evolved into the imaginary perception of a separate self.
The inherent collusion of a species on its journey of survival.
In the nothing more, nothing less, nothing but of it all,
The challenge is to move on to the final chapter,
To discern the unconditional singularity,
The origin of all things quantum.
Whether or not that will ever happen,
Will be in some far-future-stay-tuned telling.

* * * *

Took a long time to put this world together.
Shame to see it ravaged so thoughtlessly.

* * * *

A writer is precise with words,
A mathematician, with numbers,
An artist, with shape and color,
An athlete, with movement,
A musician, with notes.
Each its own genius.

* * * *

The eye of mystery is within all,
But it is the rare who seek and discern it,
And the rarer still, who become it.

* * * *

Observe your world, your universe, for your Self.
What need have You for anyone else's conclusion?

* * * *

Spend your life helping others wake up to a larger perspective?
Why bother them if they are content in their stewpot of suffering?

* * * *

Ultimately, the task is to move beyond flag-waving for some mind-made outcome,
And discern that You are really a resident, a citizen, of the cosmos, across all eternity.

475

You work so hard to become something in this world, in this manifest dream.
Challenging to realize, challenging to accept, that it was all for nothing.
The winds of vanity … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out- Locke Locke?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

* * * *

The quantum clayness plays out any given genetic function,
Without judgment, without qualification, without rhyme or reason.
Consciousness is witness to the innumerable differences,
Awareness, to the indivisibility of the all.

476

Once the life course has been set, once the world view has been molded,
A fair number of monkey-minds do not do well with too many choices, too many options.
Many feel the need to change, even destroy anyone, anything that is too different,
Which for some means almost everyone and everything on the planet.
What a thing to be so confined, so narrowed, so limited,
So incapable of embracing the great all of it.

* * * *

So many artists, so many inventers, so late in the game, all looking for their novel niche,
Something no one else has, under the given sun, ever done.
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Why maintain any sense of fabricated self, any sense of imaginary identity, at all?
To pretend You are other than the awareness of the eternal moment,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is all,
Why would You want to do such a thing?

* * * *

Krishna, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus,
Socrates, Aristotle, Muhammad, Confucius,
And on and on and yawn and yawn.
All clichés, all stereotypes,
All two-dimensional souvenirs,
Afflictions of time upon the timeless.

* * * *

You fell into the dark pool, the primal abyss of vanity.
To what narcissistic delusion will You submit this day?

* * * *

In the statistical relativity of it all,
Things likely could be far worse or far better.
Gratitude is an attitude, a mindset well worth cultivating,
If the hand You have been dealt in this game of life is at all equitable.
Count your blessings if You are so fortunate as to have some.

* * * *

Here You are: eating, drinking, sitting, walking, running;
Living out each and every day, sleeping through each and every night.
Here You are, witnessing the sensory dream playing out every moment in your mind.
Here You are, seeking meaning and purpose, in a vista that offers none,
But through imaginary intercourse with perception.

477

What is humankind but an assortment of strands of evolving-devolving chromosomes,
Rushing about in every way imaginable, often pretending all the while,
That its little play of consciousness is somehow important,
To a cosmos likely indifferent to its existence.

* * * *

Insight into the unknown has never been a group thing, and never will be.
Groupthink only muddles the truth of it into one absurdity or another.

* * * *

True religion, true belief, true creed, true faith, true conviction,
Is surrender to the beingness, the aloneness of the eternal moment.
There is no deity, no creed, no dogma, no faith, no groupthink.
It is for You, and You, utterly alone, to discover and own.
So simple, as to be discerned, in each and every breath.

* * * *

And to those who abide in the biblical framework,
What is the length of a day, what is the length of a night?
What is anything having to do with space-time,
To those harboring the eternal eye?

* * * *

Why would anyone ever be in denial about the good news,
That they are the quantum creator experiencing its creation?

* * * *

Dissolve back into the quantum womb of your origin.
Free of all desire for existence, free of all fear of existence,
Discern the unicity, be the unicity, prior to all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your body and mind are riddled with every sort of fear and worry,
The post-traumatic stress of the synergy of life's ever-streaming currents,
Some soft, some harsh, but all sculpting You, as the winds of time do all things.

* * * *

Challenging, perhaps all but impossible,
Not to discern the sensory present through the countless filters,
The mind-body's tree rings, from a lifetime of abiding the dreamtime of the given universe.
Only the newborn perceives it for the kaleidoscoping unknown that it ever is,
And none for long, as the mind steadily puts order to the chaos,
Into which it has from the oblivion been cast.

478

The ultimate truth, by whatever metaphors are used to describe it, is unquestionable,
Undoubtable, indisputable, unarguable, undebatable, incontestable, undeniable, irrefutable,
Incontrovertible, unmistakable, unequivocal, certain, sure, positive, definite, absolute, conclusive,
Watertight, ironclad; beyond doubt, beyond the shadow of a doubt, beyond dispute,
Beyond question, not in question, not in doubt, sure as shootin'.

* * * *

When You respect others, You give them your attention,
When others respect You, they give You theirs.
Fairly simple, if egos can manage it.

* * * *

Believe it or not, like it or not,
Existence requires a certain discipline.
A knowing when to say yes, and when to mean no.
An opaque awareness that every streaming moment flowers anew,
To new decisions in the ever-changing coursing of time,
And that balance is required to meet it rightly.

* * * *

Pardon me for inquiring, but why do some humans …
Seem to loathe nature and her many creations?
Become so determined to control others?
Go to such extremes to feel happy?
Believe gold so important?
Seem to delight in hurting others?
Partake in so many preposterous notions?
Corrupt the world with so many unproven creations?
Despise so many others simply because they abide by different values?
Become so vain about their bodies that they cloak them with every imaginable costume?
Focus on so many differences when there is so much more in common?
Acquire so much more than they could ever need or use?
Bear children in whom they have little interest?
Create a world so indigent and forlorn?
Learn so little from history,
And are so blind to its reckoning?

* * * *

What is the Buddha mind, the eternal mind,
But the mind that thinks without thinking, sees without seeing,
Hears without hearing, smells without smelling, tastes without tasting, feels without feeling.
The sensory theater is but an ephemeral, ever-kaleidoscoping dream.
A quantum play, nothing more, nothing less.

479

What would it have been like to only know a tiny slice of this garden world?
To have lived among a small group in forest, a valley, a prairie, a mountain, an island, a desert.
Communicating orally using a unique language spawned by the given geography.
Scratching out an arduous existence with nascent tools and weapons.
Wearing simple attire, living in caves or modest shelters.
Hunting, fishing, gathering, harvesting.
Consuming whatever the niche about You offered.
Gazing up at the boundless unknown in wonder, perhaps in dread.
Weaving stories, establishing traditions, rituals, customs; creating myths, legends, gods.
The prehistoric etchings of what we vainly call the modern, civilized world,
All in the same eternal moment it has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

We spend so much of our existence spouting over and over and over:
I am this … I am that … I am not this … I am not that … I am … I am … I am …
When in truth it has all along been the indivisible quantum nothingness,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek with its Self.

* * * *

We are all that which is of the same origin, the same creation.
But relatively few at any given time seem to be conscious of it.
And even if we all were, would the world be all that different?

* * * *

You are the gap in the sparkplug,
The center around which the wheel turns,
The space around which the clay vessel wraps itself,
The ocean, within which, currents flow, upon which, waves crash.

* * * *

There are no experts, there is no mastery,
Once You realize we are all just beginners here,
Prisoners of our own device, programmed to receive,
Some with minds jam-packed with more insights than others.
All are ultimately of the same essence, just filled with different notions.
You can check-out any time You like, but You can never leave.

* * * *

How did we evolve into playing it out in such discordant fashion?
What is this monkey-mind need to believe in anything?
What is this insatiable craving for power, for fame, for fortune?
Here we are, somewhere near or past the summit of our brief history of time,
And where can it possibly go, but into some dystopian nightmare, on a sure road to extinction.

480

You who witness the enigma, ponder the esoteric,
Will take thoughts such as these, wherever your mind is prepared to go.
The ground is tilled, the seed planted, the field watered, the shoots trimmed, the buds blossoming.
All for naught in the grand scheme of things, but that is the so-it-goes wonder of it.

* * * *

What would existence be like if You were completely alone for the rest of your life?
Whether in a valley, a forest, a mountain, a desert, a tundra, or an island,
What would it be like to never see another human being again?

* * * *

No set of writings, no persona, no group,
Should ever be accepted thoughtlessly as some authority.
Everything should be approached vigilantly, rationally, with a critical eye.
You are captain of the given mind-body to which You are witness.
Take command of your helm, navigate your own course.
History has its station, but You are here now.

* * * *

Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
Breathe in the cosmos … breathe out the cosmos …
What is to believe?

* * * *

Delusion: an idiosyncratic belief or impression,
That is firmly maintained despite being contradicted,
By what is generally accepted as reality or rational argument.
Typically, a symptom of mental disorder.

* * * *

The mystery, the unknowable You truly are, is utterly anonymous.
Identity is but the temporal fabrication of consciousness,
Of imagination, and its secular attachment to form.
The source, the awareness, is prior to time, prior to mind,
And the rare who fully discern it, abide in the unassuming solitude,
The sovereign, unconditional, indivisible, immortal aloneness of eternal life.

* * * *

To accept blindly is foolish; to doubt rationally is prudent.
Why should You accept anything You have not discerned for your Self?
Why accept any fable, any myth, any legend, any folktale, any fairytale, any invention,
Without some reservation, some critical inquiry, some judicious oversight?

481

What is news but gossip with varying levels of exhortation to give it an aura of great importance.
Why we give attention to unfolding events across the world, or even across town,
Is the mystery of the monkey-mind and its evolutionary roots.

* * * * *

All religion, all science, all technology, are proving to be ultimately nonsensical.
What is the point, the raison d'être of all this knowledge, really,
If it only ends up in mayhem and annihilation?

* * * *

Knowledge arrives after the fact, and wisdom is its gradual distillation.
And wisdom – for those perchance giving it their attention –
May well discern coming ripples before the fact,
And waylay need for more grappling of the bothersome kind.

* * * *

All knowledge, all assumptions, all speculations,
Are they really anything more than time-bound distractions,
From the eternal seamlessness of the nothingness,
That can never be more than imagined.

* * * *

There are far too many variables unleashed,
To be scientifically certain of anything, really.
A statistical sample is about as good as it gets.

* * * *

The human mind-body is evolved of nature,
But its abstract, emotional, time-bound paradigm,
Is not nature’s ingenuous, serendipitous way.

* * * *

How is the human species really any different,
Than lemmings irreversibly rushing towards oblivion?
What is this dream, but patterns within patterns within patterns?

* * * *

Assume that just about everyone has a number, an algorithm,
No different than any cow or pig or chicken in these our modern times.
You are free to say or do pretty much anything. as long as You do not talk too loud,
Or do something annoying, something disruptive, to the powers that be,
Such that your name flashes on some bureaucratic screen,
And the jungle’s bogeymen are unleashed.

482

Why would You believe, beyond-the-pale-more-than-unlikely events, happened thousands of years ago,
When You have never once, witnessed anything outside the bounds of natural law?
All are folklore born in the forges of one groupthink or another,
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Within the unfathomable immensity of the quantum matrix, endless fallacies flourish:
Mirages, hallucinations, illusions, visions, delusions, fantasies, figments.
Where the unreal is made real, form after kaleidoscoping form.
Where every Kansas is an Oz, and every rope a snake,
Until with a sharpened blade of discernment,
The Gordian Knot is cut, and all again real become.

* * * *

What goes through the mind of a child when queried,
"What do You want to be when You grow up?"
Such a peculiar question to ask any soul,
Still wafting serenely in the uncarved essence.

* * * *

What an infantile vision of God so many entertain,
Usually with it being all about them, all about theirs,
And their all-too-often irrational, drama-coated lives.

* * * *

Change up the sensory field:
Look with your ears, listen with your fingers,
Feel with your nose, smell with your tongue, taste with your eyes.
In a quantum mystery already well beyond the pale,
What is there that is not conceivable?

* * * *

Best take reasonable care of the body.
It is the portal through which the dream is experienced,
Through which You witness whatever slice of mystery You have been allotted.
Life offers too many challenges to not be able to face it squarely,
With as much health and well-being, as possible.

* * * *

Might be better to call 'The Truth' by some other sound
– The Way, The Mystery, The Indivisible, The Great Zambini, or some such vibration –
So as to avoid making the error of believing it is any kind of thing,
Rather than the ungraspable enigma that it is.

483

If You break down existence into its many parts, sub-parts, and sub-sub-parts:
Food, sex, work, play, cutting the nails, trimming the verge, agony and ecstasy, ad infinitum,
Going round and round in the same groove, doing the same old thing over and over,
What would really be so enticing about existing in some imaginary forever?
The manifest dream must renew its Self, else it will die of ennui.

* * * *

Every life form ever born manifests unique facets of awareness;
Of intelligence, intuition, practicality, acumen, judgment, knowledge, wisdom.
All of which enable it to survive, to abide, to perhaps even thrive,
In its wee little niche, in the given patch of jungle.

* * * *

We are all shards of the same crest-jewel of consciousness,
Droplets of the same ocean, slices of the same pie,
Observers of the same quantum matrix.
Why struggle or suffer over it?

* * * *

This one is right, that one is wrong, is only true,
For those who see the world in black and white,
And brusque, brook-no-argument lines, between.

* * * *

If suffering is your favored teacher,
If pain is the only way to get through that thick skull,
Then suffer well, friend, suffer well.

* * * *

If something really means something to You,
Is important enough to want to give it your time,
What is there to do but heed the call wherever it leads?

* * * *

Even if You were some sort of super being,
Able to burst across the universe in a single bound,
It would still be in this very eternal, very singular moment.
It would still be yet another inexplicable twist of the indelible origin.

* * * *

No quantity of alcohol, nor any other drug, will have the same effect on everyone.
Each and every container operates on an exclusive range of capacities and limitations.
There may be many statistical similarities, but we are all unique universes unto our Selves.

484

The mind being what it is, how possible is it to ever be completely free of the mindset,
The meme, the filter, the conditioning, the patterning, the habituating, the brainwashing,
Of any given body, any given family, any given group, any given culture, any given origin?
Imagination requires one starting point, one underpinning or another,
From which to launch into the dream of time.

* * * *

A few metaphors from a thesaurus, for the mind brewing in equanimity: Composure,
Calm, level-headedness, self-possession, coolheadedness, presence of mind;
Serenity, tranquility, phlegm, imperturbability, equilibrium; poise,
Assurance, self-confidence, aplomb, sangfroid, nerve.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement within a bubble of manifest awareness,
Whose brief mortal dreamtime allows the grand quantum mystery,
To witness its Self in whatever way the genetic lottery spins.

* * * *

Perhaps we should stop deluding ourselves that our kind,
And the world at large, are heading for a happy ending.
A happy ending only means the story is not yet over.

* * * *

Each and every life form,
Perceives its own version of the matrix.
None is more real, none is more true, than any other.

* * * *

Any given life so full of memories,
And all of them, even those just moments ago,
Seem such distant things in the mindscape of perception.

* * * *

What is it to be a man? What is it to be a woman?
What is it to be absorbed, captivated, in some between?
Each and every human being across the world, across time,
Grappling with their reality at the center stage of the given world.
None really right, none really wrong, just imagination having its way.

* * * *

To project our monkey-mind collusion upon the cosmos,
And whatever unknowable mysteries are afoot in the infinity of it all,
Ever falls into a realm of self-deception, well beyond the pale of any mortal vision.

485

We are all wandering the quantum matrix.
Sometimes running, sometimes walking, sometimes standing,
Sometimes swimming, sometimes flying, sometimes waking, sometimes sleeping.
But of the same infinitely inexplicable mystery, all the while.

* * * *

From cradle to grave, existence is in large part, about consumption.
Whenever there is a hunger, the choice is to forgo it or feed it,
Until the sensation no longer maintains it potent sway.
Moderation in all things, ever proves itself the wisest policy.

* * * *

There are those who attain clarity, those in and out of the fog,
And those whose existences, are forever a muddled quandary.

* * * *

What You perceive, is also, in its own fashion, perceiving You.
The observer is the observed, the observed is the observer.

* * * *

By means great or small, your mortal conclusion is assured.
From formlessness to formlessness, a brief dream between.

* * * *

No matter how You will it so, You are of the quantum genesis,
And can never, in more than in the filament of imagination, part.

* * * *

You seek nirvana, bliss, grace, samadhi, call it whatever You will.
Well, just still the thoughts, detach from the world, and breathe.
Yet another perception in the ephemeral pool of indelible awareness.
Available whenever the given mind can, to such indivisibility, be managed.

* * * *

You believe that You exist,
But in which now are You the You that You pretend?
This one? … This one? … This one? … This one? … This one? … This one? …

* * * *

You really – despite a mind chock-full of so-called religious knowledge,
To which You cleave with such self-absorbed tenacity – do not know anything of the great unknown.
All You are doing is regurgitating the countless absurdities of universes forever undone,
Instead of fully living in the given right-here-right-now, free of all claims.

486

As with any organism small to great born into this whirling garden world,
Human consciousness seeks out similar wavelengths within the spectrum of possibilities,
Thus preserving, spreading whatever perceptions, whatever memes, are harbored in the given mindset.
To discern one's conditioning, and perchance to be free of it, or at least attentive to it,
Requires a skeptical, introspective nature of the highest order.

* * * *

Those who know of You, shall remember both the good and bad about You,
But gradually, they will cease thinking about You, except in rarer and rarer moments,
Until all traces of You wash away, and You are forgotten completely,
As all things finite eventually are, and must ever be.
Vanity is but the wind of mind.

* * * *

The frame of reference, that bag of knowledge, that stew of perception,
Is but a phantasm of consciousness, a.k.a., imagination.
What You really are is prior to it all.
Discern it, and be as free as the moment allows.

* * * *

Who knows who, who knows what, who knows where,
Who knows when, who knows why, who knows how,
But the sensory consciousness You imagine You are.

* * * *

Do not confuse what You imagine, or what You do,
With the prior-to-consciousness awareness You are.

* * * *

Strands of genes collide and merge into new life.
Each and every one matchless in its own dream of time,
Each and every one an immeasurably vast cosmos unto its Self.

* * * *

What are love, hate, and other four-letter words?
It is in deeds that the truth of any and all are truly known,
Not in the capricious sounds issuing ceaselessly through the larynx.

* * * *

How many things will You thieve before You discern the meaning of honesty?
How many deceptions will You spawn before You discern the meaning of integrity?
How many people will You harm or destroy before You discern the meaning of compassion?
How much life will You live before You realize every act ripples out far and wide?

487

For any newborn, fresh from the womb, a whole agony-ecstasy existence underway,
And no operator's manual to aid in the long and winding labyrinth.
Just a world chock-full of memes striving diligently,
To absorb them in endless absurdity.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.
It is in the manifestation, the consciousness, that all creation unfolds.
For the newborn, not a care in the world – chaste awareness,
Witnessing the senses buzz away, slowly sculpting,
The chronicle, the myth, the fate ahead.

* * * *

When You are done with it all,
When You have consumed in every way, more than enough,
Then it is time to do absolutely nothing,
As often as possible.

* * * *

You have been diminishing since You were conceived,
But it is not until it becomes steadily, readily apparent,
That it becomes absorbingly, annoyingly bothersome.

* * * *

With all our so-called astuteness and aptitude,
To ultimately comport as mindlessly as any cancer,
Is irony and absurdity intertwined well beyond measure.

* * * *

An examined existence is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by a dreary education,
Bent on shaping the given mind into a mundane widget of the ordinary sort.

* * * *

What is the point of an education that does not inspire critical thinking?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the mettle to inquire fully?
What is the point of an education that does not inspire the capacity to question everything?

* * * *

What are the sensory organs – eyes, ears, tongue, nose, flesh – of any mortal vessel,
But readers of the ever-streaming colors, flavors, tastes, smells, and textures.
What is any universe, but awareness witnessing the creative handiwork,
Of the mind's rendering of the data, the nervous system weaves?

488

All the words and symbols, all the theories and speculations, mean diddly-squat.
It is up to You to perceive, on your own, all alone, for your Self,
The one and only You, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

What is it, to be completely vulnerable, spontaneous, without artifice?
To bear no vain notion, to merely exist, without concern or motive?

* * * *

The mind caught in the web of friend and foe,
Will find the true enemy is the division within.

* * * *

What insurance policy is there, really,
That can more than gloss over, the suffering,
Of this exceedingly mortal existence?

* * * *

Truth is truth, reality is reality,
Bound by neither light nor sound,
By neither form nor concept,
Bound by nothing in all.

* * * *

You may speak the truth clear as day,
But only those hungry for what is real,
Can hear a voice from the wilderness.

* * * *

Right begets wrong; wrong begets right.
Love begets hate; hate begets love.
Yes begets no; no begets yes.
Good begets bad; bad begets good.
White begets black; black begets white.
In everything, its contrary, waiting to bloom.

* * * *

The great tombs only show how fearful some can become,
In their vain attempts to grasp that which is ever but an enigma.

* * * *

Enjoy your quickly fleeting youth as best ye may, for as long ye may,
For You will, if You manage to survive, be geezer or hag soon enough.

489

Temporal existence is a game of sorts,
In which by being born You must in one way or another play a part.
A game in which You must somehow learn the written rules, as well as those never once uttered.
A game You must endeavor to play as well as your capacity and limitation allows,
For as long as the mind-body endures the agony and ecstasy of it,
Or at least for as long as it manages to interest You.

* * * *

Has technology truly crafted this inexplicable garden a better place to live?
A mixed bag, a motley report card, a dubious bottom line, to be sure.
And to timeline it in biblical parlance: The day ain't over yet.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions will always find a way,
To make a dime on the whimsicalities of the bottom-feeders.

* * * *

How attentive are You the garden world about You?
The birth, the death, and all the exquisite dancing between.
And all the befores, all the durings, all the afters,
Ever the same inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

Like it or not, examining what is, is far more real,
Than spouting an endless array of what-should-be's.

* * * *

Look prior and beyond all religion,
And recognize for your Self the one and only Truth,
That You are That I Am; the source, the ground, the essence, its Self.
You are eternal, singular, sovereign, absolute.
There is no other.

* * * *

Why would You believe some deity
Would be more interested in You than everything else?
You really think being a tree, an insect, a fish, or a bird, is any less absorbing,
Than all the inflated silliness, You are ever-managing to concoct?

* * * *

What agony, what ecstasy, it is to exist; every possible delight, every possible torment.
Each and every life form – across all space, across all time – experiencing a unique rendering.
And the awareness, prior to the quantum play, witnessing it all – right here, right now – in every way.

490

If You were that which is mystery, and wanted to experience each and every one-of-a-kind creation,
How else to do it, but by casting your Self center stage, in each and every role?
It is, indeed, a God-eat-God, beyond-all-pales mystery.
And You are the mystery, in just one of its incalculable forms.

* * * *

No one is truly free in this mortal human paradigm.
Ultimately, all are bound by one frame of reference or another.
Bound by geography, culture, religion, language, gender, conditioning, events,
Capacities and limitations, ambition, opportunities, ad infinitum.
Like it or no, that is how the genetic lottery rolls.

* * * *

Timelines within timelines within timelines,
An indivisible quantum sea playing out a space-time relativity.
Everything written in the sands of ever-timeless time,
For You to discern as mind and heart allow,
In this very mortal walkabout.

* * * *

Who, what, why, when, where, how are You,
But imagination attached to its manifest dream.
Still the many thoughts the senses inspire,
And be the anonymous, faceless one.

* * * *

Someone spins a parable; the future calls it scripture.
And if enough join the cult, it may even become a religion.
Dogma and idolatry and persecution and mayhem, sure to follow.

* * * *

What is memory, but electrical impulses whizzing down neural trails?
What is emotion, but biochemical secretions oozing through membranes?
It is imagination's translation of sensation, that navigates any given existence.

* * * *

So many families with unhappy, wretched sagas.
What is that worn adage about blood being thicker than water?
What might that mean, if twists of irony and paradox were to tinge the brew?
Is it thicker than the water of the womb? Is it thicker than the milk of the mother's breast?
Or is it perhaps the blood bond, the mutual covenant between the truest of friends?
Are alliances we choose, more robust than the one into which we are born?
Is the blood-bond of friendship thicker than that of water and milk?

491

All the so-called scriptures were written by seers and sages,
Really no different than anyone who has pondered existence before or since.
We are all cousins of the same puddle, responding to the life and times into which we are cast.
The geography, culture, language, technology, and on and on, are inescapably different,
But guaranteed, beyond all doubt, we are all very much the same monkey-mind,
And prior to that, very much the same quantum stardust of all creation.
It is but a veiled, temporal play, in which the myriad players,
Are, in the ultimate eternal reality, one in the same.

* * * *

Discerning eternal life takes a little more insight than mere belief teamed up with hope.
It is always right here, right now, but You must have the astuteness, the wit,
To realize, to perceive, that time is but a notion of consciousness,
Masking the eternal here-now, the majestic theater,
Within which all manifestation dances.

* * * *

How many books have been written since the advent of the printed word,
Most of which have been long lost, many likely all but unread.
So much thought, so much effort, and for what?

* * * *

What is this herd instinct to follow, to imitate, to duplicate?
Why would You ever need or want to mimic anyone else's vanity,
When your own recital is surely more than absurd enough?

* * * *

Every mind imagines a world to which its nature-nurture,
Its capacities and limitations, its frame of reference, subscribes.
No one can be more or less than what the genetic lottery has allotted.
Any rubber band, no matter how elastic, can only stretch so far.

* * * *

Eternal life is the instinctual default for all life forms,
And though many creatures may exist with some sort of sense of time,
Humankind is so immersed in it, as to need religion and every other form of distraction,
To offset the pain and suffering that a mind, chock-full of memories, inspires.

* * * *

The extraterrestrials will have a great time exploring our relics, watching our movies,
And perusing all the bookstores and libraries that managed to stay open until the pitiless end.
We will be a big hit in some galaxy far, far away; the little green scholars and twelve-legged bards,
Will cast nets far and wide in every sort of speculation about humankind's rise and fall.

492

How would it be possible that You are not ultimately the same Me as Me, and Me the same You as You?
The same He as He, the same She as She, the same We as We, the same It as It, the same All as All.
Identification with the mind-body is the pretense, the façade, the charade, of consciousness.
At the quantum fount, how can it be anything, but same all in one, the same one in all?

* * * *

Have You really, ever thought, said, or done anything all that different,
Than anything thought, said, or done countless dreamtimes before and since?
Perhaps, but likely ever so rarely, and really, naught but minor tweaks,
In the eternally evolving patterning spun of quantum stardust,
In the puddles and jungles of the unfolding long ago.

* * * *

What is the smallest small, what is the largest large,
And what are You if not the awareness, the nothingness,
The indivisibility, that weaves within and without all.

* * * *

How can there be happy endings,
When there is no conclusion to anything?
Perhaps happy process, but beginning and endings,
Are but the punctuation points of consciousness,
Caught in the filament of unfounded notion.

* * * *

How interesting it would be to know the stories,
Of all the things You have lost or sold or given away.
To know whether they are still being used and cherished,
Buried in some landfill, or a part of some collector's potpourri.

* * * *

Human existence, as it is known,
Is about the accumulation of imaginary conceptions.
To release the mind that attains, is to relinquish all, to the eternal nowness,
The timelessness that is as near to the one and only ultimate reality,
As awareness, through mindfulness, is capable of realizing.
Only in a very serene mind, only in that awareness,
Can the mystery You truly are, be realized.

* * * *

You may believe all this the intentional working of some supreme-on-high deity,
But even if that is true, it must certainly be subject to the same force underwriting all.
Subject to the same evolutionary process, the same pool, in which all attributes ebb and flow.

493

That the cosmos, that You, exist at all, is beyond the scope of all rationality, all sensibility.
And yet why should the ultimate truth, not be forever impenetrable, unfathomable, inscrutable?
Why should it, how could it, ever be required or obligated, to make any sense whatsoever,
To any but the relatively rare few, inexplicably called to witness its indelible way.

* * * *

And in that oblivion, that obscurity, that emptiness, that gap, that space,
That abyss, that vacuum, that void, that nothingness,
That nada of awareness, You are.

* * * *

Unhook the engine, let loose all the baggage cars.
Be that sharp-cutting-edge, up-front-and-center awareness,
That which was never born, that which never dies,
That which You truly are and are not.

* * * *

Even if there is some on-high deity,
What need to constantly bow and scrape?
What need to tarry in guilt and self-loathing?
What need to again and again pray for forgiveness?
What need to beg for what is not freely given?
What need to give thanks even once?
What point projecting vanity,
Upon that with none?

* * * *

Real spirituality is a solitary endeavor.
If You are following some beguiling personality,
Or participating in some muddle of intoxicating groupthink,
Rest assured that You need to push the reset button.

* * * *

What You do or say today,
In no way makes You duty-bound,
To play it the same in any given tomorrow.
It is nothing more than vanity that strikes a bargain,
That You incarnate the same persona from one day to the next.

* * * *

Be the world, the cosmos, everything You imagine it might contain.
Do not be held back by the innumerable limits of your given conditioning.
Stand alone, absolute, indivisible, inscrutable, the zenith of your panoramic view.

494

At some point, on some day, after some tomorrow,
Consciousness, as humankind has portrayed it, will simply disappear.
And on and on the abiding earth will whirl, until the cosmic dominos fall, however they will.
And more likely than not, despite all science fiction to the contrary,
No alien species will ever come across all the residue,
Of our relatively transitory tenure.

* * * *

Of all the knowledge gleaned since the fruit of the garden was figuratively picked,
Your little set is but a speck of a bit of a tad of a drop of a crumb,
Of a trace of a fragment of a morsel of a smidgen,
And yet all of the all, all the while.

* * * *

You can likely carry on, despite what others think of You.
Unless, of course, they are willing to beat You up, enslave You, or even kill You,
In which case, You should probably tread lightly, or even run.

* * * *

Identity is a charade born of the monkey-mind in some long ago,
A mortal game that You are forced to play to one degree or another,
If You wish to survive for at least a modicum of mind's potential.

* * * *

The only way any teacher ever becomes truly inspiring,
Is if he/she has at least one student earnestly seeking to learn.
For them to happen into each other, well, that, my friend, is the rub.

* * * *

We all have an individual worldview, a unique universe of our own making.
All are equally authentic in their own indelible, imaginary way.
And yet, all are created equally of the same origin,
The same inexplicable mystery.
There is no way it can ever be truly changed.
It may gradually evolve into something somewhat dissimilar,
But its roots will always harbor the conditioning of its nature-nurture beginnings.

* * * *

You see and hear and taste and smell and feel,
Through the mind-body filter, to which You are so attached.
The memes of dreamtime have molded You into a pattern You think You.
Only by discerning the indivisible awareness prior to the nature-nurture programming,
Can the essential, intrinsic freedom, of that which is timeless, that which is eternal life, be truly won.

495

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

* * * *

The many-faced media has had as much or more of a hand in raising You,
As anything your family, community, and education may have done.
It is very much a part of the village in these our modern times.

* * * *

Every form is an energy transmutation module,
Every moment taking in and giving out,
As the indivisibility of the matrix,
Churns on and on and on.

* * * *

'Twas madness got You here,
And it will be madness that carries You on,
Until one demolition ball or another,
Strikes your vain notion down.

* * * *

The nothingness of the eternal,
Cannot be taught, only learned,
And in the learning, process is all.

* * * *

What is it You are seeking?
Do You really want an answer?
Are You willing even to die to find it?
Who but You needs to be satisfied with it?
Are You durable enough to endure the aloneness?
And, by the way, who are You, really, to ask such things?

* * * *

To discern the awareness prior to consciousness,
You must look prior to all the perceptions, all the memories,
Prior to all the thoughts drifting willy-nilly in the smoke of imagination.
Consciousness is but an imaginary veil, behind which, is ever the essence You truly are.

496

Not easy to let go of all You imagine You are, and are not, in this absurd little dream of space and time.
The monkey-mind will seemingly do whatever it must, to preserve its countless illusions.
Absolute attention – desireless, fearless – is the key to eternal freedom.

* * * *

As limited as any given manifestation must be to dream any existence,
The ultimate You – omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent –
Is within all creation and the space between.
Why would anyone imagine it to be anything less?

* * * *

Just because it is all infinitely one, does not necessarily mean,
One must indiscriminatingly love everyone and everything.
There can be joyful serenity in being indifferent to it all.

* * * *

If You cannot fit it all into an unadorned, timeless breath,
Then it probably does not matter all that much, anyway.

* * * *

Be the Good Samaritan however it suits You.
The most authentic giving is not an obligation.

* * * *

Whether on a mountain chanting,
Or in a tavern slamming straight shots,
Gravity is slowly drawing all to the same grave.
Vanity is but the not-so-solitary game of consciousness.

* * * *

What need for any dogma, really?
You are your own law, and it can be an ever-changing thing,
As dynamic as any given moment.

* * * *

As with anything said or written or done,
It is up to the given witness to contemplate what is meant.
Some thoughts are literal, some figurative, and some, tosses of the in-between.

* * * *

You very likely, are not at all concerned what happens to some seemingly insignificant life form,
In a tide pool or stream or valley or desert or mountain or ice sheet, in another corner of the world.
But, comprehend it or not, that web of life, of which absolutely everything is part, is why You exist.

497

Every religion began as a sect, a cult, of supporters, of enthusiasts, of followers, of groupies,
Who worked very diligently to persuade others they were gatekeepers of the truth,
And should be acknowledged, venerated, and compensated accordingly.

* * * *

To all those who class themselves higher, greater, more substantial,
Know that behind your back, or after You have left the room,
There are many who snigger at your inflated absurdity.

* * * *

Are You really this form, this mind-body?
Or is it merely a vehicle for consciousness to play out its dream,
And You nothing more than a passenger, a witness;
Awareness, timelessly observing it all.

* * * *

Until You left the tranquility of the womb, there was no other.
And once You moved out into the roar of the world,
Consciousness began its sculpting,
And here You are.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter what anyone thinks of You?
Be your sovereign universe, and allow others the same.

* * * *

To which modern time might we be referring?
All modernity has its moment in each and every mind,
And all are forever lost, the very instant they become memory.

* * * *

Humankind reached its first billion in 1804.
Its second billion in 1927.
The eighth was up and about by 2023.
Eight billion two-leggeds in just over two hundred years.
The total number who have ever lived is estimated to be 100 billion or more.
How can any paradise ever hold up to such a feeding frenzy?

* * * *

Attitude is all.
With the flip-flop of a thought, sorrow becomes joy;
Bad, good; bitter, cordial; anger, calm; violent, gentle; arrogant, humble; sour, sweet; dark, light.
The remedy to a dualistic world, is the within that is within all withouts.

498

We humans are all animals here,
Mammals with consciousness enough, with imagination enough,
To perceive the sensory play in such a way as to fabricate the notion, the absurdity, of individuality.
Animals with a beyond-the-pale aptitude for communication and tool-making.
But animals, nonetheless, animals, nonethemore.

* * * *

If You were in a jungle, and had not learned the means, the tools, necessary for your survival,
How long do You think others would share the boon of their skill in the hunt?
Every bird must abandon the nest, flying upon its own wing.
Anything less is not the Way of Eden.

* * * *

Why is every man not respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandfather, a father, an uncle, a brother, a husband, or a son?
Why is every woman not treated, respected, venerated, as one would,
A grandmother, a mother, an aunt, a sister, a wife, or a daughter?
What is it that makes our kind so callous toward strangers?
Why are we so ensnared in the squalor of differences,
Rather than embracing the thread weaving all?

* * * *

This brief dream is likely just a one-shot dog and pony show,
In your mind-body's, so very vain sliver of forever,
So, enjoy it as best ye may, while ye may,
For it will all be over sooner than soon enough.

* * * *

Even the most vile foe, is teacher to You, and You to s/he.
There is no occurrence that has not played its part,
In your reaching this moment in dreamtime.
You may not much care to offer heartfelt thanks,
But the truth of it, best be acknowledged for what it is.

* * * *

There are always subtleties within subtleties within subtleties.
No one ever achieves excellence any first time,
Nor does anyone ever truly know everything about anything.
Attaining mastery always takes practice; the beginner is always a beginner.

* * * *

Go back to the You before the mortal body, and forward to the You after it has fallen away.
Of what importance is this ever-changing vessel, this vague set of imaginary notions, really?

499

The addictive mind is an insatiable mind, a consuming force, obsessed with every possible extreme:
Food, sex, alcohol, drugs, religion, power, fame, fortune, materialism, greed ad infinitum.
A habitual, undisciplined, pride-filled mind, driven to debilitating dependency,
By what is really nothing more than a kaleidoscoping sensory theater.
Ever running from the aloneness, the stillness, the essence,
Of the indelible mystery permeating all eternity.

* * * *

Here You are – awareness, consciousness, imagination – timeless, right here, right now.
And really no answers to the questions: who, what, where, when, why, how.
Agnostically faking it the best You can, the modus operandi.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread saturate the primordial roots of every human endeavor.
From the dark jungles, obscure and ominous, passion burned across the world.

* * * *

What is any history but what some storyteller's imaginary frame of reference,
Coupled with the translation of your frame of reference.
Very dubious from the get-go.

* * * *

Who are You to argue with somebody who wants to believe in a deity,
That is as real as the Tooth Fairy or the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus?

* * * *

What is the body but a bag of perceptions,
Of memories, of desire, of fears, of ecstasies, of agonies,
All cavorting in eternity's indivisible stillness, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because You are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

* * * *

The future of Eden – relentlessly corrupted by the mind of humankind – daily unfolds.
The purity of its Darwinistic origin, forever tainted by the cancer it before time fostered.

* * * *

Nothingness is the timeless constant, within which, every imaginable variable –
Each and every one fashioned of the quantum essence and its ever-shifting nature –
Ever condenses and evaporates, like clouds in the sky, in its unborn-undying here now.
The mystery has been labeled by many names, to which, it has never even once answered.

500

Pretend You are already dead.
Die to time, literally be here now, right here, right now.
As still as the morning dew, totally alone, eternally present, not a care in the world.
All knowledge vaporized, no family, no friends, no enemies, no problems.
No attachment to the agonies and ecstasies of the sensory feed.
Unequivocal negation of any and all assumptions.
No body, no identity, no possessions.
Just attentive awareness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, the soul, the essence, the mystery;
How can it be said to belong to anybody, if not everybody and everything?
In the raging sea of metaphors, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a set, a bag, an array, of programming.
A circulating loop of habituation, conditioning, brainwashing.
A frame of reference believing its thoughts real and true,
Its manufactured identity sacrosanct and enduring.

* * * *

How ludicrous to imagine that we really know anything,
That all our speculations mean diddly-squat,
That all our ceaseless wordplay,
Is any more than another form of wind.

* * * *

What are the shades of gray between black and white,
Good and bad, right and wrong, right and left, bitter or sweet,
Or any other dualistic notion born of the monkey-mind's play of time?

* * * *

The difference between any You and any me, is all in our heads, is all in our minds.
Our perceptions, our imagination, our relentless emphasis on the ever-kaleidoscoping universe,
Playing out every timeless moment, bewildering us all with its inexplicable veil.
And who has the unshakable witness behind the curtain ever been,
But the same You that is Me, the same Me that is You.

* * * *

And if it is perchance in your cards to figure out this mystery of mysteries,
How far will You glean it? What will You say? What will You do?
How will You play this, what might be called, fate of fates?

The Last Page

Every one, the same quantum indivisibility, playing the manifest theater real.
Every one, the immortal essence, peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one, as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those, whose destiny it is to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns.
All functions of the same choicelessness.
All programming of quantum design.
Indivisible within one and all, for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only You do not change, only You have ever been the same,
Only You have ever been the one and only You,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound You call it, is always the same.
The same as when You were born; the same as when You die.
The same as before You were born; the same as after You die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while You exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that You truly are, cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

How can there be even a trace of loneliness,
Once the eternal aloneness of the ultimate nature is discerned?
It is not a thing to be dreaded or forestalled once the monkey-mind is transcended.
Embracing its indivisible sanctity is the truest religion.

* * * *

The thoughts of time mixed and remixed times beyond counting.
Who knows what was scribbled when or where,
And why would it matter?
Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

This universe, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity whatsoever.
The vagaries of the human condition are but a hiccup in the kaleidoscoping eternal theater.

* * * *

Religious fervor ebbs and flows, rises and falls, in the bell curves of space-time.
Eternal life is the essence, the genesis, of the ever-present now,
The born again-ness of each and every moment.

* * * *

It is your desire for more and fear of less that leaves you time-bound,
That leaves the born-again-death of eternal life ever just out of reach.

* * * *

Go to that state of solitude, that awareness before to time,
That eternal here-now prior to consciousness,
Where no other has never abided.
That placeless place,
The source code of creation.

* * * *

The only way you fabricate the perception of past or future
It through the eternal, very present nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Neither happy nor sad, kind nor bitter, humble nor vain,
The eternal awareness of the quantum essence simply is.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life of the quantum indivisibility.

The only question is whether or not you have discerned it.

* * * *

The crashing waves are not the eternal ocean
From which they rush foaming across the sand.

* * * *

Between the nowness of eternity and the dream of mind,
‘Tis a ceaseless in and out … in and out … in and out …

* * * *

Why is this moment so fresh, so clear?
Because the present is where eternity abides.
The quantum nowness is the only reality possible.

* * * *

Until you discern the wonder
Of the unfolding eternal moment,
You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Duality exists only in the dreamtime of consciousness.
Reality is singular through and through for all eternity.

* * * *

We are all witness to the eternal Way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Equal participants in this game of charades.

* * * *

Do the math, do the words, do the music, do the dance, do the whatever,
They all double-double-toil-and-trouble down to the same eternal emptiness,
The least common denominator of the ever-most-excellent Great Nada.

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity?
And would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, stream of imagination, stream of mind.
Call it what you will, it is the same eternal mystery
Playing out however it will.

* * * *

To discern the eternal life, the myriad binds of mind must be undone.
Cut the Gordian Knot of consciousness to discern the freest state of mind.

* * * *

From the eternal eye of awareness
Through the sensory plays of all existence,
An infinity of universes are created.

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning,
But the momentary attentiveness called by some eternal life,
That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

To be at peace, to be immersed in the ultimate awareness
That this mortal dreamtime offers in each and every streaming moment,
What greater quality of mind could there be than the intangible brass ring of eternal life?

* * * *

Pure awareness, agnostic, totally attentive,
Fully absorbed in the eternal moment,
Is the highest state of beingness.

* * * *

You are the same awareness, the same oneness,
That has witnessed all eternity and its countless creations.
Only imagination lost in vanity pretends otherwise.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, really,
Once the eternal beingnesss of awareness
Resumes its default position at the helm.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances across this magical world are the gift of eternity to its Self.
The challenge, given their hedonistic potential, is a certain level of moderation,
And how well you utilize them for right purpose, at least once in a while.

* * * *

An unseen force, in which all existence rises and falls,
An ocean churning for whatever time eternity gives way.

* * * *

The you that you play is but history.
The You that You really are is eternal.

* * * *

This awareness of the oneness is the capstone,
The distillation of experience and knowledge into wisdom,
The eternal insight into the immortal essence

Of a mortal existence well spent.

* * * *

To be as a child is to return to that indivisible state of pure, eternal awareness,
Prior to the smoke-ridden consciousness to which time requires subscription.

* * * *

If you always do your best, if you always strive in a mindset of quality, of excellence, of virtue,
Then succeeding or failing is only of cursory consequence, a relatively negligible detail.
Process is all, and goals merely imaginary pauses along the eternal journey.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, that which is unknowable, that which is eternal,
That which is prior to all attributes, all properties, all characteristics, all arrangements,
That which is prior to all the divisions, all the dualities, all the contrasts, born of consciousness.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the you that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I that you imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

Thought is the stagnancy in which the mind harbors the notion of existence.
Only in awareness is the quantum essence playing at the cutting edge of dreamtime.
Thought is death, awareness, life eternal; the conceptions of consciousness merely vibration,
Waves crashing upon neuron shoals, naught but imagination confabulating sensory perception real.

* * * *

How attentively can you listen, and for how long,
To a babbling brook, to a roaring river, to a crashing wave,
They who babble and roar and crash ever eternal.
The no-mind, the mind without mind,
Is a mind full of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal purity, the eternal clarity, of all dreamtimes.
The silky-smooth elixir, the cosmic brew of those rare few
Called to discern, to witness, the only reality.
Source to all, source to none.

* * * *

Human consciousness is really nothing more than imagination
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek with its imaginary self.

* * * *

No new technology can more than offer brief respite, brief reprieve,
From the consequences of its accelerating exponential.
Fingers can only plug any dike for so long
Against the indivisible vibrancy of eternal nature.

* * * *

Lives ripple through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet … And through …
For as long as memory holds fast against the tides of eternity.

* * * *

The awareness you truly are is but eternal witness
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable universe is but a quantum playground in which you will act out
Whatever agonies and ecstasies the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; you are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Understand the union, the merging, the yoga,
Is not about the mind-body about which you are so vain,
But the you that is the eternal awareness in the all and nothing of it.
The inexplicable cannot be made any more explicable.

* * * *

From nothing to something, from something to nothing,
All things emerging, all things disappearing, all things forming, all things dissolving.

The ocean, the source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever absolute,
The many patterns nothing more than appearances,
Winds blowing, currents flowing.
All attributes nothing more than vibrating elements,
The primal chaos creating-preserving-destroying, the synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

The insights, the revelations of eternity, are for any,
With the wit, the calling, to discern its timeless truth.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,
Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal
Within and without the within and without that has never really existed?

* * * *

Believing you know is but a false security to which most minds cling.
To a be as a child, alone and free; to be this instant, unborn and undying;
Is to be the mind realigned with the eternal moment and its inherent insecurity.

* * * *

The challenge is to get back to the timeless garden, the eternal Eden,
Of which no other animal on this spinning orb has ever lost vision.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming
Through the neural network to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your universe, without the given mind
Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture set in motion some long ago.
A handiwork that has never been anything but an indivisible quantum matrix,
Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime of unknowable origin.
And the eternal unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Witness to it all, you are it, and it is you.

* * * *

There it is again, beneath all the interminable facades of conscious design,
The essential as-real-as-it-gets youness, right here, right now,
Eternally present in an ever-timeless sort of way.
You are the irrefutable awareness.
There is no other.

* * * *

You are the mystery of you, the wonder of you, the eternity of you.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

To awaken to eternity, you, the inexplicable awareness,
Must doubt everything to such a great degree
As to be able to shake off the mind and senses entirely.
To become so inwardly at peace as to be neither mind nor body.
A state of timeless beingness for which few have either capacity or inclination.

* * * *

Even as quickly as sensory news travels through the synapses to the brain,
By the time it filters, by the time it registers, in the given mind,
The ever-present now has indivisibly streamed on.
As immeasurable as it may seem,
Even eternal life cannot keep up with reality.

* * * *

To be agnostic, to be uncertain, is to explore for your Self,
No direction known, no answers sought, no conclusions made,
Is to be as eternally present as consciousness in space-time allows.

* * * *

Most life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability,
That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all through the Darwinian shaping,
Of each and every genomic strand, over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that you are truly and completely free,
That you have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part you play,
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function,
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination moving to and fro in the clear space of awareness.
To give over to the vulnerability you in reality ever are, is a reflective view to which few are drawn.

* * * *

The weight of the world is but imaginary notion.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, waylay all the desires and fears.

Attend the awareness prior to consciousness, and, poof,
The world disappears in the mists of eternity.

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The clock hands go round and round and round, and you ever the same.
Whoo-hoo for eternity playing out the dream of space and time
In the awareness of your most thunder, perfect mind.

* * * *

What is heaven, what is hell, but potentials of mind given over to equanimity or volatility.
What more can any ask of their dreamtime than to have a mind at peace with its Self,
A mind that is content, a mind that is serene, a mind that is eternal unto its origin.

* * * *

There is only the timeless instant, the eternal moment.
There is only right here, there is only right now.
There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
In the ever-present hereness-nowness of the indivisible ever is.
There is no past, there is no future, there is no ever was, there is no will ever be.

* * * *

To recondition the mind into being timelessly ever-present,
Rather than being lost in time-bound imagery,
That is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

Doubt will carry you to whatever falsehood you can abide,
And then on to the next and the next and the next and the next and the next,
Until you finally achieve that eternal moment where there are no more untruths to be had,
That unutterable, timeless realization where you finally, indelibly discern
That you are, and have always been, and will ever be,
The way and the truth and the life.
There is no other,
Playing out every possibility.

* * * *

In every end, it will be as it was in every beginning,
As it was in every meridian and every twinkling in every between,
And as it is in every imaginable before, as it is in every imaginable after, as well.
Any notion that your “youness” is in any way separate from the eternal
Is nothing more than the delusion of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Each and every timeless, streaming moment passes the same.
Call it second, call it minute, call it hour, call it day, call it night, call it this year or that,
It is ever the same quantum eternity dancing in its own illumination,
And you, the awareness, its creator and witness.

* * * *

The eternal salvation so many glibly guarantee is up to you to alone discern.
Even if you follow a trusted guide up an arduous, rocky mountain trail,
You are still required to endure each and every step along the way.

* * * *

What is the universe but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

What sense can perceive the eternal conundrum of awareness?
What attribute can prove it? What word can define it? What mind can bind it?
Awareness is the sovereignty of all things imperceptible, unprovable, indefinable, unbindable.

* * * *

You are the eternal awareness experiencing manifest form.
To die to the little self is not physical death, but psychic death.
It is awakening, it is being born again, into the Self you truly are.

* * * *

You have always been very much alone.
Your attempts to avoid it have always proven futile.
It is your eternal nature no matter the diversity streaming about.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious indivisible quantum glue of the eternal now
Holds together each and every streaming holograph moment one into the next.
It is just all too fucking boggling for consciousness to ever wrap its wee little mind around.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary journey towards eternal reunion.

* * * *

Those who would explore the expanses of the eternal mind
Will wander through many cycles of limbo, of anguish, of despair.
In the play of consciousness, there are no heights without nadirs between.

* * * *

The sea of awareness knows no time,
Knows no space, is bound by no limitation.
What words could ever suffice to expound eternity?

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives; none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations to anything more than arbitrary, capricious cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets for those unable to endure alone the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

The weaving of doubt and negation are the magic carpet, the ruby slippers,
That will get you back to the integrity of the eternal mind,
The virtuousness of the eternal life.

* * * *

There is much more faith in timelessly abiding in the awareness of the given moment,
Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests,
Than can ever be concocted by any fear-based belief system fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based, greed-laced, and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

Your mortal stance, when contrasted to the eternity you truly are,
Is really no longer than that of a fruit fly, or even the universe.
What is it that entices you to believe this worldly theater real?

* * * *

You are That I Am
Which is born again and again anew
In each and every eternally kaleidoscoping immortal moment.

* * * *

Despite all groupthink to the contrary, you must work out your own eternal salvation.
Believing, hoping, praying, that some other will do it for you misses the reality.
Embracing agnostic oblivion is the true potential offered by awareness.

* * * *

Real and true peace is an unattainable ideal for the passionate mind.
Only in the stillness of eternal awareness is its true realization attained.

* * * *

What is consciousness but wave after wave bound to attributes.
Awareness is the nothingness, the unknowable unknown of eternity,
Prior to all dimensions, all imaginary dreams of space and time.

* * * *

Birth is a moment like this, death is a moment like this,
And the eternal life between is filled with moments like this.

* * * *

You are but a momentary portal to that which is unknowable.
An ephemeral window between what is and what is not,
In which the eternal witness has the opportunity
To observe its Self through a worldly dream.

* * * *

Awareness is a solitary quality of mind, a state of timelessness, of eternal life.
And if you are to awaken to it, you must awaken alone,
For no one can do it for you.

* * * *

Death will arrive in a moment very much like this one,
With consciousness coming to an end, and eternity steadfastly carrying on,
Without the you as you have come to know it in the identification with the mind-body dreamtime.
The one and only real you, that you always are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

To fathom all you are, to fathom all you are not,
To discern the ultimate reality of this enigmatic eternal awareness,
You must examine the given life, the given mind, the given body, both within and without,
Catching and releasing any and every form, any and every thought,
Until only you in still awareness remain.

* * * *

Each and every moment, inhaled and exhaled, examined and released.
The eternal life is not for those who cling to the imaginary concoctions of mind.
The vague memories of all that is ever come and gone, is not real living.
It is the stillness of awareness that is the fountain of existence.

* * * *

From the immeasurable mystery of eternal nothingness,
The churning quantum of creation and preservation and destruction,
An ever-emanating juggernaut beyond all reckoning,
The eternal nothingness all the while.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery not be boggling prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,

And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that you are it, it is you.

* * * *

The mind that craves more, more, and still more.
Has everything but eternal life, sometimes called heaven.
Something to do with camels and eyes of needles.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same youness,
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsical moment inclines.

* * * *

You are this eternal nowness, and this eternal nowness is you.
This is the one and only nowness awareness ever is, has ever been, will ever be.
In some soon-to-be mind-body space-time, you will be "doing" something else in the same nowness.
And still later, it will be the same awareness "doing" something else in the same nowness.
The timeless mind prior to the kaleidoscoping dreamtime is ever the same.
Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

We are all witness, ever alone, ever absolute, in our own unique version of a universe.
We are all right, we are all wrong, each and every one, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

The same eternal source in all timelessly witnesses all.
It is the omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient undying force.
Ageless, changeless, perpetual, unending, interminable, transient,
Immeasurable, inestimable, everlasting, boundless, infinite, immortal.

* * * *

What is eternal life but the ephemeral awareness you truly are,
Paying as much attention as possible to the one-moment-at-a-time universe,
To which the given sensory mind-body dreamtime of temporal consciousness subscribes.

* * * *

What is real meditation
But the turning off of time-bound imagination
For a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

The momentary awareness perceives through the senses
What the mind born of the quantum essence has engineered.
Always something to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,
Yet ever the eternal nothingness in each and every while.

* * * *

What is the point, what is the reality, of any story, any chronicle, any history,
Once all trace, all recollection, of it has been lost in the mists of eternity.
Ask the forest tree, fallen and decaying, unwitnessed and unheard.

* * * *

Where is the difference? Where is the attribute? Where is the transformation?
Where is anything in the mystery of mysteries, that which is eternally indivisible?

* * * *

What is death but the end of time, the end of space,
The return to the eternal indivisibility that all ever are.
Nothing to fear, nothing to doubt, simply the way it truly is.

* * * *

To be the undying awareness is to wander without attachment to the dream of mind,
To endure, free of time, free of all the agonies and ecstasies imagination musters into notion.
Eternal existence is for the rarest of the rare, those few and far flung who render themselves whole.
One must be absolutely fearless to ascertain the immutable immortality
They are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Are you streaming through space-time, or is it timelessly appearing through you?
What is this inexplicable, impenetrable, indelible, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inscrutable, inseparable mystery,
But an indivisible emanation of the ephemeral eternity you are.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now of eternal awareness,
The singular observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The eternal life offered by pure awareness is the one and only true religion.
It has no name, and requires no faith, no scripture, no dogma,
No idols, no symbols, no priesthood, no followers.
Those who believe otherwise muddle in the fog of vanity.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.
From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

The explorer of consciousness is very much alone
In the maze-like concourses of the eternal fabric,
The imaginary hologram of the passionate mind.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how creates this kaleidoscoping theater of dreamtime,
But the eternal awareness neither within nor without the quandaries of imagination.

* * * *

There is only the here-now, there is only eternal life.
All vain notions about it are ultimately meaningless.
Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

How would any of this be if the awareness you truly are were not bound to the mind-body,
If you were not attached to all the notions inspired by the sensory dream.
The universe did not exist before the unborn was born.
It will not exist after the unborn dies.
Die to it now.
Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

An indifferent mind is a reflection of the indifferent awareness.
And the eternal mystery from which it all indifferently emanates.

* * * *

Everything you experience,
Everything you see, hear, smell, touch, taste,
Adds to the frame of reference from which it is eternally witnessed.

* * * *

What is it to awaken, to realize, but to become very still, very attentive,
To the eternal awareness you truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Eternal peace is merging into the indivisibly, the aloneness, free of attributes.
Giving the world no thought: some call it heaven, some call it madness.
What matter what any other thinks, what any other believes?

* * * *

In truth, you have no past, you have no future.
You are but a subjective dream of consciousness, of imagination.
There is only now, there is only awareness, there is only quantum, there is only eternity,
Timelessly witnessing an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, sensory play.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, your dream, is an imaginary invention,

Founded upon the sensory input, as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However you see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever you imagine others think, they think; whatever you imagine others do, they do.
You are perceiver, witness, observer, viewer, watcher, eyewitness, onlooker, bystander, ogler, spectator.
You are the one and only awareness, acting out a programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone, in your center stage of Self-consciousness.

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.
We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion,
A quantum matrix emanating a dream of time in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

Complete, unconditional, unadorned vulnerability is the means to nirvana.
To give your self over to Self, to set the body-mind adrift in awareness,
Is the discerning tap of the Ruby Slippers that will get you home.
Eternity is now, there is no other, nothingness is as apparent as it gets.

* * * *

The ever-motionless awareness of the eternal mind
Is prior to all movement of consciousness,
And the myriad attachments therein.

* * * *

To be caught in the web of time
Is to play out the death born of imagination.
Only in the timelessness of eternal awareness can existence
Be as real as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

In any given twinkling, it does not matter how you play out your reverie of time.
It does not matter whether you were good or not, smart or not, happy or not, earnest or not,
Passionate or not. productive or not, powerful or not, wealthy or not, famous or not, beautiful or not.
The timeless awareness does not care one scintilla about you, or anyone or anything else.
We are all but temporal quantum forms in the grand nothingness of eternity.

* * * *

It is only imagination that feels happy or sorry or anything else, for its imaginary self.
Imagination ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Feel anything for the still emptiness from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

Truth is not an idea; it is not tangible.
It is the intrinsic, indivisible, inviolable thread

Within the stillness of each and every timeless moment
Prior to any and every quantum dimension.
And those rare few who discern it
Live life eternal.

* * * *

Discern the primordial awareness prior to consciousness.
Stay with that timeless moment, that stillness,
And know the serenity of eternity.

* * * *

Nirvana is just giving your mind
Over to the timeless mystery of awareness;
Dissolving back into the eternal now you ever truly are.

* * * *

All creation, all universes, have come and gone in the same everlasting, undying, unending,
Perpetual, endless, ceaseless, timeless, interminable, infinite, immortal,
Never-ending, transient, temporary, eternal instant.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless you feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning it has in the given mind stirred.

* * * *

What ever-present instant is not of eternity?
Only the countless dualistic notions of consciousness,
With all its delusions born of desire and fear,
Would have you believe otherwise.

* * * *

Is your inner default setting consciousness or awareness?
Are you the imaginary figment, the mortal you?
Or are you the eternal immortal You?

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal awareness is ever-present, undying, unending, timeless process.
The sage stares at a rock, and sees the rock anew each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

A moment is only wasted
If you fail to give it full attention free of recollection.
History is written by the living dead.
Eternal life is now.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …
An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,
About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

* * * *

The timeless awareness of eternity is unconcerned what you do with your dream of time.
Only human vanity – egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric – believes otherwise.

* * * *

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are you a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and you have always been, and you will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could you possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come a moment when you never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come a moment when the mind born of time no longer calls you?

* * * *

The sensory mind-body evolved in DNA's quest to continue,
To survive the creation, to abide the quantum field.
The vehicle you occupy is the result of that ever-present eternal dance,
And whether or not you continue to pass on that dream-state is a decision only time will tell.

* * * *

In the no-mind, there is no history, there is no buddha, there is no you.
There is merely the eternal awareness, the ever-present, indivisible now.

* * * *

So much more knowledge with each and every passing moment.

To let go, to forget, is the challenge of the mind that would be eternal.

* * * *

Perfection in consciousness is but an ideal.
There are pluses and minuses to practically everything,
Unless you are Mary Poppins or some other imaginary fabrication.
Only in the indivisible nothingness of eternal awareness can perfection be realized.

* * * *

Your personality, all you imagine yourself to be and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to abide vulnerably in awareness, you must still all thought,
And merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so is to be born again into the indelible indivisibility,
Into the absoluteness, into the mystery that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And you, unmoving witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness: indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

* * * *

In every mind across the manifest board,
The ethereal winds of imagination huff and puff helter-skelter
In their own little singular double-double-toil-and-trouble bubbles of space and time.
The world, the cosmos, the unicity, is ever eternally unmoved, indifferent,
To all the self-absorbed dramas of the human paradigm.

* * * *

The moment is ever-fresh, ever-anew,
But are you clear enough, attentive enough,
To imbibe fully the eternal upwelling?

* * * *

Humankind has always been about making into its own image, into its own imagination,
That which has no image, that which is eternally faceless, that which is eternally nameless.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers few and far between to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

* * * *

Eternal awareness is the state
Of those who have shed name and identity,
Of the rare few who bear no memory of that needing none.

* * * *

The quest for truth, the quest for eternal nature,
May be less about discovering something else,
May be less about experiencing some higher state,
Than it is simply unchaining from everything imaginable.

* * * *

The quest for the eternal, journeys a long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
In which there nothing is to be had, in which there is nothing is to be un-had.

* * * *

A window of mind.
A window of space and time.
A window of eternity.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

* * * *

The awareness you are observes the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness you are observes the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness you are, call it what you will: observer, watcher, witness;
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery traveling dreams of time in mortal patterns of every hue.

* * * *

Eternal life is awareness of the awareness.
Enlightenment is awakening to the awareness.
Liberation is wandering the awareness.
Nirvana is being the awareness.

* * * *

How can there be karma if you are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is but another illusory, another imaginary notion,
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

Soul |sōl| noun … is defined as the spiritual or immaterial part
Of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
Part? What part? How can it be a part?
Let us not confuse that which is indivisibly, immortally eternal
With the imaginary personality, the trite character born of time-bound consciousness.
Let us not fall into the egocentric trap that its ephemeral nature
Is anything that is in any way exclusionary.

* * * *

To be that which is prior to consciousness,
To be that which is but unending awareness,
To be that which is nada-nil-zilch nothingness,
To be that is to be the eternal unicity in all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

Where would time be without stars and sun and moon?
Without the tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock of clocks on walls?
Without ever-changing digital numbers scribing silent screens?
What is time but a mind-made collusion pretending eternity is real?

* * * *

In the tale “The Emperor's New Clothes,” a tale of a vain king swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if you step back a bit, you will clearly see the human paradigm
Is based entirely on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality to which eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Eternity whisks away every footstep without thought, without remorse.
Only the sensory mind bound to the dream of time imagines any of it real.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of all the ecstasies and agonies
That have brought you to this point in the eternity of time.

* * * *

Awareness is the baseline of all consciousness,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the dimension.
Prior to that eternal stillness, that timeless now, naught but mystery.

* * * *

Eternity does not at all careen or lurch.
It does not sputter, it does not shake.
It does not jerk, it does not strain.
It does not stick, it does not slip.
It does not tick, it does not tock.
It does not do anything but be exactly what it is,
Which is to stream, to emanate, smoother than silk in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.
It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, you truly are.

There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude is to be all there is to be.

* * * *

You have played out every conceivable mythological role:
God, Allah, Brahmin, Tao, Buddha, Christ, and on and on ad infinitum.
None of them are anything more than collusions born of the idolatrous monkey-mind.
Let them all go, give Self over to the eternal awareness prior to all naming, prior to all imagination.
There absolutely is no need to be, to pretend anything more than the timeless stillness,
The quantum indivisibility you are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

The source for one is the source for all,
Which means in the ever-changing quantum theater,
All things great to small are ever consuming, ever being consumed.
It is an eternal, indivisible, kaleidoscoping, one-in-all-all-in-one, god-eat-god reality.

Soundbites

The genetic lottery has been DNA's eternal dice roll since its inception.

* * * *

Much easier to worship idols and follow someone else's law than it is to discern eternity within.

* * * *

Ever as inexplicable as it has ever been to eyes that see, ears that hear, one minds, eternal.

* * * *

Mastery of breath is the link to eternal life.

* * * *

What time could ever be outside eternity?

* * * *

Even just one moment of the eternal mind transcend all time.

* * *

The eternal life is about being fully attentive, with your entire being, to the fleeting moment.

* * * *

Neither existence nor non-existence are of the eternal moment.

* * * *

The eternal life cannot be had by the mind a-swirl.

* * * *

A tiny view is only made infinitesimally tinier in the reflection of eternity.

* * * *

To transcend death, you must discern the eternal life you have ever been.

* * * *

Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

Eternity is an awfully long timeless to stay still, ergo, genesis.

* * * *

Freedom is just a word, eternal awareness its only reality.

* * * *

In all futures past and all pasts future, you ever are the same eternal nowness.

* * * *

The eternal moment perceives no wind, no attributes, whatsoever.

* * * *

What is consciousness but eternity playing in time.

* * * *

Eternity is free, and spent before you know it.

* * * *

Letting go of everything is the living death of eternal life.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be discerned through the veil of time.

* * * *

A mind washed free of its chatter is a mind in which the eternal life like a lotus abides.

* * * *

The seeker who discerns and abides that which is sought attains the peace of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Dissolve into the one mind where awareness is the eternal all and nothing.

* * * *

If you wander the given moment untrammeled by thought, where are you but the eternal?

* * * *

Neither young nor old, eternally unborn you are.

* * * *

It is always the first time in the sunshine of the eternal mind.

* * * *

The eternal awareness, is prior to manifestation, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Time is death, life is eternal.

* * * *

Eternity is an indifferent bull ride upon which no form long stays astride.

* * * *

What can exist without the mind melding its eternal creation.

* * * *

In the expanses of eternity, no sound long echoes.

* * * *

Everything appears and disappears within the indivisibility in which all eternally abide.

* * * *

The veil of space-time masks the stillness in which it eternally emanates.

* * * *

Even the most impenetrable rock cannot withstand eternity for more than an instant.

* * * *

Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

Words are such inadequate tools for such an eternal task.

* * * *

With every breath, another note in eternity's magnum opus.

* * * *

Glimpses of eternity are gleaned by the finite mind through a sensory fog.

* * * *

You are but a slice of eternity's indivisible electromagnetic rainbow.

* * * *

What is eternal life but being born again and again and again each and every moment.

* * * *

The remorseless tick-tick-tick measures eternity real.

* * * *

Eternity does not even give a shrug whether you brand it with some conceptualized sound, or not.

* * * *

Behind the eyes, the stillness of eternal awareness, if the frontal lobe can allow it.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness: Unborn, undying, eternally present, timelessly ephemeral.

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, in the clarity of eternal awareness.

* * * *

Eternal life, ain't it grand?

* * * *

The pleasant boredom of eternal presence.

* * * *

Existence is but a relatively brief hiccup in an otherwise non-existent eternity.

* * * *

The price of the ticket to eternity is your mind.

* * * *

You are a portal, a wormhole, to eternity.

* * * *

Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

Eternal life, what is it but awareness, what is it but the undying moment.

* * * *

What need for dogma when you have eternal life.

* * * *

It is your eternal life; best pay reasonably close attention while it lasts.

* * * *

What is eternal life but this very moment in awareness you are.

* * * *

A mind at peace with its Self, abides in the eternity of awareness.

* * * *

A mind given over to eternity is no mind at all.

Breadcrumbs

How often these little ditties, when they do not come out practically camera-ready,
End up transmuting into something very-if-not-entirely different,
As they stream from eternity into time.

* * * *

These many thoughts come from where everything comes:
The mystery, the enigma, the unknown; call it whatever you will,
You impromptu players, you jazz cats, of the eternal stage.

* * * *

No, this human drama is not going to end
With some Hollywood-Bollywood happy ending.
More likely a stark, dystopian, existential no man's land.
And that is from an eternal optimist’s point of view.

* * * *

Looking forward to oblivion and some good eternal snooze time.

* * * *

The eternal historian.

* * * *

An apologist for eternity,
A reluctant prophet, indeed.

* * * *

Yet another eternal scribe of the third kind.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Have been scribed through me,
The me that is in all things, including you.
It is only through this me, the me that is also in you,
That the vast awareness which is eternal,
That which has many names,
Can be discerned.

* * * *

This teensy-weensy slice of eternity is enough for this eye.

* * * *

To wake up as many times as possible,

Before the final breath wanes,
Is this mind's Soul goal,
Until eternal sleep,
Sets its final course adieu.

* * * *

Another day of kickin' and scratchin' and bitin and whinin',
And unleashing blood-curdling howls and wretched moans,
As eternity slowly drags me back to its unearthly domain.

* * * *

Nothing is wanted for you but that you be eternally, happily content.
There is nothing here but compassion for your unnecessary plight.

* * * *

These writings have absolutely no connection or allegiance
To any organized religion or philosophy, that has ever, or will ever, come to light.
They are reflections of a solitary sojourn into eternal reunion,
And there are no rules in a knife fight.

* * * *

Many thoughts have been set down in these rambling pages.
But it has never been easy to remain in that eternal state of awareness.
Best wishes to any who peruse this and other similar works,
And are drawn to explore the path less traveled.

* * * *

I am the son of eternity, as are you if it is your fate to discern it.

* * * *

Soon enough, I shall join the graveyard of dead philosophers,
And all this absurd babble will play to what end, I need neither know nor care.
Likely as not, it will evaporate back into the prior-to-consciousness abyss, relatively undiscerned,
And the human species shall continue racing madly toward the dualistic destiny,
Ordained by its vanity-laced Darwinian genomic predisposition,
Which is so oh-well-so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on the way it is,
In the grand schemelessness of all things manifestly grist-for-the-mill eternally indivisible.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Alexander Pope's 'An Essay on Man':
Hope springs eternal.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hope springs delusional.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

No more tomorrow, no more yesterday,
Naught but the unborn eternal.
Yay oh yay oh yay.

* * * *

Eternity or bust

Standout Duplicates
Used in "The Stillness Before Time" 2017 Revision/Expansion

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,

Will never be, real.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any to where all paths end.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

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Chapter Two

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
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Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom requires great courage.
The oblivion of identity, simple as it is,
Is not easily realized.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth that must forever remain unknown.

Chapter Three

In the ultimate eternal infinity of reality, each of us our own law.
In the club and fang of this mortal garden, however,
That is entirely a relative matter.

Chapter Four

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining itself,
On the kaleidoscoping screen of consciousness.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom takes you to an arena
Few have the insight, discernment, or courage to explore.

* * * *

Circumstance frames each of us to play out one identity or another.
In discerning this truth clearly, you can rediscover reality,
And in that reality, eternal life, eternal freedom.

* * * *

Detachment comes with understanding, illumination with the liberation of eternity.

* * * *

The promise of permanence is a mythological weaving born of mind.
No manifestation can resist the kaleidoscoping nature of isness.
Only in the original state can the eternal reality be fathomed.

Chapter Six

Your eyes, when seen impersonally,
Are just one set of those beyond number,
In eternity's well-trod, ever-present witnessing.

* * * *

No one observing you will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks,
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of exterior viewing,
That the absoluteness disclosures its handiwork,
The ineffable nature of its eternally timeless moment.

Chapter Seven

Any attempt to fill the void is futile
And only prolongs unnecessary suffering.
Aloneness should be savored like premium wine.
Learning to waft in your eternal vintage is the challenge.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage
To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your heart and mind to eternity.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,

Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

In the quest of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

So many try to change themselves into someone else's ideal.
See the complete falseness of trying to duplicate anyone else's journey.
This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

Surrender all you think you are, and what is left is the harmony of eternity.

Chapter Eight

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains eternally unconstrained.

* * * *

To flow in the symphony of isness
Is to know the serenity of eternity.
It is as simple as the next breath.

* * * *

You are ultimately alone in this eternal journey.
At best another can only offer some hints and urge you on.
You must blaze it anew in whatever way you will.

* * * *

When you came into this garden through your mother's womb,
You and all the other creatures knew only the concord of eternity.
You consumed the harvest of knowledge and lost sight of its source.
The so-called beasts still reside in there, awaiting your timeless return.

* * * *

The point of all this is to help you learn
To tap your own eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything you have ever been told.
To fully own this, you must be in revolution to the very core.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is inevitably a quagmire.
To become eternally boundless, to realize absolute nature, to become the cosmic dance,
Discern that all mythos is nothing more than vain, arbitrary fabrication.

* * * *

All are free to drink fully from the eternal reservoir.
How thirsty any are, is really the first and last question.

* * * *

To quaff at the trough of eternity without sharing
Does not seem to be the nature of the indivisible.

Chapter Nine

The eternal salvation so many claim
Remains up to you to discover and recover.
Following some guide up an arduous mountain pass
Still requires that you undertake the journey very much alone.

* * * *

You are on your own.
The eternal is yours to tap.
The keys are your heart and mind,
And your unwillingness to settle for lies.

* * * *

To discern heaven, you may well long and far traverse purgatory,
That which this temporal enterprise oftentimes appears to be,
Until, within and without, you awaken to its eternal reality.

* * * *

All the imagination in the universe
Cannot project itself into either past or future.
The eternal here now is the only time there has ever been.

Chapter Ten

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of god,
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane,
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent,
Than they and everyone and everything else,
Every indivisible eternal moment is.

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm

Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the eternal nature is rarely as simple as it is.

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

Eternity begins and ends this moment,
A birthright most are far-removed from ever knowing,
And even fewer tap with their whole being.

* * * *

To give over, to relinquish one's existence
To fully discerning the awareness, the godness within,
There is no greater actuality, no superior truth,
Than opening the portal to the eternal.

Chapter Eleven

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding and solitary divergence toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

For the rare few, mind is a quantum seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every time, in every space, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed helms their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.

Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to the reality of the. Mystery.

Chapter Twelve

You are a human being by design only,
And from the eternal perspective,
Fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Own your given virtue, your given quality.
Put behind you all guilt, all hesitation, all remorse.
Rest content in the serene indivisibility.
You are eternally absolved.

* * * *

The god state is a persevering realization
And you will absorb the conviction
Sooner than you may think.
After all, there is eternity to play.

* * * *

Admission to eternity will cost you everything you hold dear, chiefly your mind.

Chapter Thirteen

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,
The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams conscious.

* * * *

Judgment is an act of separation.
Discern the indivisible awarenesss,
And the weighing will dissolve eternal.

* * * *

Sex and the countless other pleasures of the senses
Take a back seat when contrasted to this reunion within.
What earthly pleasure can possibly match eternal salvation?

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings
Evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

The eternity of time traverses all creation.

* * * *

The eternal ether courses through the veins of the river of creation,

Chapter Fifteen

The fountain of youth is the eternal spring within.

* * * *

Be of good cheer at the demise of your identification with the body-mind.
You are at last eternally free of the many constraints of human concoction.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,
Free themselves of all binds in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom heaven opens to the manifest.

* * * *

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, you must die to what never was.

* * * *

If you understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that you are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

Chapter Sixteen

Pure eternal awareness is the common ground for all

* * * *

Even just one life, no matter the role played, is an eternal epic.

* * * *

Do not confuse aloneness with loneliness; the latter is time-bound, the former eternal.

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs,
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

You are an eternal mixture of clay and gold, both mundane and extraordinary.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness,
The quantum nothingness of eternity,
That is the essence of all things.

Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

Male and female merge in the throes of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's dark womb,
In the eternal stillness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

Chapter Two

Every moment springing simultaneously anew within the indivisible quantum matrix.
All its concoctions, all its innumerable forms, ever the same source,
Ever the same awareness, ever the same you-ness,
Ever the same boggling mystery.
How astounding this indelible Song of Godness,
This eternal eye gazing out the masks and veils of manifestation.

* * * *

Awareness is the "awakeness" of all living creations,
Of the indivisible quantum matrix, the stardust, come to "life."
It is the eternal eye of the unknown prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams they in spontaneous combustion may inspire.

Chapter Four

It can indeed be a long and winding and oft times lonely road
Until you discern the matrix through which all time-bound linear notions wander,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, eternal aloneness unto thy Self.

Chapter Ten

None are islands in this finite, temporal, mortal dream of time.
Only in eternal awareness are all worlds, all universes, undone.

Chapter Eleven

What is any word but a stagnant thing
Without the dynamic of the eternal moment
Beneath the wave upon which it surfs.

Chapter Twelve

To give attention to the ephemeral eternal moment
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's most arduous task.
The imaginary past and its countless projected futures stoke far too much passion
For the quietude of eternity to be allotted its true autonomy.

* * * *

What is evolution but the unknowable,
The creation, the preservation, the destruction,
The selecting, the pruning, the thinning, the harvesting,
The ever-changing nature of matter and motion, energy and force,
In the dance, the play, the lila, of eternal space and time.
An indivisible, boundless, quantum billiard table,
With neither beginning nor end nor middle,
Witnessed each and every moment,
In every imaginable way,
By the awareness you truly are.

Chapter Thirteen

Only in the stillness of eternal life,
Of the awareness prior to all things imagined,
Is there freedom from the myriad vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

There are those rare who dwell in the momentary awareness,
Those who dwell in discernment, those who dwell in the eternal mind,
Insight is its own law, neither bowing to authority, nor subscribing to dogma.

Chapter Fourteen

What does it truly mean to be one with the oneness?
Completely free, completely alone, completely eternal.

* * * *

This universe is merely a temporary theater,
But the you that you really are is real,
Immortal, and free for all eternity.

Chapter Sixteen

The hologram born of imagination is discerned complete
When the awareness you believe a separate you
Fully realizes that its true, ultimate nature
Is the infinite, eternal oneness.

* * * *

Yet another dogmatic, idolatrous, cultish hoax played out as religion.
Why waste any eternal breath attempting to convince others,
Of that which is obvious to those who are not blind?

* * * *

You have pretended it all matters long enough.
Feel free to take a long vacation,
An eternal holiday,
From this theater of the absurd.

Soundbites Added to "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

You are nothing but a dream of the absolute, to fathom its eternal fathomlessness.

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 250

How many ways there are to cut the eternal pie.

Chapter 251

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

The mind stilled by full attention merges into eternity.

* * * *

Yes, there is eternal life, but it is nothing you think.

Chapter 255

Vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity, except for pure awareness of the eternal kind.

Chapter 257

Eternity is all, attached to none.

Chapter 259

Yet another edifice of mind for eternity to unravel.

Chapter 260

Truth does not exist because the eternal moment it is, is not.

Chapter 261

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

Chapter 262

There is no other, only you, ethereally eternal, forever present.

Chapter 263

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Sand is gold, and gold is sand, in the indivisible dust storm of eternity.

Chapter 264

Eternity does not care.

* * * *

To live as if it is not happening,
To abide in the emptiness of eternity,
Is the every-moment challenge of any seer.

Chapter 266

Eternity is closer than you think.

Chapter 267

Beneath the open mask of any newborn,
The untainted awareness, the untrammeled path,
The uncarved block, the tabula rasa, the stillness of eternity.

Chapter 268

Eternity is no more than a heartbeat away.

Chapter 271

The nothing of now, across the board, for all eternity.

Chapter 272

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

Chapter 273

Watch and wait each and every eternal moment that full attention allows.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred
to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"

Chapter 282

What are the vanities, power and fame and fortune, but distractions
From the source of all that is mystery, all that is unknown, all that is eternal.
The impenetrable, ineffaceable, indivisible awareness that is timelessly ever-present.

Chapter 283

However immeasurable the universe and all its creations,
It ever begins with the eternal awareness you are right now.

Soundbites Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs" (Chapters 301, 302, 303)

Chapter 283

Happiness is in the unassailable awareness within each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

Sip eternity's infinite elixir.

Chapter 285

The grace of eternal life is in each and every breath, each and every step.

Chapter 287

What does it mean, eternity begins when you die?

Chapter 288

Undying, this eternal mind born of time.

Chapter 294

Bliss is the eternal orgasm.

* * * *

Equanimity is the eternal balance between body, mind, heart and Soul.

Chapter 297

Introspection, eternally pointless.

Chapter 299

Breathe in, breath out, eternal life, now.

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

There are consequences to action or lack of action.
There are consequences to yes, to no, to maybe.
There are consequences to every turn of the card,
To every roll of the dice, to every spin of the wheel.
Every cause becomes effect, every effect becomes cause.
Creation becomes destruction, destruction becomes creation.
There is no end to the kaleidoscoping wheel of quantum persuasion,
But through awareness that eternity is but an unending ephemeral moment.

* * * *

There is only one eternal moment,
And it is ever the prior-to-consciousness awareness
Of the ephemeral right-here-right-now.

* * * *

Awareness is aware of every point and particle of the manifest dreamtime.
It is aware of every kaleidoscoping matrix quantum moment throughout all eternity.
The many creations it omnisciently witnesses are aware of it only rarely, if ever.
To awaken to the awareness, the indelible mystery within and without,
To wander through the reverie, conscious of the omniscience,
Is a center stage role available to all, but offered to few.

* * * *

Awareness is the unknowable source of all intelligence.
Creation is but the sequential means of its eternal quantum potential
For dreaming whatever its kaleidoscoping matrix of a mystery has in no-mind store.

* * * *

Curious so many believe Jesus is going to save them,
When he could not even manage to save himself as more than a myth.
Besides which, every living thing already has eternal life,
So what is there to save, what is there to lose?

* * * *

The irony and paradox of eternal life is that the living is in the dying.
So obvious, so clear, guileless, as to be unintelligible,
To all but the most astute eye and ear.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, will consume your body, your mind, your dream, as it does everything else.
The real you, however, is eternally immortal, indivisible, untouched, ever aware.
It is That which is never born, That which never dies.

* * * *

To perceive the human paradigm
As anything more than a temporal fabrication of vanity,
Is to miss the indivisible, unblemished, immortal awareness permeating all eternity.
The illusory quantum dreamtime is but a means to all the endings
That are harvested from all the beginnings,
None of which ever really truly even once happened.

* * * *

59 Moments to Me, My Self, and I
59 Moments to Truth or Consequences
59 Moments to Diddly-Squat
59 Moments to Okey-Dokey
59 Moments to Eternity
59 Moments to Oblivion
59 Moments to Laissez-Faire
59 Moments to Mystery
59 Moments to So It Goes
59 Moments to Fearlessness
59 Moments to Timelessness
59 Moments to Truth
59 Moments to Born Anew
59 Moments to Nirvana
59 Moments to Passé
59 Moments to Godlessness
59 Moments to God
59 Moments to Rationalism
59 Moments to Existentialism
59 Moments to Annihilation
59 Moments to Common Sense
59 Moments to Discernment
59 Moments to Critical Thinking
59 Moments to Gumption
59 Moments to Grit
59 Moments to Resourcefulness
59 Moments to Imagination
59 Moments to Inventiveness
59 Moments to Creativity
59 Moments to Wit
59 Moments to History
59 Moments to Born Again
59 Moments to Ingenuity
59 Moments to Enterprise
59 Moments to Reality
59 Moments to Absurdity
59 Moments to Humility

59 Moments to Hopelessness
59 Moments to Minimalism
59 Moments to Evermore
59 Moments to Hedonism
59 Moments to Discipline
59 Moments to Narcissism
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Buddha
59 Moments to Null and Void
59 Moments to Emptiness
59 Moments to Nothingness
59 Moments to Now
59 Moments to Here
59 Moments to Here Now
59 Moments to Negation
59 Moments to Anarchy
59 Moments to Skepticism
59 Moments to Cynicism
59 Moments to Pessimism
59 Moments to Doubt
59 Moments to Nihilism
59 Moments to Bullshit
59 Moments to Om
59 Moments to Quantum
59 Moments to Abyss
59 Moments to Agnostic
59 Moments to Atheism
59 Moments to Freethinking
59 Moments to Belief
59 Moments to Death
59 Moments to Eternal Life
59 Moments to Nonbelief
59 Moments to Illusion
59 Moments to Delusion
59 Moments to Matrix
59 Moments to Craving
59 Moments to Satisfaction
59 Moments to Contentment
59 Moments to Immortality
59 Moments to Solitude
59 Moments to No Other
59 Moments to Detachment
59 Moments to Singularity
59 Moments to Totality
59 Moments to Absoluteness
59 Moments to Indivisibility
59 Moments to Success

59 Moments to Failure
59 Moments to Happiness
59 Moments to Sorrow
59 Moments to Joy
59 Moments to Oneness
59 Moments to Ecstasy
59 Moments to Infinity
59 Moments to Infinitesimalibility
59 Moments to Peace
59 Moments to Freedom
59 Moments to the Beyond the Pale
59 Moments to Perfection
59 Moments to Imperfection
59 Moments to Tranquility
59 Moments to Bliss
59 Moments to Meditation
59 Moments to Contemplation
59 Moments to Acuteness
59 Moments to Obtuseness
59 Moments to Heaven
59 Moments to Hell
59 Moments to Perdition
59 Moments to Brahman
59 Moments to Samadhi
59 Moments to the End of Time
59 Moments to the Beginning of Time
59 Moments to the Success in Failure
59 Moments to the Failure in Success
59 Moments to Future-Past
59 Moments to Serendipity
59 Moments to Dharma
59 Moments to Artha
59 Moments to Karma
59 Moments to Moksha
59 Moments to Go
59 Moments to Dreamtime
59 Moments to Pause
59 Moments to Stop
59 Moments to Separation
59 Moments to Unity
59 Moments to By Golly
59 Moments to the Great Pfft!
59 Moments to Manifest Destiny
59 Moments to Unmanifest Destiny
59 Moments to the End Before All Beginnings
59 Moments to the Beginning After all Ends
59 Moments to Ad Infinitum

59 Moments to Et Cetera
59 Moments … To Be Continued

* * * *

You are the mystery, eternally infinite, indelible, alone.
All else, all other, all new, all old, all anything, all everything,
Are but imaginary notions, no matter how seemingly real and true.
Time and space are but illusion fashioned by the sensory quantum mind.
This ever-present, ever-motionless, unborn-undying moment, is all there truly is.
All experience, all knowledge, all rumination, is ultimately but an inconsequential dream.

* * * *

What you are is a quantum configuration.
What could possibly be real or true about that?
Is a statue carved of marble the statue or the marble?
Enjoy the magical mystery tour as best you may,
But try to remember, at least occasionally,
A dream is all it is, was, will ever be,
In the indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

Is the journey to eternity a long and winding road,
Or merely the right-here-right-now of this ever-present moment?
Imagination or awareness, you choose.

* * * *

If you run or stand or sit or lie absolutely present in the here now,
Unattached to, unburdened by, any thoughts, any things,
Breathing in, breathing out, in perfect awareness,
The nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but,
You will realign with the simplicity, the grace, the harmony,
The indivisible, the eternal virtuousness that nature every moment is.

* * * *

Nature is permeated with an eternal grace,
That consciousness through knowing can never attain.
Only in full awakening and surrender to the underlying awareness,
Can any ever realign with the ultimate reality upon which all creation functions.

* * * *

Such is the fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable quantum nature of eternity,
That the senses forever lull all but the most judicious minds,
Into a hypnotic state of unavoidable delusion.
Surely as indelibly binding as the instinctual patterning,
Of any other creature this ineffable garden orb has ever fashioned.

* * * *

Such is fleeting-ungraspable-immeasurable nature of eternity's quantum play,
That the senses ever hypnotize the deluded mind into believing it all real and true.

* * * *

Timeless awareness is continually usurped by time-bound imagination.
Awareness is now, awareness is undying, awareness is eternal life.
Imagination is the dream of past and future, imagination is eternal death.
Knowledge and identification are artificial, knowledge and identification are dead.
To exist in the present, to exist unequivocally, to exist eternally, one must forget everything.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of perpetual, everlasting, undying eternal life,
It has created time and contrived mind into every permutation of Self, imaginable.
It has woven light and sound into arbitrary meaning, and deified shimmer and vibration.
It has commandeered truth, and interminably manipulated it into deceit after deceit after deceit.
And nature, alas, poor nature, so many crimes in every way, so many crimes to every end.

* * * *

The challenge is letting go of the cacophony ever playing out in our aloneness.
We spend so much time questing the most unadorned reality the mystery has to offer,
Yet there it is: the awareness, the witness, the enigma, peering out from behind every mask.
What need for religion? What need for spirituality? What need for belief, faith, prayer, scripture?
What need for heavens and hells and purgatories, deities and demons, mythologies, icons, sacraments?
What need for messiahs, saints, priesthoods, traditions, superstitions, caste systems, groupthinks?
What need for philosophies, dogmas, ethics, laws, principles, doctrines, idols, mystic powers?
What need for cathedrals, temples, shrines, holy places, titles, hierarchies, dress codes?
What need for dualistic or non-dualistic concepts, or any light or sound shows?
Why worship what you are? Eternity is right here right now, timeless.
Merely being the awareness is all there is: You are it, it is You.
Anything less is nothing more than the trickster mind,
Playing its more-more-more imagination game.

* * * *

Awareness is the timeless, spaceless, right here, right now, eternal moment,
Which human consciousness, ever strives to define or explain or categorize or analyze
Or evaluate or capture or predict or limit or expand or mythologize, in every way imagination allows.
You are inexorably drawn into the delusionary morass of the illusion inspired by the senses.
The indefinable is indefinable; what is not obvious, not unequivocal, about that?

* * * *

Thought is a transitory interloper of eternity.
Space-time is but a distracting illusion of consciousness.
An evolutionary hiccup in the unwritten chronicles
Of the quantum mystery's pathless nature.

* * * *

It is the mind no longer enticed by the sensory paradigm,

Done with the dreamtime fabrications of imagination,
That returns to the immaculate eternal awareness
That it is … has always been … will ever be.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, all form, all light, all shadow,
Is but a temporal perception of the mind born of mystery,
In which the quantum ground every moment seamlessly weaves
An ever-changing eternal tapestry of creation-preservation-destruction.
An eternal play to which you are center-stage witness in every form imaginable.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

Believe any who-what-where-when-why-how you will,
There is no supreme divinity out there choreographing your every move.
You are nothing more than eternal awareness, very much alone,
Playing out a temporal, mortal dream of consciousness.
Navigating it free of all claims is the challenge.

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You.
All are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Eternal life, living fully in the moment, is to waylay all past, all future.
As if nothing has never happened; as if nothing will never happen again.

* * * *

The eternal mystery of awareness,
Beneath an anonymous, ever-kaleidoscoping mask,
Is all you truly are, all you have ever truly been, all you will ever truly be.
If seers keep repeating the same mantra over and over, it is because that is all it boils down to,
Every time the vanity of any given monkey-mind yearns for more.

* * * *

To divide eternity by space-time constraints,
Requires mathematical systems of such scale and proportion,
As to plumb the greatest minds, bound by time as they are, unto their greatest depths.

* * * *

Here you are right now, timelessly eternal.
Nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

The imaginary you is a function of fluctuating consciousness.
Consciousness is a function of the quantum synergy.
The quantum is a function of still awareness.
Awareness is a function of ageless eternity.
Eternity is a function of the ineffable mystery.
All of which comes full circle back to the real you.

* * * *

In the existential mind, there is no one to reproach; the eternal moment is all.
Which makes you responsible for everything you choose to do,
As well as everything you choose not to do.
Perhaps an onerous assertion, but as true as any truth is.

* * * *

What are you but a dream of perception,
In a dream of consciousness,
In a dream of mind,
In a dream of time,
In a dream of eternity.

* * * *

Christ was not a Christian, why should you be?
Buddha was not a Buddhist, why should you be?
Lao Tzu was not a Taoist, why should you be?
Ist's and Ism's, what are they to the eternal?

* * * *

You can tell those who perceive themselves on the losing end of the culture wars
By the way they continually refashion their labels and symbols,
And work so hard for recognition and approval;
Only just maybe discerning, that empowerment blooms within.
Assume it so, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, is the way of the eternal warrior.

* * * *

A replete and content existence may well be less about what is accomplished,
Than the attention, the awareness, that is given to as many fleeting moments as possible.
Time is but the illusion-delusion of sensory-inspired memory, and the imagination it casts future past.
Eternal life is in the perpetual birth and death of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness,
Is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

You are this set of biological functions; you are not this set of biological functions.
You are this set of bodily networks; you are not this set of bodily networks.
You are this set of perceptions; you are not this set of perceptions.
You are this set of memories; you are not this set of memories.
You are this set of truths; you are not this set of truths.
You are this set of falsehoods; you are not this set of falsehoods.
You are this set of likes; you are not this set of likes.
You are this set of dislikes; you are not this set of dislikes.
You are this set of successes; you are not this set of successes.
You are this set of failures; you are not this set of failures.
You are this set of references; you are not this set of references.
You are this set of preferences; you are not this set of preferences.
You are this set of intentions; you are not this set of intentions.
You are this set of desires; you are not this set of desires.
You are this set of fears; you are not this set of fears.
You are this set of reflections; you are not this set of reflections.
You are this set of pleasures; you are not this set of pleasures.
You are this set of pains; you are not this set of pains.
You are this set of vanities; you are not this set of vanities.
You are this set of sensations; you are not this set of sensations.
You are this set of connections; you are not this set of connections.
Your story, your tale, your narrative, your history, your sense of self,
Is but a temporal play of imagination in eternity's misty mystery,
And is, for all practical purpose, forgotten as soon as it began.

* * * *

You in the utter aloneness of pure awareness are the eternal nowness, the eternal life,
Playing the quantum matrix real, timelessly witnessing the mystery you are,
The mystery you have ever been, the mystery you will ever be.

* * * *

All creation is really as modern as it is ancient; all creation is really as ancient as it is modern.
The relativity of the dreamtime you are streamlessly witnessing, and believing so real,
Is tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of years, both ago and hence.
Each and every part and particle very much eternally ever-present,
In all the incalculable pasts, all the incalculable futures, that the indelible awareness,
In every way and shape and manner, simultaneously permeates in this indivisible quantum theater.

* * * *

The mind is swept up by the windy senses
Into an imaginary existence fashioned by nature-nurture.
To discern the ultimate reality, awareness must release into its eternal abyss.
True nature, true Self, is prior to any and all dimensions in this beyond-boggling mystery you are.

* * * *

To be at peace, to align with the eternal way,

You must discern the final course, the ultimate tack.
You must leave behind the sphere of imaginary knowing.
You must still the busy mind into its eternal unknown,
Into the awareness prior to little-self consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness moves not.
It is ever-present, ephemeral, eternal.
Only a very still, very composed, very attentive mind,
Can discern it the singular source of all consciousness, of all dreamtime,
Of all creation, of all preservation, of all destruction.
And from before all beginnings,
To after all endings,
It is all the you, you truly are.

* * * *

What is that which is called god by so many names but an impersonal all and nothing,
An implausible totality so absolute, so timeless, as to be everything and nothing all the while.
An eternal quantum mystery so intrinsic as to be and not be simultaneously in every pointless point.
How is it humankind is not genuinely, beyond doubt, humbled by its relative insignificance?

* * * *

Breathing in, breathing out, as fully, as deeply as you can,
Is as much as the mystery of eternity can offer.
It is as present as you can ever be.

* * * *

Living and dying each and every moment is the way of the mind given over,
To the mysterious ever-emanating nowness of eternal awareness.
Space-time is but the illusion of the neuron trail.

* * * *

And from what might you hope you can be rescued?
Misfortune? Conflict? Suffering? Pain? Death?
If you truly fathomed what life and death are,
You might well perceive eternity's harmonic ballet,
Playing out each and every twinkling, before your very eyes.
That birth and death are but temporal illusions of mind-body consciousness.
That the you, to which you subscribe, is in reality nothing more than a figment of imagination.
Eternal life is the stillness of the unborn-undying awareness, You every instant are,
Witnessing the reverie of a quantum matrix, born of a quantum mind.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum view,
The so-called evil deed is as indivisible as the good one.
Consciousness is not in any way as important to the infinity of eternity,
As the egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliiocentric mind, in its limited visions assumes.

The temporal individual-tribal mind is to be transcended, not embraced.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination.
Awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

I who am, I what am, I where am, I when am, I why am, I how am,
How can any me, any myself, any I, ever be anything but the same mystery,
The same upwelling, the same unknown, the same abyss, the same quantum essence,
Eternally ever-present, timelessly streaming, indivisibly emanating, unremittingly enduring,
Ever witnessing the kaleidoscoping dream of creation and preservation and destruction,
Through the awareness of the given seed, and its passage through the winds of mind.

* * * *

You are, have ever been, will ever be, the same eternal, indivisible, sovereign, immortal Self.
It is only the nature-nurture, the times and spaces, the minds and bodies,
The cultures and language, and everything other,
That appear to change.

* * * *

Eternity.
More eternity.
Even more eternity.

Soundbites

The stillness, the timelessness of the aloneness, is the essential nature of all eternity.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the eternal now, and even that is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Eternity, more eternity, even more eternity.

Breadcrumbs

A student of time rooted in eternity.

* * * *

There is no other, only me, ethereally eternal, forever present.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

The unborn-undying indelibility of this unknowable eternal mystery
Is that the awareness, the you-ness, within and without,
Indivisibly, timelessly, permeates everything,
And nothingness, all the while.

* * * *

There is no resolution to the loneliness fashioned by consciousness,
But to immerse in the unadulterated aloneness of awareness,
That is the eternal source of its thought-created torment.
To seek respite in conscious schemes is but a transient salve.

* * * *

The real light is discovering there is no light.
The real gray is discovering there is no gray.
The real dark is discovering there is no dark.
The real point is discovering there is no point.
The real before is discovering there is no before.
The real journey is discovering there is no journey.
The real creation is discovering there is no creation.
The real universe is discovering there is no universe.
The real quantum is discovering there is no quantum.
The real judgment is discovering there is no judgment.
The real and-so-on is discovering there is no and-so-on.
The real destruction is discovering there is no destruction.
The real awareness is discovering there is no awareness.
The real beginning is discovering there is no beginning.
The real unknown is discovering there is no unknown.
The real existence is discovering there is no existence.
The real beautiful is discovering there is no beautiful.
The real meaning is discovering there is no meaning.
The real formless is discovering there is no formless.
The real mystery is discovering there is no mystery.
The real purpose is discovering there is no purpose.
The real religion is discovering there is no religion.
The real nirvana is discovering there is no nirvana.
The real eternity is discovering there is no eternity.
The real process is discovering there is no process.
The real ecstasy is discovering there is no ecstasy.
The real known is discovering there is no known.
The real wealth is discovering there is no wealth.
The real source is discovering there is no source.
The real karma is discovering there is no karma.

The real power is discovering there is no power.
The real vanity is discovering there is no vanity.
The real agony is discovering there is no agony.
The real death is discovering there is no death.
The real belief is discovering there is no belief.
The real mind is discovering there is no mind.
The real space is discovering there is no space.
The real other is discovering there is no other.
The real fame is discovering there is no fame.
The real form is discovering there is no form.
The real good is discovering there is no good.
The real right is discovering there is no right.
The real after is discovering there is no after.
The real faith is discovering there is no faith.
The real path is discovering there is no path.
The real here is discovering there is no here.
The real view is discovering there is no view.
The real goal is discovering there is no goal.
The real time is discovering there is no time.
The real ugly is discovering there is no ugly.
The real now is discovering there is no now.
The real end is discovering there is no end.
The real evil is discovering there is no evil.
The real life is discovering there is no life.
The real you is discovering there is no you.
The real why is discovering there is no why.
The real who is discovering there is no who.
The real what is discovering there is no what.
The real when is discovering there is no when.
The real where is discovering there is no where.
The real how is discovering there is no how.

* * * *

What can you be once you stop identifying with the mind-body and the universe it has created?
Once you stop imagining the dream the senses every moment, hypnotize you into believing is real.
Once you discern that pure awareness is the one and only reality there is, has ever been, will ever be.
Once you realize your true nature is the ever-present here-now, the absolute totality, of all eternity.

* * * *

The immaculate awareness you truly are, is ever absolutely alone,
Unbound in the indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying solitude of eternity.
Your illusory universe will distract the mind you occupy in every way imaginable.
Fashion every possible hook to every moment, draw you out into its kaleidoscoping theater.
And as challenging as it may be to realize, to accept, it is ever your choice whether to give in, or not.
And in every moment, you do acquiesce, in every moment, you do sip the quantum elixir,
You become but a marionette playing out an ultimately inconsequential dream.
To believe or not believe, to slumber or awaken, that is the question.

* * * *

Another instant, another moment, another twinkling,
Another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another night,
Another week, another month, another year, another decade, another century, another millennium,
Another period, another era, another span, another epoch, another age, another eon,
A quantum medley, all kaleidoscoping in the very same eternal now.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, always rushing, as though you have the power to make eternity,
That mysterious presence that is neither time nor space, somehow move any faster,
Or slower, if you believe digging in your heels will have some effect that direction.

* * * *

Consciousness born of mind, born of the illusion inspired by the senses,
Ever conspires to usurp the awareness that enables its imaginary dreamtime,
But cannot because fallacy can never reign when smoke and mirrors is its only hand.
That which is but time and space can never capture even for a moment that which is eternal,
That which is unborn, that which is undying, that which is not of times and space,
That which is indivisible, prior to all that is temporal and mundane.

* * * *

Living for what others think of you can be a very long, very winding journey
Through an endless labyrinth of netherworlds born of imaginary notion.
The mind-body suffers, consciousness suffers, imagination suffers.
The eternal awareness you truly are – and are not – is ever untouched.

* * * *

You are eternity pretending a limited, ofttimes narrow vision.
Hence vanity, and its indivisible, kaleidoscoping dance
Of every virtue, every depravity imaginable.

* * * *

How this mystery came to be, how consciousness came to be,
Neither you nor anyone else will ever more than speculate.
It is only in the eternal stillness of the ever-present awareness
That you will ever realize any tranquility in your existential quest.

* * * *

The continuity is imaginary.
In reality the awareness is born anew every moment.
Eternal life, such as it is.

* * * *

Time is but a memory, a perception, a vision, an insight, a timeless flicker of imagination,
Sparked of the electromagnetic spectrum generating the invention of existence.
Upon a more esoteric scaffold, it has been called the Lila of Brahman.

The means by which the mystery may be eternally distracted,
With but a relative few stimulated by stubborn doubt
To quest, to wander, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Like air filling up a balloon, unconcerned its size or shape or color,
Who-what-where-when-why-how it will wander, when it will pop or deflate.
The same indivisible essence equally filling all things great to small for all eternity.

* * * *

This eternal moment is all you are, all you have.
Observe it well, for it is ever come and gone
Before you can even begin to perceive it.

* * * *

Supreme being is not an entity; it is not a dualistic notion.
It is the awareness, the indivisibility, the timelessness, the quintessence,
Within all creations great to small in the omnipresence, omnipotent, omniscient sense.
It is the beingness, the nowness, that reigns unconditional.
It is the absolute, it is eternity.

* * * *

In awareness, the seeker distinguishes Self.
In imagination the seeker seeks and seeks, on and on.
Breathe in, breathe out, to discern how eternity is far too simple
For the busy-busy of imagination to long endure.

* * * *

Your genetic past is the foundation of the patterning you are right here, right now.
Everything you say, everything you do, was written in your sands,
Long before eternity bloomed into consciousness.

* * * *

Do you truly yearn for the freedom of eternal awareness,
Or is it merely the huff and puff of agreeable words?

* * * *

There are a variety of remarkable substances
That will aid your discerning the truth of this mystery of existence.
That this quantum dream of time and space, of agony and ecstasy, of all dualistic notion,
Is ultimately nothing more than an imaginary light and sound show.
That you are absolutely alone for all eternity,
And cannot do a friggin' thing about it,
Except succumb to one diversion after another,
Until you perchance wake up and stop smelling the roses.

* * * *

What on earth leads human beings to believe any deity worth its salt
Would be at all interested in, at all concerned about, their pathetic tripe?
Imagine listening to all that wretched whining, day after day, for all eternity.

* * * *

Heaven, hell, purgatory, call them what you will, are but conceptual perceptions,
Attitudes, insights, experiences, beliefs, realities, dreamscapes, notions, impressions,
Equally witnessed by the indelibly indivisible, eternal awareness of any given moment.

* * * *

Whenever thought attaches to any sort of attribute,
Imagination usurps reality, death raises its conditional mind,
And the indivisible awareness seamlessly dissipates from center stage,
Serenely witnessing the eternal dream from behind the veil of consciousness,
The cloak that flutters amok in every rational and irrational way imagination allows.

* * * *

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.
The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

* * * *

What is the eternal mind?
A mind that is awareness.
A mind that is perpetual.
A mind that is quantum.
A mind that is timeless.
A mind that is infinite.
A mind that is unborn.
A mind that is undying.
A mind that is absolute.
A mind that is immortal.
A mind that is indivisible.
A mind that is ever-present.
A mind that is ever-tranquil.
A mind that knows nothing.
A mind that is immaculate.
A mind that is everlasting.
A mind that is unbound.
A mind that is at rest.
A mind that is clear.
A mind that is solitary.
A mind that is sovereign.
A mind that is no mind at all.

* * * *

The consequences of the Seven Deadly Sins:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth,
Are eternities of universes beyond counting.
Moderation is the challenge.

* * * *

What effort it takes to hold that imaginary universe together.
So much simpler to abide in the pure awareness of eternity.

* * * *

No matter how far you wander, how long you wander, where you wander, how you wander,
You will ever be abiding in the very same eternal prior-to-consciousness awareness.
You will ever be enduring in the very same perpetual right-here-right-now.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to consciousness.
Awareness is eternal, timeless, boundless.
Consciousness is temporal, time-bound, limited.
A dream and dreamer ensnared in a quantum mirage.

* * * *

So many words, so many concepts, so many philosophies, so many dogmas.
All artificial, all just to describe, to explain, to illustrate, to capture, what always boils down
To the same timeless, unborn, undying, ungraspable mystery of awareness.
The eternal source that requires absolutely none of it.

* * * *

Why fill your immaculate, indivisible, eternal mind
With all these religious labels, with all these religious dogmas,
To which our kind is so needlessly, pointlessly addicted?
Awareness is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

The human mind, human consciousness, is an insatiable beast,
Ravenously consuming everything it can, seeking experience at every level,
Including attempting to grasp, to know, the immeasurable unknown,
Whose indelible mystery is eternally, indivisibly unbreachable.

* * * *

It is religions that are dead, not god.
That which is immortal source is very much present.
Very much eternally, indivisibly, permanently, right here, right now.
Very much the awareness, the witness, you truly are.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,

Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

All the gusty flurries of the mind are of absolutely no consequence to the eternal awareness.
The myriad concoctions of imagination are but time-bound fabrications
Of an ever-changing make-believe reality.
If you yearn for tranquility, if you yearn for true Self,
Abide the cosmos kaleidoscoping about you in the ground of awareness.

* * * *

Destiny is all, all is destiny,
Naught but a blink, a blip, a flash, a pfft, in all eternity,
Whatever that is, or is not.

Soundbites

You see an identity; the sage, eternity.

* * * *

Three eyes; two for the world, the third for eternity.

* * * *

What vanity can there be in the eternal timelessness of awareness?

* * * *

There you go again, thinking you can somehow make the eternal awareness move any faster or slower.

* * * *

You are eternity.

* * * *

In everything, eternity.

* * * *

Is it about you expanding into eternity, or eternity downsizing into you?

* * * *

How long is eternity? Not long at all, actually, nor short at all, either.

* * * *

That eternal thing; that eternal thingless.

* * * *

By your deeds will you be known.

* * * *

Alone and free, for all eternity, the way it ought to be.

* * * *

To unlock eternity, you must unlock your Self.

* * * *

No history survives the test of eternity.

Breadcrumbs

A herald of eternity disentangling the mystery for all who would clearly see.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

“Seemed like an eternity” is pretty accurate when you discern every moment is.

* * * *

No order to these many reflections.
In their long transcription, they have been mixed
And re-mixed too many times to count.
So, open your Self to any page
To fathom the moment
In which you eternally dwell.

* * * *

All these words have bubbled onto paper
Because the scribe is prone to easily forgetting
The unseen reality in the day-to-day of work and play.
Despite the many reflections about existence and absoluteness,
He is not quite austere enough, at this writing, to completely surrender
To the be-in-the-world-but-not-of-it everlasting god-drunk
That the indivisible emptiness of eternity offers.
And so, the words keep coming.

* * * *

An intellectual reverie of the eternal flame.

* * * *

If you peer long into this mind,
You will find it as simple and complex
As the mortal dream of time in eternity allows.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

Language, mathematics, music, are all inventions of the imaginary mind born of illusion.
They sashay through eternity's ether like the smoke of all things earth, water, air, fire.
They persevere for only as long as imagination maintains its holographic universe.

* * * *

How is it that the eternal moment is not enough for you?
How is it that you always want more than heaven can offer?

* * * *

… there is but one moment …

… this moment …

… is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment … is the same as this moment …
… is the same as this moment …

… the one and only eternal reality …

… whatever the theater …

* * * *

Awareness, you are, you are.
The eternal ever-present moment.
Nothing less, nothing more, nothing but.

* * * *

Awareness equally, timelessly, permeates all dimensions,
In the one and only everlasting moment, as eternity ordains.

* * * *

Awareness is the clarity, the simplicity, the transparency, the eternity,
In which the thunder and lightning of consciousness
Equally plays any and all dreams.

* * * *

No matter the time, no matter the space,
No matter the form, no matter the formless,
It is all you, and you alone, indivisible, eternal.

* * * *

There has never been even one instant in all eternity
When you are not the unborn-undying changeless nature.
All perceptions, all dichotomies, are but imaginary constructs.

Soundbites

Imagination is the weaver of continuity, but where is continuity in the eternal moment?

* * * *

Try as it might, the mind cannot contain eternity; the no-mind is naught but.

* * * *

The hidden treasure is the awareness of this very eternal moment.

* * * *

The eternal moment knows neither after nor before.

* * * *

To play in time or eternity, that is the question.

* * * *

You are awareness, the eternal moment, creator and creation, there is no other.

* * * *

And what do you believe you have accomplished that will matter at all to eternity?

* * * *

Nothing near, nothing far, all the same, right here, right now, for all eternity, mystery that it ever is.

* * * *

What forever can there be to the eternity that is timeless?

Breadcrumbs

Eternity's historian.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) starts and stops, ebbs and flows, creaks and groans.
The awareness, the eternal moment, ever streams through the kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.

It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.
It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.

It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.
It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.

It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.
It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

* * * *

Without sun or moon or stars,
Without clocks or watches or calendars,
Without memories of this or that, or that or this,
Who-what-where-when-why-how is there such a thing as time?
This timeless awareness, this timeless moment, this timeless right here, right now.
Is all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be.
Dissolve the sensory mind-body.
Be eternity.

* * * *

What a bizarre thing to supposedly be created by some supreme being,
Only to be cast forever into hell or purgatory for not falling into line
With a controversial collection of desert-dweller commandments,
Or an implausible messiah and his frothing cult of true-believers.
Even if there is some sort of Santa Claus rendering of a god on high,
Have you really lived such a despicable existence to be all that apprehensive
About being eternally damned in the byzantine abysses of some Dante-esque inferno?
I mean, seriously?

* * * *

For all practical purposes, you are as anonymous to the universe as it is to you.
Even the most powerful, even the most wealthy, even the most known,
Are already forgotten in the timeless expanses of eternity.

* * * *

To really go all the way,
To really surrender all the way,
To really be totally awake in awareness,
Is the eternal harmony, the unborn-undying reality,
Of the great nothingness from which all appearances are spun.
The challenge is to embrace the mystery of awareness,
Without the imaginary limits of consciousness.

* * * *

Before the advent of humankind, this garden pearl was akin to a finely-tuned clock.
As eternally precise as its Darwinian nature could be.
And then man learned of fire,
And history streamed into absurdity beyond all pales.

* * * *

Imagine your body in flames like a marshmallow over a campfire.
The eternal awareness observing, thoroughly detached, thoroughly indifferent,
As the body screams and writhes, until there is nothing left about which to scream or writhe.

* * * *

Existence is only as viable as the neuron matrix,
Which facilitates consciousness (a.k.a., imagination)
To dance away, to whirl and twirl in eternal awareness.

* * * *

Have you ever beheld even one moment of awareness,
Where ethics or any other imaginary notion or sentiment,
Had any say, any validity, any reality, any truth, whatsoever?
The eternal mystery does not give a flying hooey about anything.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Irony and paradox and absurdity rule.
Practice detachment.

* * * *

Awareness is the bastion of serenity.
Vanity is the source of all hells, of all purgatories.
Eternity has been right here, right now, every moment, all along.
Time and space are but quantum illusions choregraphed by the sensory mind.
It is through the self-absorption of consciousness, of imagination,
That we have become blind to the timeless presence.
Still the mind-body, abide in awareness,
Discern the mystery you are.

* * * *

There is no yoke, no millstone, no chains, no shackles, in seeing, in being, the mystery you ever are.
No idolatries, no tribes, no traditions, no dogmas, no symbols, no rituals, no rewards, no punishments.
Just you, pristine awareness, the eternal eye, the mystery itself, witnessing the ever-present moment.

* * * *

A neural network of memories, of perceptions,
Is all you are, have ever been, will ever be.
Space-time is but a quantum illusion.
Consciousness, but temporal theater.
Clouds drifting in the eternal awareness.
Unborn, undying, indivisible, unfathomable.

* * * *

For those who seek truth, awareness of awareness,
Awareness of the eternal moment, is all that it is required.
You are the truth, the life, the way; the challenge is just to be it.

* * * *

The eternal moment is the nexus
Through which all creation, through which all destruction, all that is unborn, all that is undying,
Kaleidoscope in the immeasurable, indivisible, indelible awareness,
Witness to all that is, witness to all that is not.

* * * *

No matter how tainted, no matter how corrupt, no matter how vile, no matter how despicable,
The imaginary, the make-believe, the fictitious, the pretend, the illusory role you play,
The you that is real, the you that is true, the you that is eternal, is immaculate.
Free of all that the ever-ebbing-ever-flowing currents of consciousness are capable.

* * * *

The mind is drawn to silence, to stillness, to eternity, but churns on and on.
Despite all assertions to the contrary, consciousness does not really want to let go
Of its imaginary, of its illusory, of its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum space-time creation.

* * * *

… and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? … and then what happens? …
… and then what happens? …

… in eternity's never-beginning-never-ending story? …

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless, spaceless, right-here, right-now, every-where,
For every ever that has ever been, for every ever that will ever be.
That all this is happening, that this world and cosmos transpire,
Is as mysterious a mystery as any mystery could ever chance to be.
The challenge is not attempting to name it; the challenge is just being it.

* * * *

Being awareness, being the moment, is eternal life.
To want more is to be ensnared in the maze of imagination,
The dreamtime of the sensory mind given over to quantum illusion.

* * * *

To bask in the eternal unborn-undying moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
I call it home, sweet home.

* * * *

Awareness is eternal witness to the omnipresent, kaleidoscoping quantum theater.
All identity, all personality, is but the conditioned response of imagination
To all the causes, to all the effects, played out in each and every mind.
The you that you think you are, the you that you believe you are,
Is but an electromagnetically-induced chemical perception,
An illusion, a delusion, a deception, born of a mystery
Whose immeasurable truth can never be known
But by those rare seekers who become it.

* * * *

It is a quantum theater.
You are not the quantum theater.
You are the unborn-undying eternal moment.
You are the awareness infusing the quantum theater.
You are the awareness perceiving the quantum theater.
You are the awareness witnessing the quantum theater.

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal moment.
It is without time, without space.
It is without cause, without effect.
It is without beginning, without end.
It is without purpose, without meaning.
It is absolute aloneness, unborn, undying.

* * * *

Awareness is the indivisible, impenetrable moment.
Awareness is prior to consciousness; there is no prior to awareness.
It is the inexplicable, immutable, indelible, omnipresent, faceless witness of eternity.
Label it whatever sound or symbol mind wills, no paradigm can ever own its unborn-undying nature.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned about heavens or hells or purgatories?
Or reincarnation, or any other mind-made, time-bound conception?
Of past lives you have no memory; of future lives you have no certainty.
All that is relevant is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, or will be, in any future-past ever created.
Be in this very singular moment, wherever, whenever, you are,
And all theaters will play out as the sands of time prescribe.

* * * *

Despite imagination's interminable penchant for make-believe,
There is no other time, there is no other space, that you can possibly be,
But this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, eternally absolute moment.

* * * *

For all practical purpose, vanity is hardwired into the human genome.
Some religious folk like to call it original sin for their own pious reasonings,
But it is really nothing more than the long and arduous path of natural selection.
The morphing evolution of breeding choices in the brewing stews of cultural theaters,
As the species gradually migrated every direction out of the African jungles of so long ago.
It is much less about sin than the inevitable outcome of all the dynamics this mystery has coined.
And awareness, the eternal, indivisible, unborn-undying witness in every sentient creation.

* * * *

What is the mindful state given over to absolute awareness of the unborn-undying nature?
That which is prior to all imaginary notions evolved of the mind's quantum dream.
That which is eternally right here, right now, without past, without future.
That which is all you really are, that which is all you really are not.
That which is the omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotence that is truly God.

* * * *

To abide in the eternal awareness is to live in an existential state,
Ever anew, flawless, pristine, impeccable, untarnished, immaculate.

* * * *

An 80-year existence as a human being, not including 20-ish leap years, is:
960 months; 4160 weeks; 29,200 days; 700,800 hours; 42,049,000 minutes; 2,522,880,000 seconds.
What will you do with all those moments in your preordained eternal dream?

* * * *

How can you discern the eternal but by observing very lucidly,
By observing beneath the shallows of consciousness at the timeless awareness,
The moment in which the world, the universe, all creation, kaleidoscopes unborn-undying.

* * * *

The awareness of the eternal moment neither creates nor destroys.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither favors nor opposes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither leads nor follows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither covets nor limits.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither moves nor stills.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither gives nor takes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ebbs nor flows.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither rises nor sinks.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither wins nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither loves nor hates.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither comes nor goes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither thinks nor acts.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither begins nor ends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither profits nor loses.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grasps nor frees.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither lives nor perishes.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither succeeds nor fails.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither accepts nor denies.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither grows nor shrinks,
The awareness of the eternal moment neither attacks nor defends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither reveals nor conceals.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither obsesses nor ignores.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither harshens nor softens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither indulges nor abstains.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither brightens nor darkens.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither increases nor decreases.

The awareness of the eternal moment neither appears nor disappears.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither conquers nor surrenders.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither consumes nor preserves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither condemns nor absolves.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither ascends nor descends.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither hopes nor despairs.
The awareness of the eternal moment neither seeks nor finds.

* * * *

Humankind worships what it sees, what it feels, what it conceives,
Rather than the timeless indivisibility that can never be known,
Rather than the eternal moment that is ever unfathomable.

* * * *

All things – animate or inanimate – are always in the quantum here now.
All forms great to small are but notions given reality by the sensory mind.
The eternal moment, the timeless awareness, is all there truly is, and is not.

* * * *

The mind-body is the only way you can ever travel the space-time of this eternal quantum mystery.
And it will ever be at a one-breath-at-a-time, one-step-at-a-time, one-moment-at-a-time, kind of pace.

* * * *

All sentient life forms small to great gaze out upon their unique universe,
Each and every one, the same indivisible, ubiquitous awareness,
The same indivisible source, the same indivisible mystery.
Declare the awareness to be one god or many,
By whatever deific-sounding sounds comes to mind,
The inscrutable that humankind ever aspires to penetrate,
Is eternally indifferent to, unaffected by, all conscious endeavors.

* * * *

How passionately love can so easily morph into resentment and hate.
It may be eternal in the ultimate, indelibly, excruciatingly idealistic sense,
But the vanities are more than capable of adulterating anything and everything.

Soundbites

Eternity and infinity are not units of space and/or time.

* * * *

Awareness, even asleep, is eternally awake.

* * * *

Eternity is like that.

* * * *

The eternal space does not care whether it is aligned left, right, or center.

* * * *

To be eternally awake is to be that which has no bounds, to be that which is god.

* * * *

Eternity or bust

* * * *

Awareness without dimension is the ultimate solitude of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant eternity has to offer.

* * * *

Awareness is eternity, eternity is awareness, the one and only real you.

* * * *

Consciousness … imagination … is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Become eternity.

* * * *

Eternity is your residence.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence of eternity.

* * * *

Perfect beingness is the mind-body given over to the eternal awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal death, same thing, same moment.

* * * *

Is it eternal life? Or eternal unborn-undying awareness?

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve; eternity is all.

* * * *

A busy mind deflects eternity.

* * * *

You are eternity cloaked in vanity.

* * * *

Eternity rules.

* * * *

Clocks may go round and round, but eternity is ever still.

* * * *

What is eternal life but a mind given over to the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Who is master? Awareness or imagination? Eternity or consciousness?

* * * *

Rest assured you will be forgotten like all the rest; anonymity is eternity's guarantee.

* * * *

Existence is the time machine of eternity.

* * * *

No word matters in the realm of eternal awareness to which you are sovereign.

Breadcrumbs

If it is not written down quickly, likely gone for all eternity.

* * * *

To bask in the eternal moment,
Some call it nirvana, some satori, some rapture, some joy, some harmony, some ecstasy,
Some paradise, some heaven, some bliss, some contentment.
I call it home, sweet home.

* * * *

What concern have I for heavens and hells,
For reincarnation or any other time-bound conception?
Of past lives, I have no memory; of future lives, I have no certainty.
All that matters is this very right-here-right-now eternal moment.
As it would have been, will be, in any future-past ever coined.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

You are eternity, You are the eternal, You are the now of awareness,
Peering out through stardust, into stardust; peering out through quantum, into quantum.
You are ever a mystery, to which there is no answer, no theorem, no philosophy, no religion, no anything.
Your challenge is to simply be it; unburdened by all the complexities, all the vagaries,
That the imaginary mind ceaselessly manifests into veil after veil,
Masking the stillness, You this moment are.

* * * *

These reflections are an offering, a gift, of the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one, for spouting these many musings? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having participated in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

* * * *

You are the unfathomable, playing fathomable.
You are the immutable, playing mercurial.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the infinite, playing limited.
You are the timeless, playing time.
You are the ineffable, playing effable.
You are the infinitesimal, playing huge.
You are the changeless, playing changing.
You are the neverborn, playing existence.
You are the indelible, playing delible.

You are the flexible, playing inflexible.
You are the interminable, playing finite.
You are the everlasting, playing transient.
You are the perpetual, playing temporary.
You are the unknown, playing known.
You are the unutterable, playing utterable.
You are the absurdity, playing logic.
You are the unborn, playing life.
You are the undying, playing death.
You are the constant, playing irregular.
You are the impenetrable, playing penetrable.
You are the intangible, playing tangible.
You are the intrinsic, playing acquired.
You are the unending, playing destined.
You are the unceasing, playing sporadic.
You are the irrational, playing rational.
You are the indivisible, playing divisible.
You are the inexpressible, playing expressible.
You are the enduring, playing short-lived.
You are the ageless, playing age.
You are the abyss, playing shallow.
You are the indefinable, playing definable.
You are the immortal, playing mortal.
You are the eternal, playing transience.
You are the unspeakable, playing speakable.
You are the unchangeable, playing changeable.

You are the You, playing you.

* * * *

Awareness permeates all things, all illusions.
Any given universe is but a manifestation of quantum design,
In which the awareness, the infinite vastness of eternity, is witness to all, in all.

* * * *

How can you prove now; why should you have to?
How can you prove time; why should you have to?
How can you prove space; why should you have to?
How can you prove infinity; why should you have to?
How can you prove quantum; why should you have to?
How can you prove anything; why should you have to?
How can you prove everything; why should you have to?
How can you prove awareness; why should you have to?
How can you prove eternity; why should you have to?
How can you prove naught; why should you have to?
How can you prove You; why should you have to?
And as for some God, what would be the point?

* * * *

To imbibe the clear elixir of eternal life, timeless life, momentary life, disengage the mind from time;
From all the memories of existence – even from the recollection of a moment ago –
As often as the ever-present attention can wrestle itself free,
From the insistent grip of imagination,
The creator of all that is time-bound and illusory.

* * * *

Every life form has its rise and fall.
Every tribe has its rise and fall.
Every culture has its rise and fall.
Every nation has its rise and fall.
Every boulder has its rise and fall.
Every mountain has its rise and fall.
Every world has its rise and fall.
Every star has its rise and fall.
Every galaxy has its rise and fall.
Every universe has its rise and fall.
The mystery is all, the mystery permeates all.
The awareness, every moment, indelible witness of all.
There is no other; only the quantum matrix, and its eternity of appearances,
Kaleidoscoping a most excellent dream of space and time, that only the rarest minds discern unto Self.

* * * *

The less you cling to any given moment,
The less the dream will distract you from your eternal due;
The absoluteness you truly are, and are not.

* * * *

You each and every moment decide, whether or not,
To engage in the temporal, or the eternal;
In the tangible, or the ethereal.

* * * *

Still your mind.
Eternity is that stillness.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Every moment, a decision.
Every moment, a slice of process.
Every moment, the kaleidoscoping now.
Eternity will not be undone.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have no doubt played a significant role in the eternal quest, in all times, in all geographies.

To see the mystery clearly, one is not required to use the bounty the garden has used to entice us forward,
But they are useful tools, that can be used in conjunction, with whatever wandering opens the inner eye.

* * * *

Space and time can come to an end,
And eternal awareness, regain the helm,
If you manage to disregard the sensory input,
And allow the mind to be very still.

* * * *

Odds are that imagination will always be lurking about,
Waiting for any opening to distract You from the eternal moment,
From the timeless awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
Until those occasional moments, in which full attention kicks in,
And the real You awakens in the moment you ever are.

* * * *

The sense of self is not the body, not the mind, not the life.
Imagination usurps the eternal awareness for its own mortal schemes,
For its time-bound creations, that are, in reality, no more lasting than the moment.
Reincarnation is but an imaginary concept; no thespian returns to center stage again and again.
All are new seeds, new actors, in which the awareness, the mystery, performs yet another one-time show.
All who are born to the stage, are the same awareness, the same consciousness, the same witness.
Call it theater, call it matrix, call it god, call it whatever you will, it is one in all, all in one.
It is quantum stagecraft: unscripted, extemporaneous, serendipitous, happenchance.

* * * *

I observe you, you observe me, each of us peering out.
Only in reflections do we discern our masks and costumes,
Because we are both the same awareness, the same faceless Self,
Eternally gazing out upon all other imaginary parts.
And they, eternally gazing back at you.
You are the indelible mystery, and it is you.

* * * *

What if you could profoundly articulate and understand, every human language ever spoken, ever written.
That you were intimate with the histories from which they, in partnership with nature, evolved.
What an astounding thing it would have been, to have witnessed all creation, all genesis,
From beginning to end, from germination to fruition, from cradle to grave,
And what if that ‘what if’ included all life forms, from small to great,
All the other organisms this Darwinian garden has in space and time devised.
You would have to be some sort of all-encompassing deity, to achieve such awareness.
And surely that divine omniscience, can never more than imagine its way onto any mortal stage.
And though we all are all of this eternal awareness, we are but pawns in its mystery theater extraordinaire.

* * * *

The expanding cosmos of human knowledge is the first and foremost zero-sum game.

What will happen to it all, when the human species eventually goes who-knows-when-how extinct?
Is there some vast, eternal vault, wherein can be found a manilla folder, with a single page,
On which are, in faded print, typed beginning and end dates for a planet called Gaia?
So much for the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity show being even noteworthy.
Maybe go ask all the Petri dish universes what they were about,
To voilà-realize that all existence anywhere, anytime,
Is really nothing more than a fleeting stain.

* * * *

Forget your imaginary self,
Forget your imaginary world,
Forget your imaginary universe,
Forget everything you think you know.
Become the ineffable, indelible, unknowable, unfathomable, intangible, indivisible, lasting, unutterable,
Irrational, unborn, undying, inexpressible, overwhelming, indefinable, expansive, immortal,
Unspeakable, deep, beyond words, ineradicable, permanent, enduring, intrinsic,
Engrained, deep-rooted, deep-seated, impenetrable, timeless, eternal,
Awareness,
You truly are.

* * * *

And why would it be in any way at all important, why would it be in any way at all significant,
To be known, to be remembered, to be revered, by two-leggeds you will never meet?
Neither now, nor hundreds nor thousands of orbits round our star hence.
Anonymity is the very solitary actuality for all things eternal.

* * * *

Are you really any more than a flesh-packaged-wrapped-sheathed-incased-bundled blob?
Are the human body's five sensory accessories– eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden skin –
Anything more than Mr. Potato Head mechanisms wired into an organic central processing unit?
Are all the things that make the human paradigm what it is – opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera –
Anything more than the happenstance of natural selection?
The mystery is the master of all possibilities.
Nature is its ever-changing, ever-evolving expression.
The device You inhabit, is but current issue in a timeless dance,
Eternally kaleidoscoping, for as long as the enigma of imagination endures.

* * * *

Can any following ever not create some sort of unnecessary mischief?
Best to retain this variety of eternal questing in the solitary confines of your mind,
And if you do pass it on, try to be sure to chance into the recipient only as serendipity allows.

* * * *

It is not the awareness that does anything, that remembers anything.
Consciousness is the engineer of all mischief.
The eternal is immaculate.

* * * *

Your spin in the genetic lottery may make you lucky,
But it does not make you special, it does not make you superior,
It does not make you higher or lower, stronger or weaker,
In the eternal eye of the spaceless-timeless moment.
Try to avoid getting all narcissistic about it.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.
As mundane and lackluster as the mind it is given.

* * * *

The busy-busy mind, the curious mind, the time-bound mind, the illusory mind,
Can be easily drawn, easily enticed, down every variety of rabbit hole.
To reside in the eternal awareness requires great detachment
From the temporal world and all its distractions.

* * * *

This moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.
No who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
Nothing to know, nothing to be, nothing to be curious about.
That there is nothing to conceive, is so amazingly slam-dunk obvious.
In fact, it is impossible to conceive, to imagine, anything, within any given moment.
Even if the momentary, unborn-undying awareness, could, somehow, stop long enough to consider it;
Could somehow, make the quantum space-time matrix, stop its kaleidoscoping merry-go-round;
Could somehow hold absolutely still, for even one single poof of an eternal moment;
It would all boil down to: this moment is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Imagination takes you anywhere you please.
It is the magic carpet ride of this eternal mystery.
Perhaps wearing a bit thin as far as this garden goes.

* * * *

How did you ever come to believe that You, were this mass of crunchy and chewy and gooey?
This double-double-toil-and-trouble vat of quantum, patterned into life,
That somehow, through countless Darwinian choices,
Came to be but the current chariot,
From which to witness your eternal creation.
Be not too attached to it, for it must go the way of all the rest.

* * * *

We all play the part, the role, spun by the genetic lottery.
Nature-nurture spins character, and they, together, spin destiny.
Only in looking back, can there be any awareness, any understanding,
Of what it took for you to have reached this moment,

In your performance, in your spectacle.
And you, its solitary, dispassionate, eternal witness.

* * * *

What would happen if humankind across the world, somehow awakened to its eternal nature?
How would we behave toward each other, and the garden, we have so brought to its knees?
How would we mend ourselves, and the environment, we have so abused and neglected?
What discourse would there be, if vanity and greed no longer spun their absurdities?
What decisions would the species make to become guardians instead of destroyers?

* * * *

Consciousness (a.k.a., imagination), the great usurper,
Is a trickster, a jester, a charlatan, a skalawag, a scoundrel, a pretender,
With every imaginable diversion, every ways and means, every moment, at its beck and call.
Ever enticing the awareness that you are, that you are not,
Away from its eternal nature.

* * * *

Yet another day, same mind, same body, same instincts, same routine, same storyline.
Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.
Taking the Red Pill, the no-stone-unturned existence, is a quest to which few are inclined.
Any fallacy, any delusion, any lie, can only usurp the truth in undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Being present in the timeless now, is the most simple state the eternal moment offers.
How ironic, how paradoxical, that it is among the most arduous for imagination to bear,
Given how the breezes and gales of illusion and delusion so easily distract the wavering mind.

* * * *

This here-now, ever-present, eternal moment, this timeless awareness, is all there is.
There are no other moments, no other space-times, no other dimensions, no other dreams.
You are captive to its kaleidoscoping intrigues for as long as the mind-body is fated to endure.

* * * *

After everything is gone, the mystery will remain,
As ineffaceable and untarnished as eternity allows.

* * * *

Awareness is an impenetrable, changeless stillness, both clear and obscure.
It is that in which creation and preservation and destruction compose genesis.
It is the soul of all dreams, it is the source of all potentials, it is the eye of all eyes.
It is the moment, it is timeless, it is spaceless, it is eternity, right here, right now.

* * * *

You have read the books, seen the movies, know the tales of so many histories,
And the oh-so-many-ways people can die, in both fiction and nonfiction,
And how would it be, if you could experience them all, each and every one?

Imagine dying … every … imaginable … death … for all eternity … Ooh-la-la.

* * * *

Your individual dream of consciousness, of imagination,
Is but an infinitesimal splinter of the grand dream of all dreams,
And that is naught but the very same moment all eternity is,
All that is not, all that never was, all that will never be.

* * * *

If only eternity could tell the full tale,
The mystery's mysteries would find a resting place.
Meanwhile, dread and speculation and adversity and death will carry on
As they have since the dawn of consciousness.

* * * *

You are the current issue of your genomic lineage
Since the origin of all life several billion orbits around the sun ago.
Every moment of eternal awareness playing out the quantum dream of space and time.

* * * *

Clocks, watches, calendars, or any other measurement device,
Are gauges of illusion, not reality, and most definitely not eternity.

* * * *

How can you continue believing this imaginary self is at all real, is at all true?
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum theater of ecstasy and agony,
Swirled in the nature-nurture dream of the given seed.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Without thought, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench your mind.
Let go your world, let go your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

Without thought, where is space, where is time?
Forget everything; unclench the mind.
Let go the world, the universe.
Be the eternal, You are.

Soundbites

Awareness is eternity; without thought, without desire, without passion, without fear, without dread.

* * * *

To be as still as you are able in the given moment, is as close to eternal life as you can get.

* * * *

Eternity is not going anywhere.

* * * *

Still your mind … Eternity is that stillness … Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

You are eternity; the trick is to be it.

* * * *

This is the only now, this is the only moment, eternity has to offer.

* * * *

Are you right-here-right-now worldly? Or right-here-right-now eternal?

* * * *

Eternity is the omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent moment; the one and only moment, that has ever been.

* * * *

It is all You, upon every stage, for all of whatever eternity is, and is not.

* * * *

How can the timeless now not be the eternal You?

* * * *

Immortality is the eternal reality, of which all creation is an ever-changing part.

* * * *

Eternity is right here, right now, this very singular, timeless, spaceless moment; cease looking for more.

* * * *

Be eternity.

* * * *

Give your Self over to what You really are, and are not, in this eternal moment.

* * * *

You are forgotten by eternity every moment.

* * * *

If you think life is monotonous, imagine eternity.

* * * *

Eternity is only as boring as the mind you give it.

* * * *

Consciousness, a.k.a. imagination, is far too ephemeral to last long in eternity.

* * * *

What is death but the return to the undivided attention of eternity.

* * * *

What is long ago, what is long hence, in the relativity of the timelessness of eternity?

* * * *

Nothing that has ever happened has had any bearing on the eternal moment.

* * * *

You must listen very closely, to hear the eternal silence.

* * * *

Goals can blind you to the process, the now playing out one eternal moment at a time.

* * * *

The moment is the wave of time and space coursing through eternity.

* * * *

Awareness can do nothing more than witness; it is the unborn-undying, sleepless eye of eternity.

* * * *

Eternity is indeed magical, but it does not take magic to see it.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than you think; certainly, far less than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

Eternity is not a circus; certainly not the one so many two-leggeds make it.

* * * *

How can awareness, how can the moment, how can eternity, be anything but pure?

* * * *

The indelible awareness within is the eye of eternity.

* * * *

This moment, right here, right now, eternity in a nutshell.

* * * *

A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

Let go your world, your universe; be eternity.

* * * *

What is eternity? A moment? An hour? A day? A life? Forever? All of the above?

Breadcrumbs

These writings are an offering, a gift, to the eternal life within all creation.
Am I the delusional one for spouting all these thoughts? Or you, for not discerning it?
Or perhaps both, for ever having engaged in this fantastical, utterly improbable dreamtime, at all.

* * * *

This entire adult life has been spent observing, imbibing, exploring, inquiring, whatever came to the door;
To very gradually, very unpretentiously, very unintentionally, very scientifically,
With great naïveté, wander into this eternal conclusion.
It is as honest as honest can be.

* * * *

Eternity is bound by neither space nor time.

* * * *

Still mind, eternal mind.

* * * *

Is it really some ‘me’, some ‘myself’, some ‘I’, who is reading this?
Or is this sense of ‘me’ really nothing more than programmed imagination?
Imagination shrouding the awareness timelessly witnessing this sensory-mind dream.
The awareness eternally witnessing dreamtimes in all sentient beings in which mystery harbors.
What is there to say, but that these musings have all willy-nilly bubbled into the abyss of this mind’s eye,
And then step-by-step morphed from that emptiness, to paper to screen to world-wide web.
Oh, that I could somehow see how they play out in the epoch decline and fall,
That all existence will endure through the dreamtime ahead.
I would hazard a guess that most writers,
Most artists, most creators, of any and all persuasions,
Feel much the same as they watch their creations drift into a future-past
They cannot more than in imagination play out, all the twists, all the turns, of possibility.

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Leftovers

2023

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If you are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

* * * *

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And you, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

* * * *

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

* * * *

We are all extemporaneous players in this Shakespearian mirage.
We all strike the pose, the attitude, the passion, the given twinkling beckons.
The moment none can help but complete in whatever fashion nature-nurture has allotted.
From royal flush to low card, the hand you are dealt, is the one you must play.
Should you choose to stick around, to enjoy and endure it all, that is.

* * * *

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

This mind-body you imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All you need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do you need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.

And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

* * * *

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That you are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

* * * *

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

* * * *

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

* * * *

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything you see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

* * * *

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

* * * *

It is the insatiable ravenousness of the mind, of consciousness, of imagination,
That must be disciplined, be tempered, be controlled, be mastered.
You can pretty much do anything, once and a while.

You cannot do anything all the time.

* * * *

You are but a particle,
Wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery.
All of it all the while.

* * * *

This moment has been a window of freedom and affluence,
The masses have never experienced in all human history.
And the zenith of that world is in the rear-view mirror.
Oppression and anarchy will dance a perverse duet,
In the scar-tissue of the world we have set afoot.

* * * *

Seriously, how much software do you need, how many apps do you use, how many games do you play?
Virtual reality has its time and place, and is the dominating stimulus in these our times,
But an existence without a relationship with the real virtual reality,
That mystery from which all this has come to be,
Is a dubious existence, indeed.

* * * *

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

* * * *

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what you are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

* * * *

It is the body, the corporeal container, that dies, not You.
The reality is, we were never born, so dying is highly improbable.
You are the awareness, the right-here-right-now, the mystery, of all eternity.

* * * *

Time and space are an illusion of consciousness.
We only believe we exist because of a sensory mind-body,
Fabricated by the electromagnetic spectrum, a.k.a., quantum matrix.
Meditation long ago intuited it illusion; science has proved,
We are all very much alone in our own twilight zone.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, imagination, memory, mindfulness, insight, intuition,
Can never even hope to be more than a shadow of the awareness,
That is as real as it can ever, will ever, get.
The real and the unreal are a duet of the unknown.

* * * *

To follow, to worship, the vain and mighty; why?
When being your Self, in this very right-here-right-now,
Is the 24/7/365 all-accepting alter of what is, is-ing ever along.

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?
Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds, You are.

* * * *

You have never been real, you will never be real, in any way you think.
There is only pure awareness, it suffers not, be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

You may be an extremely complex pattern, but you are a pattern, nonetheless.
Your fated destiny is playing out – ineffably inexplicable as its indivisibility ever is –
As the first moment of creation, spun into being, its magical-mystery matrix of space and time.

* * * *

If there is an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, merciful god,
Why would you ever have to pray, to beg, to plead, to hope, for anything?
How would he-she-it not know your every need, your every want?

* * * *

Always curious how our kind build ups or tears down,
The many others who chance through the conditioned awareness.
To illustrate it in agricultural vernacular: we till, we prune, we thin, we grade,
And then enjoy the bounty, the harvest, the fruits, of our industry.
And woe unto those who are not deemed worthy.

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness.
No need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable, in the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix, of the inexplicable source, that has ever been You, awareness.

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater,

Is the way of the eternal mind, timelessly witnessing.
As the mind moves, so does the dream.

* * * *

You are first and last, with nothing before or between or after,
If space and time truly existed as more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of the space-time born of imagination.
The return to nothingness, is the dissolution of all things imagined,
Of all things begetted of consciousness.

* * * *

We all get a sensory window, oh-so-mortal, to the mystery all equally are.
All tweaked and twisted by the imaginary conviction,
Through which all things are viewed.

* * * *

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.

Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

* * * *

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

* * * *

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is silence; You are silence.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.

The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.
The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.

The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.
The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.

The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are . absurd
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.
The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.

The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.
The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

* * * *

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that you have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

* * * *

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

* * * *

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

* * * *

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

* * * *

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that you can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

* * * *

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.

Call it whatever you will, it is all You; there is no other.

* * * *

Why are you so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did you have in anything, that lead you to be reading this?

* * * *

The you, you imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

* * * *

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once you have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

* * * *

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;

Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

* * * *

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

* * * *

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at top of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our\kind migrated out into the plains.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,

And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

* * * *

Letters and numbers and notes, and any other hieroglyphs,
Are all imagined, and bound to the mirage of time and space.
The awareness is prior to all; the sky in which all clouds dance.

* * * *

Your universe will never be the same once you wander from the first one.
Actually, it has never been the same every moment since your conception.

* * * *

Imagination can only imagine itself to be awareness.
That which is prior to all things born of quantum design,
Cannot be grasped by the whimsy of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether awake or asleep, a dream is a dream,
And that is all it is, all it has ever been, all it will ever be,
No matter how many memories the imaginary you shores it up with.

* * * *

Are you walking alone, paying attention to the given moment,
Or with the cloud of memories rolodexing through the cerebellum?

* * * *

If there is movement, there are ripples,
And ripples, and ever more ripples, rippling away.
That is the disposition of the coin of creation and destruction,
With preservation flipping to and fro about the edges.

* * * *

How you deal with the kaleidoscoping moment,
Is entirely shaped by the nature-nurture,
You drew in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Humankind is what it is, has always been, and will always be.
Would make sense to just sit and stare at a wall, as to get all twisted about it.
Discerning the sanctity of eternity – to be at peace with the illusion – is a gift to your Self.

* * * *

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.
Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

* * * *

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …
… futile …

… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …
… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
…extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …

… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
…indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …
… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …

… unimaginable …
… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
…detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …
… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

* * * *

The mitote, the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind,
Are always ready and waiting and eager to sally into the windmills of your mind.
How many are playing over and over and over in your head, in the right here, right now?

* * * *

The mystery created imagination.
Imagination created deities of every variety,
And plays out ceaseless permutations of vanity and greed.
Its trail of horrors ignores all rationality, all compassion, all munificence.
The mystery, in all its vastness, has no shoulders to shrug.

* * * *

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

* * * *

Someone who has not got a lot to do, has less time to do it in,
Than someone who has a hectic existence, with so much on their plate,
That any need is added to the list, and done as quickly and efficiently as possible.
Yet another peculiar irony in the paradox of all things two-legged in this quantum dream.

* * * *

What is creation's beginning but the space of awareness,
Stirring just enough to explode into the quantum soup,
That would eventually manifest into all the forms it,
In any given here now, pervades, including yours.

* * * *

Our kind does not deal well with not knowing everything that consciousness can come up with.
It was not the fruit of knowledge, that was plucked in Eden; it was the fruit of imagination,
That was swallowed in full by the tree-dwellers, in whom the mind-spark first sparked.

* * * *

Big bang, genesis, turtles all the way up and down, call it whatever you will,
Somehow it began, and somehow it will go on for as long as it does.
What need to speculate about a mystery that can never known?
All who try, only wave their arms about, uttering vague absurdities.

* * * *

The clinging to memories, to all that is perceived,
Are just imagination's refusal to let go of any allotted moment,

To let go the existence it believes really happened,
Forever gone as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Suspend knowing, forget everything.
Be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home.
How much closer to God could you possibly be?

* * * *

In dissolving the mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Into the stillness that is real, into the silence that is real, the first and last voice is your own.

* * * *

No matter how it tries, no matter what tricks, what fallacies and delusions, it plays with itself,
Imagination, confined to the space and time of its own dreamy invention,
Can never ever keep up with the timeless moment.
Alas that eternal awareness has no time to taunt such a loser.

* * * *

No matter how far and wide your pathless walkabout,
You will always find your Self right here, right now.

* * * *

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before you know it.

* * * *

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.

Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

* * * *

If you believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If you believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish, as you are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on imagination's usurpation of the eternal awareness.
The young in any clan, any tribe, any culture, only know what came before,
Because imagination requires them to embrace the dreamtime,
It has so diligently, so earnestly, worked to sustain.
The human paradigm would not be what it is without it.
How long imagination can preserve its anomaly, is the question.

* * * *

Assuming it is your intention to waylay the usurpation of imagination,
It is all about paying close attention to whatever is going on.
It does not really at all matter what you are doing;
Only that you are giving the eternal now full attention.

* * * *

We are all timeless figments of imagination,
Attached to the biology from which the senses peer out,
In an impromptu nature-nurture, matrix-theater of quantum design.
The ineffable, indelible mystery of stardust come to life.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.
Your story is but a collage of perceptions, all founded on a fabricated frame of reference.
The only story you need to end, is your own; without a story, the incessant inner narration falls silent.
You must let it go, as if it never happened, if You wish to be the eternity You are.
One does not need to forever pretend something that is not real.
Without the story, what is a given moment?

* * * *

You were born with no story; what happened that you made up this illusionary tale?
A fable which all seems so real in the streaming moment, but is instantly but a vague memory.
And yet you cling to it real, until the body perishes, and the neuron matrix no longer ignites imagination.
And what you all the while really were, what you all the while really were not, becomes apparent.

* * * *

Very possible, very probable, indeed, given its magnitude,
That there are many superior beings in many parts of the universe,
But whether or not there a supreme one, only the most discerning discern.

* * * *

The hungers of human consciousness can be insatiable,
If not bound to moderation by an austere, disciplined mind.

* * * *

Die to the world, die to the cosmos, die to everything that consciousness imaginations.
Become the sky of awareness, the presence of awareness permeating all and nothing.

* * * *

You are every moment, a twinkle of stardust, come unto existence.
Ever an indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
How is it, so many give over to the empty speculations and inventions of storytellers?

* * * *

Without consciousness, without imagination, without vanity,
You might well be something slimy, or a rock,
And call yourself lucky, to boot.
After all, being an abyss, is eternal fare.

* * * *

What a transcendent mystery, for sentience to have evolved,

And somehow further mutated into imagination.
The mystery of the Mystery, indeed.
And will imagination survive itself?
Is a query the moment will never answer,
Until the last twinkle of stardust, twinkles its last.

* * * *

Who among us, is able walkabout throughout any given day, any given night,
Without the perpetual pitter-patter of every variability of judgment?
The human paradigm is eternally lost to its tribal instincts,
Very much hinging on the relativity of differences.
To be indifferent to differences, is prior-to-consciousness fare.

* * * *

All perception is ever a right-here-right-now illusion-delusion.
Space and time are but imaginary fabrications of the sensory mind,
Trapped in its own nature-nurture labyrinth, evolved of natural selection.
Whether designed or happenchance, dualistic or nondualistic, divine or secular,
Is but conjecture of the ever absorbed, ever agitated, ever busy-busy mind in question.
From birth to death, first breath to last, the ineffable ever remains ineffable.

* * * *

Ponder the revolutions it took for a hunter-gatherer species,
Migrating out of the jungles of Africa, to arrive at this moment in time:
… Agricultural … Industrial … Technological … Scientific … Commercial …
Boggling how right Malthus will relatively soon be, as we surge, every instant, ever closer,
To the inevitable edge of our spinning blue marble, hanging-in-space, Petri dish.
What more can you expect from a cancer, bent on consuming its host.

* * * *

Explore your limits, expand your limits, and then do the same with the new limits.
The many boxes, in which you ever reside – no matter how many you may punch through –
Are entirely of your own imaginary creation, as patterned by nature-nurture's quantum programming.

* * * *

All life forms are but a one-time seed, a one-time instrument, a one-time vehicle,
Through which the indelible, indivisible mystery of awareness,
Witnesses yet another illusion of creation.

* * * *

To imagine you are the mind-body is an error,
All of humankind has over and over and over made,
Since the first seeds of imagination took root,
In the mutations of natural-selection,
In the jungles of so long ago,
But a blink of eternity.

* * * *

Look at all those stars in the sky, and me tell, truthfully,
That you believe they are Santa Claus, and the North Pole, Heaven.
And he is Peeping Tom everyone, and keeping an eternal tabulation of demerits;
Casting all upstairs or down, for choices made in an existence,
In which no one has ever had any choice.
He is You; figure it out.

* * * *

ChatGPT query: An aphorism about the stillness before time.
Answer: In the silence preceding time, existence finds its breath.

* * * *

This right-here-right-now moment is the one and only truth.
How could the mystery be any more; how could it be any less?

* * * *

Pure awareness is the thick pea soup of oblivion,
In which space and time have no access,
And imagination is immobilized.

* * * *

What is sleep but a mini-oblivion,
Practiced over and over in the given lifetime,
Until the curtain falls, and the Reaper takes another bow.

* * * *

Build contentment into your dynamic.
Infuse it into the depths of the awareness You are.
No need to beat your Self up over anything, anymore, anyever.

* * * *

How can you be bored? How can you be restless?
When every single moment, is, in reality, exactly the same.
When it is only the degree, the motivation of attention, that changes.

* * * *

Yes, there is indeed a supreme deity, and it includes you and me,
And every quantum-dust-filled star and planet and moon and rock and grain,
And the unutterable, ineffable, formlessness of nothingness betwixt and between, as well.

* * * *

How boring, oblivion; how could any Self ever say no,
To every form of distraction imagination might devise.

* * * *

There clearly is no ‘keeping-a-list-checking-it-twice-be-good-or-coal-in-the-stocking’ Santa Claus deity.

That notion has been patently absurd from the get-go in every culture humankind has spawned.
If some god-word must be used to describe this beyond-boggling quantum matrix,
The concept surely must incorporate everything, including you and me.
There is no need for the banalities of organized religions,
Because we are all very equal witnesses,
To the same ineffable mystery,
Every kaleidoscoping eternal moment.

* * * *

Those eyes you are gazing into, those lips you are kissing on, are no different,
Than any gooey protoplasm this stardust world has ever spawned.
It is only imagination, playing out the imaginary theater,
This line of genomic sequencing has ordained.
And You, lead imaginary thespian,
In your production of quantum stagecraft.

* * * *

For the eternal stillness, for the eternal moment, to reign supreme,
The imaginary mind must be made whole, must be given over to awareness,
Through complete, utter, unreserved, absolute, total attention.
A level of attention, immortal in nature.

* * * *

The cosmos within, the cosmos without; they are the same.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that has counterfeited their duality.
Tabula rasa has no chance against nature-nurture, and the first birth, 3.8 billion years ago,
Which has, permeated by awareness, mutated through natural selection, into You.
And it is You, and You alone, who must set aside all the conditioning,
And become the stillness that is the birthright of all things.

* * * *

Imagine if you had just been born, and knew absolutely nothing;
What would be that state of mind, and might it still be accessible?

* * * *

No matter the religion, the belief, they are all just stories.
If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

Resign yourself to the fact that you will likely decline and fall with a very long list,
Of books and movies and music and whatever, unwatched and unread and unheard and unknown.
The cruel reality is that the most anyone can hope to achieve in this dreamtime mystery,
Is a hearty statistical sample, in whatever frame of reference fate allows.

* * * *

We are all but ephemeral dreamtimes of our ultimate nature,
Temporal waves crashing upon the rocky shores of infinity.

What is the point of judging any part or particle of it, really?
A dream is a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Bam!

* * * *

No need to sentimentalize the mystery, no need to idealize the mystery.
It is what it is, it is what You are, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Mundane, dull, boring, dreary, monotonous, repetitive, tiresome, uninteresting,
Lackluster, tedious, wearisome, unvaried, colorless, pedestrian,
Deadly, droning, ordinary, bland, nondescript.
Despite all your vain pretenses,
You know it true.

* * * *

You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.
Right here, right now, this very, one-and-only, unborn-undying, timeless, ineffable instant.
Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation,
Are the means to explore and realize for your Self,
The mystery You are.

* * * *

Every moment, the garden, and of all its life forms,
Eat and drink and devour and munch and chomp and guzzle itself in ways beyond counting.
It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum mystery from the get-go.

* * * *

Nobody goes through life without having an impact on others in this dreamtime theater.
Some cast more ripples than others, but every part and particle,
Is required for the dream to play out,
In this quantum matrix of space and time.

* * * *

You were born the tabula rasa of awareness,
Until the cosmos drew you into its web of consciousness.
To discern and reclaim its immaculate, indivisible, ever-present nature,
Requires diligently watering and nourishing the seed of doubt with truth everlasting.

* * * *

All the knowledge the illusionary manifest world has to offer,
Is nothing more than trivial pursuit in eternity's yawning abyss.

* * * *

It is not your consciousness, nor my consciousness, nor anyone else's consciousness.
It is simply consciousness, playing out in every mind, in every way imaginable.
All the gibberish, all the babble, all the drivel in the world, means nothing.
Be still, and know You are, have ever been, will ever be, That I Am.

* * * *

That world, that universe, that you, exist only in imagination.
You are naught but the awareness of the unborn-undying moment;
Regardless the ever-kaleidoscoping illusion the sensory-mind weaves.

* * * *

How arrogant any who consider themselves masters.
Every mind is the spawn of imagination,
Begun anew every moment.

* * * *

The challenge is to give the moment your fullest attention,
In whatever way the sensory mind is riveted,
For it is quickly come and gone,
In its ineffable, indelible, indivisible way.

* * * *

It is all an illusion, it is all imagined,
There is no one to follow, there is no one to be.
You are as free as You allow the awareness You are to be.

* * * *

There is no scripture, no dogma, no authority, that can prove the mystery this or that.
Put them all down, let go all narrow thinking, let go all attachments, embrace eternity.

* * * *

The higher high, the greater buzz, the more meaningful moments, are illusory,
And are meaningless, delusionary projections, of a mind that does not really exist.

* * * *

Attention to the timeless moment is as spiritual as it gets.
There is no more, except in the endless maze of imagination.

* * * *

What cosmos does the mind gaze out upon,
But its own creation, its own perception.

* * * *

Truth, ever the right-here-right-now moment,
Kaleidoscoping from one to the next,
Differing only in the mirage in which it is cast,
Bound by no mind, in its sentience through space and time.
Very much akin, to very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

* * * *

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
As can every class of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do you count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

* * * *

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

* * * *

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

* * * *

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All playing in ether.

* * * *

This led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Led to this,
Ad infinitum.
The moment is like that.

* * * *

All the letters and numbers and notes and other tools of creation, cannot,
In the ever-present timelessness of eternity, more that fleetingly entertain.

* * * *

No matter how quickly you move, no matter how quickly you cogitate,
Momentary awareness will always beat you to the punch.
Even the fastest computers cannot outrace it.
Nor the speediest quantum.
A tie at best.
Else it would be time travel,
Which would be difficult, even if time existed.

* * * *

Stardust come to life, quantum come to life, awareness come to life, eternity come to life.
Molecular beings, chemical beings, carbon-based beings, genetic beings, biological beings.
An indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery, baffling on a scale beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

Enjoy the eternal moment, best you can.
The alternative is much less entertaining; torturous, actually.
Why not up the game, with the highest-grade endorphins, imagination can conjure?
There are so many drugs available, both natural and man-made, to use to explore the moment-to-moment.
And for those who want to fly solo without aids, there is the zafu and zabuton,
And more than a few solitary places to sit and walk.

* * * *

Looking closely at words,
How they are spelled, what they mean,
Can oftentimes seems more that a little inexplicable.
Language, what an indelible mystery consciousness hath wrought.
And every one, across the world, across time, an expression of its culture of origin.
Could there be anything more boggling about the human paradigm?

* * * *

To declare awareness infinite,
Is as wrong as it would be, to call it infinitesimal.
How can any measurement measure, how can any thought encapsulate,
That, which the bounds of time and space, cannot contain.

* * * *

Even if you were to spend an entire existence wandering about the world,
It would be as meaningful as any ant wandering about a kitchen sink.
Vanity might wish to think itself important to its imaginary deities,
But imagination can do nothing to waylay the reality of eternity.

* * * *

How else would any divinity create a universe,

But through awareness pervading the quantum sea.
Awareness, ever-present witness to every sentient dream.
Natural selection the means to play out the Darwinian theater.
And You, the spontaneity of the eternal, come unto mortal existence.
Where is it even possible for duality, to have any possibility, whatsoever?

* * * *

What would you have done with your existence, if you were rich beyond rich?
What would you have done with your existence, if you were poor beyond poor?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are all relative frames of imaginary reference.
Stars twinkle, suns shine, worlds spin, all the same one, each and every eternal moment.
No matter the seed cast by natural selection, the awareness fills all equally, all indifferently.

* * * *

How can you not see, the all-pervading sentience,
Within all existential forms, including You,
Is the deity you worship from afar?

* * * *

A mind that is watchful, but no longer curious,
No longer caught up in the ceaseless chitter-chatter of consciousness,
Is an ever-present, eternal mind; sentient but still, timelessly absolute, serenely aware, flawless.

* * * *

It all seems so large, until you grow into seeing it all You,
And large and small brandish an unimaginable relativity,
In the immeasurable awareness that permeates eternity.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.
Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

Extinction is the sure end to all who cannot, will not, adapt to the ever-changing.
There is no benevolence, no compassion, in the Darwinian paradigm,
This mystery garden, has ever since creation, ordained.
Even the rat wolves and meow tigers will have to figure it out.

* * * *

How can sentience be separate in any way, in any shape, in any form,
From whatever niche, whatever world, whatever dimension, it evolved?

* * * *

Could the forest Panda be any more bound to bamboo,
Than we are our greed and vanity for more?
Patterns are patterns are patterns.
None can be free of them,

But in surrender to awareness.

* * * *

Any who have somehow happened upon this edifice of blather, know well, the pathless path,
That all buddhas and krishnas and miscellaneous others, wander like ants over a pile of sugar.
A pile of sugar most other ants in the world never discern, and perhaps more happily carry on,
For unfolding a lifetime of conditioning, of taming, is a hearty helping of every-moment stew.

* * * *

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

* * * *

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

* * * *

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

* * * *

The one and only true church is the Church of Awareness,
And it cannot be contained by any arbitrary concoction of imagination.
By any edifice, any concept, any equation, any sound,
Any symbol, any artifice, whatsoever.

* * * *

The future is already past the moment it happens.
Awareness is, without time; awareness is, without space.
There is no past moment, there is no future moment.
A moment's pathlessness is all that is, all is not.

* * * *

When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?
The truth of it, is, you were born the moment of creation.
And if there is a supreme deity, you were born,
Whenever, however, it got rolling.
Assuming it ever did.

* * * *

You are not even the person, the identity, you imagine you were a moment ago.
The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock,
And then the rock keeps moving, too.
Maybe back into some other life form down the dream.

* * * *

Move to the back of the skull, into the brainstem,
Where the awareness began to be discerned,
Where awareness began its flowering.

* * * *

Seeking is such a long and winding and endless journey,
Because there is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.
There has never been any pot of gold loitering at the end of any rainbow.
Right here, right now, will be the same, any then, as it is, any now.

* * * *

Believers and atheists wage yap over whether or not there is a God,
As if all their quibbling over nothing more than speculation, really means something.
Agnostics do not pretend to know anything, and wander no-mindlessly, whatever garden is still around.

* * * *

Good things happen to bad people; bad things happen to bad people.
Good things happen to good people; bad things happen to good people.
The mystery does not differentiate, does not reward, does not care.
Despite what middlemen spout in all their glass cathedrals.

* * * *

Travel as fast as light might, darkness is always waiting it.
Think as fast as mind, as consciousness, might,
Awareness is always waiting for it.

* * * *

How can you travel time if it does not exist,
And its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

Walk as if the mind-body was already dead; happily reaped.
Walk as if you were already back in eternity's timeless bosom.

* * * *

How would it be even remotely possible, feasible, viable,
To create and destroy all that we have, in our 3.8 billion-year narrative,
Without all the permutations of Darwinian natural-selection, nature-nurture intrigue;
All the machinations, that brought us to this moment, in illusion's delusion;
And then somehow, miraculously shed it all, to survive ourselves.

* * * *

Being just the pure awareness You are,
Letting go the world, letting go the illusion, is a rare feat.
Far easier to conquer the world than the mind.

* * * *

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

* * * *

Nothing, for farther than you can see.
Nothing, for farther than you can hear.
Nothing, for farther than you can feel.
Nothing, for farther than you can taste.
Nothing, for farther than you can smell.
Nothing, for farther than you can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

* * * *

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

* * * *

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

* * * *

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.

Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.
Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.

Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.
Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.

Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

* * * *

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

* * * *

So many sustaining the illusion that they will not die,
Because they are truly different than everything else.
Some how, some way, they are going to cheat death.
Ergo, God.

* * * *

Other than playing the necessary politics of survival in the human paradigm,
What would it possibly matter what the dream of consciousness thinks of you?

* * * *

Regarding whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high,
You might not think there is, but do not know there is not.
Ergo, agnostic is the least tawdry label.

* * * *

Amazing that few switches in the genome, determine whether you are born male or female.
Gender-ize it as you choose, how remarkable is it, that we all begin life as women,
And with just a few clicks in the chromo-zone, set course, that of a man.
What a mystery you are, to have naturally-selected all this.

* * * *

You think you just came into sentience just because a few quanta amalgamated and naturally selected?
You think you just came into sentience just because two seeds joined and grew in your mother's womb?
You think you just came into sentience just because the Self you are, is in any way cleaved from totality?

* * * *

Why feel shy or embarrassed or hesitant or concerned or doubtful,
About awakening to a greater vision of the ineffable mystery you are?

* * * *

Desire is the insatiable hunger to which all in imagination, at least occasionally succumb.
Fear and dread are the anticipation of suffering, of pain or loss or undesirable change.
All are induced by the chemistry of the electromagnetic nature of consciousness.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are the eternal,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness,
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.
It is they who cling to one book, with all its dogmatic tribal traditions,
And ponder putting to torch or blade or many forms of torture,
Those who dare ponder, truth might be so much more.

* * * *

Understand the subtlety,
Between claiming you are god,
And simply being that which is eternal.
One can never be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos is always in perfect balance.
"Research" is always well behind the actual algorithm.
Whether or not, life can survive that balance is the question.

* * * *

A mindful mind is one of attentive, intentional, eternal awareness,
Witnessing its version of the world, its version of creation.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, the stillness, You are, have always been, will ever be.
In which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion dreamtime.
It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.
The other is the infection of imagination.

* * * *

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

* * * *

And from the humble beginnings of infancy, of childhood, of adolescence,
You wandered into the mundane world, and entered unto a void few discern.

* * * *

Imagination is always rushing, rushing, rushing, on and on.
Though it can never be anywhere but right here, right now.

* * * *

Abiding in the singular moment, abiding in the singular awareness,
Is a close to full-stop, as is possible, in this kaleidoscoping matrix.

* * * *

You are a chemistry set, come to life, a quantum organism,
Nature-nurture, naturally-selected, from an eternal bag of tricks.

* * * *

Still the mind, and the cacophony of sounds will be simultaneously, without discrimination, heard.
Add to it the other senses, and explore the sensory theater, the mind through every moment weaves.

* * * *

Heaven, bliss, ecstasy, rapture, nirvana, liberation,
Is right here, right now, if it is Your fate to discern it.

* * * *

Rest assured, the real You can never perish, for the real You were never born.
Only perceived by the naturally-selected evolution of imagination,
That can ever be more than witness to the essential nature,
To which it gives time, to which it gives space,
To which it gives meaning and purpose,

For an eternity which has nothing for anything imagined,
The mortal body is a but a chrysalis for eternity to blossom into nirvana.

* * * *

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.

All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?

Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

* * * *

Forget who you are sometimes.
Forget what you are sometimes.
Forget where you are sometimes.
Forget when you are sometimes.
Forget why you are sometimes.
Forget how you are sometimes.

* * * *

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
… dreaming … dreaming you are … dreaming …
… dreaming you are … dreaming … dreaming you are … dreaming …
… dreaming you are … dreaming … dreaming you are … dreaming … dreaming you are …
… dreaming … dreaming you are … dreaming … dreaming you are …
… dreaming … dreaming you are … dreaming …
… dreaming you are … dreaming …
… dreaming you are … dreaming
… dreaming … dreaming …
… dreaming …

* * * *

Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is weak or strong,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is early or late,

Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is tame or wild,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is free or restricted,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is something or nothing,

Is up to You.

* * * *

Is it truly worth engaging with those who cross your path,
Depends on your character, depends on the given moment.
There is no telling where the spin of a conversation can lead,
So one must always be willing to endure the consequences.

* * * *

You are a drop of the quantum ocean.
You are a particle of the quantum creation.
You are sovereign witness to all things eternal.
Solitary witness to all things unto the mystery of Self.

* * * *

Without memory, there would be no consciousness, there would be no imagination.
There would be no creation, there would be no preservation, there would be no destruction.

There would be only the eternal moment, as perceived by whatever senses are there to perceive it.
Space and time are entirely the creations of biological patterns morphing the reveries of quantum design.
The sensory theater has no ultimate reality, whatsoever, other than what humankind imagines it.

* * * *

Whether or not you have the doubt to discern it fully, you are the mystery.
You have always been the mystery; you will always be the mystery.
Love it, hate it, fear it, condemn it, dread it, ignore it, worship it,
It will always be the ever-present question, the ever-present moment,
To which there is no answer; only witnessing whatever dreams may come.

* * * *

Supreme being is not some celestial entity in any way separate from anything.
It is a state of awareness; a state of omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence.
A state in in which all are part and party to every moment the moment divines.

* * * *

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would you want it to be more?
Why would you believe it could be more?
Why would you make-believe it could be more?
Why would you hope it could be more?
Why would you pretend it could be more?
Why would you dream it could be more?
Why would you fathom it could be more?
Why would you aspire it could be more?
Why would you need it could be more?
Why would you crave it could be more?
Why would you covet it could be more?
Why would you fancy it could be more?
Why would you require it could be more?
Why would you wish it could be more?
Why would you suppose it could be more?
Why would you deem it could be more?
Why would you judge it could be more?
Why would you credit it could be more?
Why would you trust it could be more?
Why would you plan it could be more?
Why would you expect it could be more?
Why would you anticipate it could be more?
Why would you yearn it could be more?
Why would you long it could be more?
Why would you fantasize it could be more?
Why would you play it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you play-act it could be more?
Why would you feign it could be more?

Why would you divine it could be more?
Why would you measure it could be more?
Why would you sound it could be more?
Why would you gauge it could be more?
Why would you probe it could be more?
Why would you promise it could be more?
Why would you understand it could be more?
Why would you comprehend it could be more?
Why would you grasp it could be more?
Why would you demand it could be more?
Why would you insist it could be more?
Why would you claim it could be more?
Why would you petition it could be more?
Why would you mandate it could be more?
Why would you plea it could be more?
Why would you command it could be more?
Why would you order it could be more?
Why would you stipulate it could be more?
Why would you exact it could be more?
Why would you assert it could be more?
Why would you contend it could be more?
Why would you swear it could be more?
Why would you aver it could be more?
Why would you vow it could be more?
Why would you hold it could be more?
Why would you construct it could be more?
Why would you engineer it could be more?
Why would you manufacture it could be more?
Why would you formulate it could be more?
Why would you devise it could be more?
Why would you form it could be more?
Why would you assemble it could be more?
Why would you fake it could be more?
Why would you contrive it could be more?
Why would you concoct it could be more?
Why would you invent it could be more?
Why would you design it could be more?
Why would you develop it could be more?
Why would you care it could be more?
Why would you pray it could be more?
Why would you sift it could be more?
Why would you dredge it could be more?
Why would you seek it could be more?
Why would you build it could be more?
Why would you counterfeit it could be more?
Why would you fabricate it could be more?
Why would you style it could be more?

Why would you originate it could be more?
Why would you declare it could be more?
Why would you imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

* * * *

What is a seer, a sage, a mystic, but a mind given over to the mystery.
A mind capable of journeying any and every way, to which its patterning is disposed.
One able to embrace the oblivion from which all fates are born, the oblivion to which all fates return.
One able to walkabout existence, with the whisper of death a constant companion.
Be at peace, be serene, let the Fates take you where they will.

* * * *

Your dreamtime, your world, your cosmos, and everything in it, is imagined.
None of it, anything more, than an electromagnetic-spectrum-quantum matrix.

* * * *

From the slime of your father and mother's seeds joined, arbitrarily amalgamated in your mother's womb,
You have morphed from one moment to the next in a mind-body cast from life's long-ago origin.
Molded, shaped, by the environment of whatever time, whatever space, you were cast.
To believe you had any choice in it, to believe you have any choice in it,
Or to believe it was all the plan of some all-seeing deity,
Are all remarkable leaps of imagination.
It is a mystery, to which all answers are but speculation.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, through the eternal mind's eye,
Is locked on, to what it can see and hear and smell and taste and touch.
To all things tangible, in this indivisible matrix of quantum design.
It cannot long endure the stillness of awareness, the timelessness of now,
And fashions every distraction, to entice the mind into its willy-nilly usurpation.

* * * *

All that has ever happened since Creation,
From a particle of dust to the farthest reaches,
Is why you are right here, right now, imbibing this.
It is an indivisible matrix of quantum design.
With, or without, some divine designer,
It is ever the same mystery,
As are You.

* * * *

The world we as a species have fashioned –
Overpopulated, full of violence, poisoned in every way imaginable –
Is not the one for which the hunter-gatherer was designed, and many are suffering for it,
Because their nature-nurture, their frame of reference, does not have what it takes to acclimate.

The rules of the quantum matrix are ever the same, and the nightmare is only just getting underway.

* * * *

The future, imagined, is the past projected.
In truth, there is no such thing as space, there is no such thing as time.
No matter the illusion, both past and future are the dreamy fabrications of imagination born of mind.
Only the awareness, only the eternal now, only oblivion, is real.

* * * *

Does the lion ponder the ethics of gorging upon an antelope, or an antelope, a blade of grass?
Nature has no attachment to the ceaseless vagaries, the absurdities, of human consciousness.

* * * *

We all play it real,
Because we have no choice.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
"We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
'Relax,' said the night man, 'We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time you like,
But you can never leave.' "

* * * *

Who is not sitting in constant thumbs-up-thumbs-down judgment of the world about them?
Consciousness itself is judge, jury, executioner; awareness is, without any concern, whatsoever.

* * * *

Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) is the self-replicating material that is present
In nearly all living organisms as the main constituent of chromosomes.
It is the carrier of genetic information since life's origin on this dust ball,
And is not concerned whether it passes on consensually or non-consensually.
It has no ethical binds born of consciousness; all that matters is that it passes on.
It is the closest thing to immortality this garden has ever, and perhaps will ever create.

* * * *

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fly?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a parachute?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being you?

* * * *

Your destiny has always been whatever is unfolding in your sensory mind-body.

There is absolutely nothing to change, there is absolutely nothing that can be changed.
You are the awareness, the totality, the mystery, witnessing the dream into which it was cast.

* * * *

Scrape away everything that is imaginary, everything that is illusory, everything that is delusionary –
Your knowledge, your things, your memories, everything whirling about your consciousness –
And what is left, but the ineffable, timeless, ungraspable awareness that You truly are.

* * * *

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom you may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

* * * *

Who can help be what they are,
In the part they have been allotted by the genetic lottery,
In the part they have been dealt by the nature-nurture choicelessnesses of all creation?
All are the same awareness, playing out the manifest dream,
Of the quantum sands of time.

* * * *

We and all the myriad creatures who have ever inhabited this garden world,
Are little more than scrabbling microbes on a spinning dust ball,
In a dust storm, in the ethereal abyss of awareness.
Only vanity believes itself, fashions itself, large and important.

* * * *

If you want to meet the demon, peer into your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
If you want to be the demon, carry out your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.
True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

You do not ask to be free; you take the reins, and assume it so.
Even in the darkest, most torturous moments, you can be sovereign.

* * * *

If it involves time, if it involves space,
If it embraces any movement of consciousness,
Imagination, and all its illusions and delusions, are at play,
And may be duly ignored by those given over to the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,

Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

* * * *

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.

Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

* * * *

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If you were born in the mountains, that was all you knew.
If you were born on an island, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a valley, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a plain, that was all you knew.
If you were born by the sea, that was all you knew.
If you were born on a mesa, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a forest, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a desert, that was all you knew.
If you were born in a wetland, that was all you knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

* * * *

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.

The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.
The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
The permanent, eternally permanent.
The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
The infinite, eternally infinite.
The endless, eternally endless.
The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.

The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.
The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.
The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

* * * *

What a curious thing, the quest for immortality.
Someday, long after this dust ball garden has been consumed by the sun,
And the galaxy has fallen into a black hole, and that hole is eventually victim to the dissipating universe,
The immortals, imprisoned by their attachment to decrepit, likely pain-ridden bodies,
Are going to be very much alone, floating about in the eternal abyss,
Hoping yet another universe will somehow kickstart,
And a habitable world, magically appear.
It may take a few billion or trillion years or so,
And a great deal of torturous agony for those determined not to die,
But the solitary wait for a new dreamtime will be worth it, if there are handicap ramps aplenty.

* * * *

One hundred and fifty years ago, before electricity, before oil,
This garden orb was a dark little dust ball, spinning away in the void.
Now it is a dust ball, with a bit more glimmer, still spinning away in the void.
And the void does not give a hoot about it, nor any of the organisms wandering its face.

* * * *

A gazillion yesterdays all transpired in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
The gazillion yesterdays and tomorrows, are the same awareness, are the same eternal now.

* * * *

It is less than about being chosen,
Than it is being handed a nature-nurture script,
And extemporaneously playing the seed as the moment unfolds.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back; there is really no choice in any of it.

* * * *

See if you can approach the given moment,
Without all the craving, without all the fear, without all the dread,
Without all the whatever, imagination ever concocts.

* * * *

Imagination is both angel and demon in this ‘anything goes’ sensory playhouse.
We are all scrunched together, believing our parts in this quantum theater, real and true,
And all of it nothing more than sensory-inspired separation born of imagination.

* * * *

Outer babble and inner babble,
Combine to keep You believing it all real and true.
You must die to time and space to see the eternal You, You ever are.

* * * *

The moment is the time machine, the flying carpet,
From which you gaze out into the mystery you are.

* * * *

Every mind has a frame of reference to which it clings.
Science may be more rational and exacting and articulate,
But it is no less a belief system than any other belief system.
Is it even possible to discern and function in absolute relativity?

* * * *

It is You, and You alone,
Who every moment, chooses freedom or imprisonment.
Attention the key; inattention the jailer.

* * * *

Always rushing, rushing, rushing, into the future,
As if imagination can get you there any faster than the timeless moment allows.
Be still, Master Quantum.

* * * *

Imagination is only as powerful as your inattention to the given moment.
It is entirely reliant upon its capacity, its ability, to entice You into its dreamtime web.
Entirely at the mercy of your being mesmerized-hypnotized-brainwashed into playing its vanity game.
Without your unwitting participation, without your instinctive collusion,
It dissipates into the nothingness You are.

* * * *

What is the purpose of any culture, but to mold the young into its version of the world,
With all its history, its politics, its laws, its economics, its traditions, its religions, its languages.
All its tribal hierarchies, customs, rituals, behaviors, practices, lifestyles, conventions, costumes, patterns,
Beliefs, ethics, routines, schemes, addictions, activities, cuisines, athletics, holidays, celebrations.
And, of course, all the horrors and absurdities imaginable, in this our human paradigm.
How anyone manages to doubt, to question, to awaken, to shake off,
The conditioning, the habituation, the indoctrination,
Is indeed a wonder, if not a miracle.
What a hold imagination has upon our kind.

* * * *

All you can be sure of, is that you are part of the totality.
You are the mystery; what else is there, needs knowing?

* * * *

All the effort to become something more than you are, is nothing more than imagination,
Keeping you from being what you are, keeping you from being what you are not,
Which is nothing more than the timeless, eternal filament of awareness.
You are not a body, from which nowness gazes out into illusion.
You are the mystery, through which quantum waltzes every whichaway.

* * * *

Any given moment is simultaneous creation-preservation-destruction.
And by the time the mind discerns it, nothing more than dreamtime.

* * * *

To be, in consciousness, the eternal awareness permeating all things living;
To be, the ageless, elemental, unborn-undying moment,
Is the goalless goal of the seer.

* * * *

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.

Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

* * * *

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.

You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.
You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.

You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.
You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

* * * *

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one’s head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

* * * *

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,

A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous realm, explodes into being.
Le Théâtre Absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, sole thespian,
The showstopper is realizing that you are none of the forms in which you ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which you peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

* * * *

How much fear, how much dread, how much passion, is inspired by oxygen-deprivation,
Caused by holding the breath during the tension of manipulating the moment to your advantage.

* * * *

All the wisdom ever gleaned, can overcome all the absurdity,
Existence every moment spins across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

The clinging mind is temporal, inflexible, resistant, closed; the breathing stilted.
The eternal mind is timeless, fluid, accepting, open; the breathing effortless.

* * * *

Life is about experiencing whatever satisfies the given nature-nurture moment.
Keeping it simple, keeping it frugal, keeping it passionless, is the moderate way.

* * * *

Why should you fear, why should you dread, any given moment?
A reasonable amount of stoicism in the face of it all,
Metes out the justice absurdity deserves.

* * * *

How even and steady the breath must have been when you were tabula rasa.
Before the passions took root and you began your centerstage role in the grand theater.
And what are you now, but double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
Questing that breath, now suffocating in the muddle of conflicting impulses that life has heaped upon you.
And right-here-right-now, it is done, it is over, it is past, just like everything else ever is.
And the next moment already right-here-right-now, done-over-past, too.
The senses stream through the timeless quantum illusion,
And you, totally alone, witness to it all.

* * * *

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,

You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

* * * *

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

* * * *

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?
How much more loss?

How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

* * * *

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are you in all this streaming?

* * * *

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

Religions across the world are no longer required.
Science has discerned the truth of this mystery, we all together are.
To allow history, to allow tradition, to ensnare us any further is entirely unnecessary.
There is no need for any belief, any religion; only detached observation of what is within and without all.
We are, of course, incapable of doing this as a species, but rest assured, it is an option,
Were not arrogance and greed, were not narcissism and hedonism,
So entrenched in the genomic source code.
So it goes.

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, full of notion, is not the eternal mind.
All the memories, all the histories, all the dreams, all the creations, all the affluence, all the possessions,

All the pleasures, all the pains, all the successes, all the failures, all the skills, all the arts,
All the friendships, all the loves, all the strangers, all the adversaries,
All the likes, all the joys, all the resentments, all the hates,
All the accolades, all the hopes, all the fears, all the cravings,
Are but illusion, the kaleidoscoping dream, streaming before you.
To be free, one must let go all things imagined, all things born of time.

* * * *

What is it about this timeless moment that you refuse to perceive?
What is it that you want it to be, that it will never be, that it can never be,
No matter how you imagine it so, no matter how you desire it so.
You cannot even penetrate how to appreciate this eternal life,
And here you are, yearning-pleading-negotiating another,
Or many, depending on the geographical assumption.

* * * *

It is the quantum matrix you quest.
The nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And in its discernment, called enlightenment by many,
The illusion become clear, and liberation the every-moment quest.

* * * *

You already have eternal life; you already are eternal life.
It is this very singular, very immediate, ever-present moment.
The trick is to discern it, and to surrender all that hinders living it.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is not the earthly variety.

* * * *

This blob of crunch-chewy-gooey from which you peer is but a quantum-matrix fabrication,
In which imagination is but a trickster deceiving you into believing the dreamtime all real.

* * * *

What will you do when all your gods have failed you,
When all your traditions have lost all meaning,
When all your histories prove to be lies,
When the planet of the apes has lost its way.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion.
Prior to the veil, beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

Why should some deity bequeath you a place in heaven at its feet,
When you were but a moment, but a state of mind away,
Throughout your entire temporal existence?

* * * *

The quantum matrix, the universe, the world, the dream, the mirage, the illusion,
Will be only too happy that your sensory mind-body joins in, and imagines it all real.

* * * *

The body is a temporal vehicle, guided by a temporal mind,
With eternal potential for those destined to discern,
That which cannot be more than intuited.

* * * *

Awaken to all possibilities; awaken to universes beyond counting, awaken to infinity's rainbow,
And somehow, abide the kaleidoscoping illusion of the given mind-body's dreamtime,
Dancing the dance, singing the song of mystery, between heaven and earth.

* * * *

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for you to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

* * * *

Rest assured, rape and molestation are genetically viable ends and means,
In all the bumping and grinding it took, voluntary or involuntary,
For You to be sitting right-there-right-now reading this.
Ethics is a relatively recent appendage in the human timeline,
Ever enforced by the reigning oligarchy, who decide who gets what.

* * * *

That moment you just observed,
Came and went before you even knew it.
The past is kaleidoscoping before your sensory mind.

* * * *

All that is going on in this world of over eight billion people,
Meandering across its face, this way and that; upon high, no different than ants.
And seven billion of that in just over two hundred years: agriculture, medicine, oil, electricity, bam!
It is not some conspiracy; it is the reality, the inevitable outcome, of all the natural selection,
That it has taken for the human paradigm to achieve the point of dysfunctionality,
Of absurdity, of madness, of malice, beyond all pales of genetic rationality.
All that imagination, partnered with all-but-infinite vanity and insatiable avarice,
Has brought into being, into light, since its long-ago mutation in human consciousness.

* * * *

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.

You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

Where would, could, we be, without stardust, without gravity,
And the light in which its creation is every moment bathed?

* * * *

The world, the universe, that you believe you know, is nothing more than a figment of imagination,
And imagination, nothing more than an illusory timebound evolution of the quantum mind-body.
All just stardust of a forever-mysterious, ineffable origin, come to make-believe all things real.
Play your stage as you will: passionate-indifferent, attached-detached, happy-sad, it matters not.

* * * *

The entire world, the entire universe, the entire unfathomable kaleidoscoping quantum fabrication,
Has been subject to the same natural selection, the same survival of the fittest,
Set in motion, in the whatever long ago means.
And here you are, playing out the fate you have been dealt.

* * * *

You are but the mystery of awareness, swathed in a crunchy-chewy-gooey, biologically-ordained stew,
Pretending your imaginary character real, and yet, all that full-of-sound-and-fury, ever signifying nothing.

* * * *

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, you must die to the little self.

* * * *

Enlightenment is very much the easy part; awakening is something that just happens.
Liberation completely depends how well you manage to work things out,
Out of interest, out of importance, out of concern, out of mind,
In the given moment kaleidoscoping before you.
In a nutshell, to see the eternal, you must be the eternal.

* * * *

It is only through indefinable surrender of little self to Big Self,
That indefinably expresses the moment, the awareness,
Through which it indefinably appears to move,
In the indefinable way humankind has imagined into reality.

* * * *

Do you really think the quantum matrix,
Or the eternity in which it indivisibly dances,
Are at all concerned, at all attached, to any pattern?
How vain to believe anything is forever.

* * * *

Did some deity create the quantum matrix, or is the quantum matrix the faceless mystery unto its Self?
Obviously, they are one in the same; otherwise, why would you not be viewing your own face?
Where is the maestro without the orchestra; where is orchestra without the maestro?
All dualistic notions are imaginary fictions, and should be ignored for their absurdity.

* * * *

As absurd as it has been since the beginning, creating endless forms of idolatry, is what we do.
To see that totality is an infinite force, requires an aloof rationality, in which vanity cannot root.

* * * *

One of the first things any true seeker must do is trash all notions of a deity or deities.
There is only the faceless awareness, from which all worlds, all universes, are witnessed.

* * * *

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

* * * *

Om is the quantum vibration, the quantum hum, the quantum drone.
The source of all materialization, of all dreamtimes, of all creations.

* * * *

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

* * * *

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.

It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.
It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.

It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is the théâtre absurde.

* * * *

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
Awareness is.
Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
Eternity is.
Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

There is nobody to follow; you must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, you are your own student.
Learn whatever suits you, do whatever draws you.
Live your life as freely as the given time allows.

* * * *

What is this garden planet, what is this pale blue dot,
But a tiny speck of dust, spinning away in the void.
All that vanity and greed, absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do you care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But you need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony you can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

Nothing can be more, nothing can be less, nothing can be, but what it is.
What more is there to say, what more is there to do, what more is there to be?

* * * *

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

* * * *

Perhaps this matrix all began because You got a craving, a hankering, an itch,
To do something more than just be timeless nothingness.

So here you right-here-right-now are,
Imprisoned by a creation, far from conclusion.

* * * *

Being in the moment, being the moment, being the pure unadulterated awareness,
Prior to the movement of consciousness, prior to the movement of imagination,
Is a discipline not easily forged, and only by the rare few drawn to the quest.

* * * *

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

* * * *

This blob, this wall of flesh, this sheen of light,
Is outside and inside the one and only You,
Each and every kaleidoscoping moment.
Duality is the lie born of imagination.

* * * *

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

* * * *

Almost like you never did it.
Almost like you never saw it.
Almost like you never heard it.
Almost like you never tasted it.
Almost like you never smelled it.
Almost like you never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, you are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

All the human beings you have known as friends and family;
As lovers, acquaintances, coworkers, strangers, adversaries, enemies,
Have all, each and every one, wrought the frame of reference, of the witness,
The mind, the awareness, the Self, that has chanced upon this aphorism.

* * * *

Each and every moment, each and every perception of your existence,
Is a translation, a rendition, an epiphany, a revelation, an insight,
That is continually incorporated into your frame of reference.
The pattern you are, the part you play, was scripted from the get-go.

* * * *

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

* * * *

The mind bent by the trivia of time, clings, contained, compelled.
The mind given over to awareness, streams, unbridled, boundless.

* * * *

Where is the mind that is but a still, serene pool of awareness?
Where is the mind, content merely to be the given moment?
Time is an illusion, space is an illusion, mind is an illusion.

* * * *

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

2024

The only difference between any moment,
Is the continuous movement of sentience, of consciousness, of imagination,
Interpreting the perpetual input of the allotted senses,
As they weave their universes.

* * * *

To believe You can ever know your unknowable is delusional.
All You can do is be the awareness that You every moment are.

* * * *

Awareness is ever-present, ever now.
It is up to consciousness to throw in the towel,
If it seeks to get anywhere in the vicinity of keeping up,
With the eternity in every breath, in every step, in every moment.

* * * *

Imagination, despite all its efforts, races the moment, to no avail.
The awareness, is always to and beyond any brass ring, in every race.

* * * *

This eternally timeless moment seems real, but in the next, is forever gone.
And the next, and the next, and every other next, forever on and on.
And then, with the final wheezing breath. they are all done and gone forever.
And the placidly philosophical Tralfamadorians, all nod in unison, the ‘So it goes’ nod.

* * * *

It is attachment to the mind-body and its quantum sensory theater,
That holds You back from being the timeless eternal moment You are.
Simply detach from the dreamtime, and You will be the only You there is.

* * * *

How can the intangible moment, the intangible awareness,

Be anything but unutterably priceless to the measuring mind?

* * * *

Mother Nature bats first, she bats last, she bats every moment between.
For the human species, to believe it can, with impunity, forever stretch and break her rules,
Is absolute madness beyond all pales, absurdity ad infinitum on steroids.
The unfolding dystopian catastrophe has barely begun.
How lucky you are, if you are old.

* * * *

That subtle belief in the human mind, that it is more, that it will be more,
Is the false flag of consciousness, enticing You back,
Into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

Conscious breathing is the about the only way to keep up with the awareness,
And even then, it is a horse race, in which consciousness,
Is always going to come up short.

* * * *

Face it, bro, we are in an extremely bizarre dream, and death appears the only escape, maybe.
It may seem very touchy-feely real, but that is because the quantum programming is friggin' amazing.
Whether it was natural selection or some supreme deity's design, is not worth quarreling about.
If there is more to it, that is way above any pay grade, anyone here is deigned to know.

* * * *

Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

Scientific Method … noun … a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

1) Define the question
2) Gather information and resources (observe)
3) Form hypothesis
4) Perform experiment and collect data
5) Analyze data
6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
7) Publish results
8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

* * * *

What is this thing we call death, but the end of another beginning.
Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timeless.

* * * *

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

* * * *

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.
Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.

Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Clean or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.
Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Dry or wet, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.

Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like you?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.

All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.

The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.
The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

* * * *

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

* * * *

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.

She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

* * * *

Call it eternity.
Call it god.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

* * * *

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?

What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not you.
You are not the doer, you are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever you go, be happy.

* * * *

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

* * * *

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.

It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

* * * *

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

* * * *

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

* * * *

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

* * * *

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But you, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

Soundbites

2023

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.

* * * *

True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.

* * * *

Dial into the eternal moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

How can infinity be measured; science is bound by its limitations.

* * * *

It has all been patterned by natural selection since the first moment of genesis.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness, both least and greatest common denominator.

* * * *

What need for religion? You have the moment, and nature is its expression.

* * * *

How can anyone know that which is oblivion, when nothing must be present to witness it?

* * * *

You cannot capture the awareness; you can only be it.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, ever serene; consciousness starts, sticks, stops, and confabulates without end.

* * * *

Natural, spontaneous, unforced, organic process, is the sure sign of a timeless existence.

* * * *

Awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Nothing is any moment the same.

* * * *

That which is ever-changing is not eternal; that which is eternal is not ever-changing.

* * * *

You are the mystery you cannot solve; only be.

* * * *

At the heart of awareness, all naming means diddly-squat; what is, is, no matter the sound it is granted.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.

* * * *

Every moment flickers the same.

* * * *

The mystery you seek is within and without; pure, simple, free, perfect, absolute, supreme.

* * * *

Whatever the source of the mystery, You are also; how could You not be?

* * * *

In every moment, a new opportunity to discern, the mystery streaming indivisibly within.

* * * *

The universe is but the gnashing of a morsel of dust, in the reality of the mystery that You are, as well.

* * * *

To believe awareness, is attached to any concept or form, is but vain arrogance born of human limitation.

* * * *

Nothing is ever easy.

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?

* * * *

Nothing is free; breathe content.

* * * *

The return to nothingness is the dissolution of all things imagined, of all things born of consciousness.

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater, is the way of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Surrendering to awareness, to eternity, is a timeless moment.

* * * *

Ecstasy is right here, right now, for those whose fate it is to mine it.

* * * *

Nothing rules.

* * * *

How is it you know so much, but still do not know nothing?

* * * *

Doubt everything but the awareness that is your Self.

* * * *

There are many boundaries to explore, and they are all but ephemeral walls of imagination.

* * * *

Pretty hard to get the world out, once it gets its quantum nose into the tent of imagination.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of space-time born of imagination.

* * * *

There is only pure awareness, it suffers not; be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

You need not always give into the whims of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not doing that; the quantum matrix is doing that, thinking that.

* * * *

Destiny is a long-and-winding wander of sentience towards its given sunset.

* * * *

The abyss is the ultimate freedom; give over to it as often as you dare.

* * * *

Oblivion calls.

* * * *

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do; oblivion is the nonexistent destiny of all.

* * * *

Try as it might, imagination has never gotten its hooks into the moment.

* * * *

You are witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

Within the ocean, an infinity of droplets; within every mind, the infinity of the ocean.

* * * *

There is only awareness; it suffers not.

* * * *

Consciousness has great difficulty allowing the stillness of nothingness to reign.

* * * *

If you are the body: agony and ecstasy and every variety of vanity; if you are awareness: meh.

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness; no need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

The expanses of imagination, are but the ephemeral filament, of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

Nothing is free.

* * * *

Space and time do not really exist as more than imaginary concepts spun of quantum dust.

* * * *

Attention to breath is the portal to eternity.

* * * *

Whatever stage you tread, You are always right-here-right-now You.

* * * *

There is absolutely no need to define or measure or compare your Self.

* * * *

Nothingness is not a two-sided coin.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional, ephemeral dream of matter, with which You identify for a brief sense of time.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array; an indelible mystery, no matter how it is framed.

* * * *

Resistance to the reality within and without, is but an every-moment exercise in futility.

* * * *

Challenging to get a handle, on a mystery beyond measure; too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

Is not waking up every day, mystery enough, without adding a heap of gratuitous folderol?

* * * *

Who is the experiencer, when the passing moment, is over as quickly as it began.

* * * *

Eternity is a walkabout.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

True religion is expressed each and every moment; in deeds are you known, assertions mean nothing.

* * * *

What clouds can ever touch the sky of eternity?

* * * *

It is not you that is reborn; it is the unborn-undying awareness, and it, only for a moment.

* * * *

Even the most bitter and poisonous and vile flowers, are the essence of the same mystery.

* * * *

Death is the oblivion of reality; we are all dead men walking, the how and when, not if.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be one in the same?

* * * *

What is heaven but hope, and hell, dread; the nectar of awareness is prior to both.

* * * *

Bad breathing makes for an unhinged mind, wherein the eternal now, is whisked into time.

* * * *

The only thing sure, the only thing secure, is the awareness of the ephemeral now.

* * * *

Where does awareness begin, and where can it possibly end?

* * * *

The you that you every moment believe you are, is nothing more than a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

And behind every face eternity ever cast, You.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe full; that is the born again-ness of every eternal moment.

* * * *

Consciousness is quicksand; awareness, bedrock.

* * * *

The notion of history is sculpted in countless ways, through the never-ceasing, indivisibly eternal now.

* * * *

What pathless is there to heaven, but through the eternal within.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

If you want world peace, still that busy mind, and in awareness, take in a few deep breaths.

* * * *

What else do you possibly need, once simple awareness, is nectar enough?

* * * *

The immeasurable moment is without division; has there ever been more than one?

* * * *

Gravity cloaks the reality that you are drifting in the abyss.

* * * *

Eternity is a long timeless.

* * * *

The timeless mind engaged in time.

* * * *

This is eternity's moment.

* * * *

Every human being chattering to themselves; the parasite of consciousness in every mind,

* * * *

The sun of another moment will rest on your face one tomorrow or another.

* * * *

Breathe into the awareness; breathe out from the awareness.

* * * *

The nothingness of the eternal, cannot be taught, only learned; and in the learning, process is all.

* * * *

Hard to savor a moment already long gone.

* * * *

If you cannot fit it all into a simple, timeless breath, then it probably does not matter much, anyway.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

* * * *

A universal mind, a quantum mind; how could it be anything less?

* * * *

Suspend knowing, forget everything; be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

So nothing as to be everything; so everything as to be nothing.

* * * *

Before genesis, you are; after genesis, you are; in genesis, you are.

* * * *

Here You are, right here, right now; nothing else matters.

* * * *

What is your world, your universe, your existence, but a momentary perception.

* * * *

Staring into the abyss.

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy are in the realm of imagination; awareness has no time for them.

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home; how much closer to God could you possibly be?

* * * *

Do not confuse what you think or what you do, with the prior-to-consciousness awareness you are.

* * * *

I create you, and you create me, and we each, in our own dreams, dance the same mystery.

* * * *

No, this form is not yours to keep for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Awareness is the door to eternal life.

* * * *

What can awareness possibly hold onto?

* * * *

There is no other place to go, nor mind to be in, nor witness to be; You are right here, right now.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortality You are.

* * * *

You are nothing more than your own worst imaginary habit.

* * * *

This is your song of god.

* * * *

Forget everything; remember nothing.

* * * *

Every moment is just as new, for any so-called master, as it is for you.

* * * *

Nothing is ever the same; loss is an every-moment fact.

* * * *

Would there even be a moment, were there not sentience to witness it?

* * * *

Every moment the same.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

What is knowledge but busy-busy distraction, from the what is of the unfolding moment.

* * * *

What breath can ever hold any moment for long.

* * * *

Sentience is indifferent to your imaginary existence.

* * * *

Even thousands of karmic rebirths beyond counting, all happen right here, right now.

* * * *

The abyss yawns.

* * * *

It was knowledge that blinded the vision of Eden; it is awareness that renders it apparent again.

* * * *

Nothing is sacred; nothing is not sacred.

* * * *

Consciousness is a means, to playing out the dream of time; You are the awareness, not consciousness.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness are you, You.

* * * *

The moment is all.

* * * *

You are the same awareness, you are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Here I am, there you are, both Self, wandering the same matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, in which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion you dream.

* * * *

Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.

* * * *

The time-bound will always be but second place to awareness.

* * * *

Awareness proves nothing.

* * * *

The abyss of oblivion yawns forever eternal.

* * * *

You are all alone in the moment You eternally dwell.

* * * *

The ever-present-nothing-special of awareness, is, without limits.

* * * *

The moment is not a yoke in which you must daily toil.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation, are the means to explore and realize for your Self, the mystery You are.

* * * *

You are nothing more than an imagined character; locked in by nature-nurture.

* * * *

How are we not every moment lost in wonder?

* * * *

We are all empty vessels, filled with the churning nothingness of imagination.

* * * *

You are the totality, you are the mystery, by whatever sound you want to give it.

* * * *

Your quantum nature is indivisibly timeless; are you mad for seeing it, or mad for not?

* * * *

A faith so infinite, as to be unnecessary.

* * * *

Why would, how could, awareness, judge clouds crisscrossing its sky?

* * * *

Imagination gets the brass ring for another moment; awareness does not count.

* * * *

Freedom is in the clarity of awareness; not the quantum theater of sensation.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything; even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Being nothing in an everything world, is the challenge for any lost to doubt.

* * * *

The moment is the moment; whether or not you are there to witness it.

* * * *

Are there an infinity of moments, or just one? Count them if you can.

* * * *

How is it the mystery is not magical enough for so many?

* * * *

What name can stick to the no-name mystery?

* * * *

Every seer explores the mystery to whatever degreeless degree it calls.

* * * *

Every moment a push and pull between the eternal You and the imaginary you.

* * * *

To be inwardly silent, completely still – free of desire, free of fear, free of dread – is to be the eternal.

* * * *

Embrace the pain, dive into the wave, be the moment.

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless formlessness of awareness.

* * * *

Misters and mrs's and miss's and ms's and mx's, You are all the same mystery.

* * * *

Every moment is the same; consciousness being what it is, not all are equally endured.

* * * *

The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater You are conditioned to discern.

* * * *

If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

If you had never been told there was a God, would you have created one?

* * * *

Goals anointed, goals achieved, are but a moment in the process.

* * * *

Every moment, an offering to the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

Awareness is the grand voyeur of all eternity.

* * * *

Oscars to everyone and everything; astounding how perfectly all have played their quantum role.

* * * *

And how do you decipher that dollop of awareness but by simply being.

* * * *

The moment is That I Am; be the moment.

* * * *

Awareness stills through you as you move through it.

* * * *

The floodgate of eternity is accessed in the moment.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

How can awareness ever not be immaculate, ever not be tabula rasa, ever not be the uncarved block?

* * * *

Awareness is the first and last frontier.

* * * *

Another day in the quantum charade.

* * * *

Look how you have given your Self over to the delusion of the quantum illusion.

* * * *

Awareness is the common denominator.

* * * *

Only in pure consciousness, is there freedom from the known.

* * * *

The masks of this mystery are but the imagination of this mystery.

* * * *

Take it to the quantum level.

* * * *

Is it a quantum matrix, or an imaginary maze?

* * * *

Awareness, neither is, nor is not.

* * * *

Let nothing rule.

* * * *

Vanity is an ever-present limitation.

* * * *

All existence has an expiration date, as does everything manifest in the quantum matrix.

* * * *

A certain partiality to oblivion is required to delve into the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Alone on a mountain, alone in a crowd, solitary witness to an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Eternity is the nothing special wakefulness of awareness, of hereness, of nowness, of nothingness.

* * * *

You are not even the person you imagine you were a moment ago.

* * * *

The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock, and then the rock keeps moving, too.

* * * *

A void in the abyss.

* * * *

Imagination is a powerful god.

* * * *

Seek God in your Self.

* * * *

How can you travel time if it does not exist, and its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

You cannot find God outside your Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the fountain of youth.

* * * *

The taint of time and space kaleidoscope in every untouched moment.

* * * *

Quantum so organized, as to appear real to all born, into the matrix they are.

* * * *

Awareness is timeless, awareness is spaceless, awareness is, awareness is not.

* * * *

The pathless moment ends all who's, all what's, all when's, all where's, all why's, all how's.

* * * *

Breathe in, breathe out, grasshopper, the moment does not care.

* * * *

Nothing happens in a vacuum.

* * * *

If there is a deity, it is awareness, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

And what is all this experience, really, but a memory the moment it is dreamt?

* * * *

Awareness is incapable of knowing any difference.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the center of nothing?

* * * *

For the human paradigm to wake up to its mystery, would take way more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Consciousness requires awareness, far more than the reverse.

* * * *

Yes, you will forget this, too; oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

Plan as you might, creation is always about making it up as the moment unfolds.

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; everything new under an ever-new sun.

* * * *

Every who, every what, every where, every when, every why, every how; the cotton candy of nothing.

* * * *

Looking for some god outside your Self is the wrong direction.

* * * *

There is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.

* * * *

From womb to graveyard, You are solitary witness to a dream, You every moment perceive.

* * * *

It is often in unbidden moments, that the clarity of awareness, the clarity of You, makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

What is there to doubt in a moment?

* * * *

Where can there be a demarcation between any moment, but through imagination.

* * * *

Nothing happens all by its Self.

* * * *

Do you enter the abyss, or the abyss, unto you?

* * * *

Stop looking for this mystery to be anything other than what it is.

* * * *

As the view expands every moment, everything takes on a relatively relative stance.

* * * *

Though the world burn, though all creation perishes, You will ever abide.

* * * *

The rabbit hole abyss calls; can You hear it?

* * * *

To find yourself in a democratic geography, is a rare moment in a world of autocracy.

* * * *

Belief blinds one to the truth of the moment, to the truth of awareness, to the truth of eternity.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is bound only by its physics.

* * * *

To yearn to always exist, because You do, eternally so, but never in the way you think.

* * * *

Creation and creator are one in the same; it is you, and you are it, eternity, with a dash of illusion.

* * * *

The awareness is your fountain of youth; it is your immortality, heaven on earth.

* * * *

Rest assured, something will always happen in the quantum churn, with or without your witnessing it.

* * * *

Every moment has its choice.

* * * *

All creation is relative to those who witness it consciously.

* * * *

If you do not want, if you do not hunger, this moment, what will there be to fear or dread?

* * * *

What can you want from this moment, that is not already but a memory.

* * * *

Try not to let life make you too hard; an awakened existence appreciates at least the whiff of innocence.

* * * *

If you ain't no body, be nothing.

* * * *

This universe, and any others, are but motes in the abyss of eternal awareness.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

Nothing You need to do, no one You need to see, nothing You need to be.

* * * *

The mind bound to eternity is unassailable.

* * * *

Let go everything; be the pure awareness you are.

* * * *

Peer out as the detached awareness, not the imagined persona.

* * * *

The mind-body is a cloud in the sky of awareness.

* * * *

You must disengage your inner dialogue, your inner chatter, to be the awareness you are.

* * * *

Only in the great detachment of pure awareness can you be free.

* * * *

Look at a rock, and watch it change every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

Self-pity, what a waste of awareness, what a waste of the moment.

* * * *

Own the awareness You are.

* * * *

Take in the moment, and all its sensory readings, as you would a gourmet meal.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison with quantum bars.

* * * *

Quantum matrix, quantum illusion.

* * * *

Tabula rasa knows no bounds.

* * * *

The word is only sound given concept, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

* * * *

No matter how rationally it is reasoned, this mystery makes no sense, whatsoever.

* * * *

It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, is the quantum fusion of memory.

* * * *

Imagination is about the becoming mind; awareness, the being mind.

* * * *

Odds are, the more you have invested in space and time, the harder the slog to the moment.

* * * *

Savor the moment, savor the awareness, savor the eternal, You truly are.

* * * *

Every moment, the same awareness, the same eternity.

* * * *

Toy with Mother Nature, and she will toy back in her own good timeless.

* * * *

Doubt is the key to eternity.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are indivisible; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Another day in the space and time born of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Awareness must remain eternally diligent if it is determined to reign.

* * * *

You are part of eternity every moment.

* * * *

To embrace creation is to accept the inevitability of destruction.

* * * *

You are creator and creation.

* * * *

A slow amble will get you to eternity as fast as any dash.

* * * *

One does not aspire to eternity through time.

* * * *

Awakening was what the mind is designed to achieve.

* * * *

Mind is the timekeeper until the clock strikes eternity.

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, bow.

* * * *

Everything you have ever done, ever conceived, ever naturally selected, has unfurled this moment.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are co-creators in this mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

A mind lost in the web of trivial pursuit, is a mind missing out on eternity.

* * * *

We are all the same matrix of awareness; more real than any video game can ever be.

* * * *

Awareness is the matrix.

* * * *

This world, this cosmos, this mystery, was made for you.

* * * *

When you die, so does your world, your universe, and everything you imagine, including your god(s).

* * * *

Consciousness is in the present, but can never be fully present.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, exists every moment you imagine it.

* * * *

My mystery is your mystery is our mystery is the one and only mystery.

* * * *

It is a mystery no one can solve, a mystery no one can solve.

* * * *

Awareness is the beginning of all ends, the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

Awaken to the truth you truly are.

* * * *

Savor the moment; it will never happen again.

* * * *

Prior to creation, prior to destruction, you are.

* * * *

They are all false gods.

* * * *

Analog clocks spin, digital clocks display, calendar pages turn; eternity never starts, never stops.

* * * *

How will you waste your moment today?

* * * *

The difference between me and you, is a quantum thing.

* * * *

History is recorded, history is erased, eternity is everlasting.

* * * *

Eternity is awareness, eternity is the moment, as small as it is large.

* * * *

My mystery is much greater than your God, because my mystery includes you.

* * * *

Something to do with quantum mechanics.

* * * *

How many moments have been left unattended because of bad breathing?

* * * *

How long would a moment be, had it a handle to which time might latch?

* * * *

I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

* * * *

This is the first and only moment, for everything, and nothing.

* * * *

The filament of awareness, is the eternal me, my Self, and I; anything less is delusion.

* * * *

No matter how fast or slow it seems, it will always be right now.

* * * *

The ever-present more is an imaginary creature.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything, even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Holodeck, holoworld, holocosmos, holomystery.

* * * *

Let the knowing evaporate into nothingness.

* * * *

The awareness ever still; the quantum matrix ever kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

The effort is in the tussle between awareness and imagination, and the mind's attachment to the latter.

* * * *

Every moment, your frame of reference expands.

* * * *

It only seemed like serendipity in the moment you happened into it.

* * * *

If there is a god, then surely it includes You.

* * * *

A quiet mind is an eternal mind.

* * * *

Imagination is an ever-churning hydra; the awareness, the eternal moment, is, without name.

* * * *

Awareness is here and gone before you know it.

* * * *

In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Another unsolvable mystery, another unanswerable question, yawn.

* * * *

Where there is neither beginning nor ending, You are; as immeasurable as only the moment can be.

* * * *

You believe there is individuality in awareness? Show me.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is nothing more than an imaginary dream; poof-gone as soon as you are.

* * * *

All aboard for the ride to eternity, and perhaps bliss, if you have doubt enough.

* * * *

Another moment that never happened.

* * * *

Getting in touchless with the awareness is the key.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the matrix, the illusion, is in your head every moment you let it in.

* * * *

You are the highest power; assume nothing less.

* * * *

It is less about what you do, than the awareness with which you do it.

* * * *

Awakening to a larger view is not a choice.

* * * *

Be quantum, one moment at a time.

* * * *

What are You but the universal mind, dreaming the quantum illusion real.

* * * *

Imagination, imagination, it is all nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

How can all the yesterdays and todays and tomorrows not be the same indivisible moment?

* * * *

It is a weak and vain god that requires you to believe in it.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a flesh-wrapped blob.

* * * *

You are the mystery, nothing to get all vain about, everything else is, too.

* * * *

It is in the moment through which space and time are traveled.

* * * *

Discern that every moment is a simultaneous act of creation and destruction.

* * * *

It is your mystery, and you will consume it as the algorithm deigns.

* * * *

Pure consciousness is the pure, timeless awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

Another point of consciousness, lost in space.

* * * *

Get lost in eternity.

* * * *

Breathe in the nothingness, breathe out the nothingness.

* * * *

There are no wasted moments, because the moment does not exist to be wasted.

* * * *

To fear, to dread, to loathe, to hate, your creation, can make for a challenging existence.

* * * *

Ride the razor's edge however the moment dictates.

* * * *

Dissolve into the moment.

* * * *

Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.

* * * *

Stardust come to life; imbued with the mystery of awareness, in one and all.

* * * *

Practice obliviating; cultivate and harvest oblivion.

* * * *

To see the mystery, you must be the mystery.

* * * *

Are You your unborn-undying? Take a breath, be here now.

* * * *

Hold nothing in your mind, as you would a dove in your hand.

* * * *

Every moment, beginner, master, You are.

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

Each moment, another slice, another tidbit, of fate.

* * * *

Pay attention, or do not pay attention, it passes the same, ever the same moment.

* * * *

Only in the awareness of the moment, is eternity present.

* * * *

How is this play of consciousness any different than a supernova before it collapses upon itself?

* * * *

Eternity is tabula rasa; become eternity.

* * * *

Align the mind-body with eternity, or not, you choose.

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, is not the eternal mind.

* * * *

To expand one's frame of reference to its infinite potential is a rare calling.

* * * *

Pure awareness is pure mind.

* * * *

To give the mind-body completely over to the moment, is about as blissful as existence gets.

* * * *

The fluidity of the quantum matrix is not going anywhere.

* * * *

The universe is only as big as technology, and your mind, every moment, make it.

* * * *

Forget calling it God, call it the mystery it is.

* * * *

Be the awareness, be the moment, be the now, be the timeless, be the eternal; not the thought.

* * * *

Imagination builds airy everything, that dissolve in the light of momentary awareness.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.

* * * *

You have always been the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

This moment can be heaven, it can be purgatory, it can be hell, You decide.

* * * *

Are You, you, churning in the mundane, or are You, You, awareness, flowing in the moment.

* * * *

Consciousness requires a platform, awareness does not.

* * * *

Breathe in the moment, breathe out the moment.

* * * *

Awareness is the ground, and there is only one ground.

* * * *

Home is where all doubts have run their course, and the mind stills into its timeless beingness.

* * * *

Any given dreamtime requires some sort of platform for consciousness to play out its theater.

* * * *

Call it Mystery, not God.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, or at least as close as these quantum mind-bodies have access.

* * * *

You are the awareness of eternity streaming through a quantum dream.

* * * *

Moving mind or still mind, the moment kaleidoscopes the same.

* * * *

In a nutshell, to see the eternal, you must be the eternal.

* * * *

To be afraid of your own creation, and to want anything more of it, how sad.

* * * *

Why would you embrace a god that does not include you?

* * * *

Surely, the mystery, the totality, is, without vanity or avarice.

* * * *

To think without thinking is the eternal no-mind's way.

* * * *

Be as nothing in the given moment.

* * * *

Have no law but what the moment naturally commands.

* * * *

Go homeless, and breath in-out that birthright, pushing your cart down the quantum sidewalk.

* * * *

Be the quantum beingness you are.

* * * *

The moment is unscathed by time.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

The breath is every moment; are you with it, or caught up in some imaginary flurry?

2024

There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only awareness.

* * * *

Consciousness imagines a continuity that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

There can be but one truth, and no one owns it.

* * * *

Don’t worry, be happy, there is only this moment to care about.

* * * *

The momentary awareness is your sanctuary.

* * * *

There is nothing to work out.

* * * *

The world and all its mania, all its absurdity, loses all importance in the moment.

* * * *

Hard for consciousness to catch up with That which was never moving in the first place.

* * * *

There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timelessness.

* * * *

Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

The false flag of consciousness, ever entices You back, into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

The esoteric is much ado about nothing.

* * * *

The void awaits.

* * * *

There might have been a time, but that moment no longer exists; existence being what it is not.

* * * *

Very much alone, this awareness.

* * * *

What makes you think creation will ever end, or ever begin?

* * * *

Awareness is neither close nor far.

* * * *

The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of all trespass.

* * * *

Nothing is nothing no matter the something it seems.

* * * *

Yet another here-now-long-gone example of how little it all matters, how little it all means.

* * * *

You are the mystery personified.

* * * *

You are the moment; not the thought about it.

* * * *

What is imagined, can be unimagined; the moment has a way of forgetting everything.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but an ecstatic flash of eternity's oblivion.

* * * *

Men come and go, but eternity abides, awareness abides, You abide.

* * * *

Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever and ever, forever kind of indivisible way.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

Space and time have nothing to do with eternity.

* * * *

The moment has a way of forgetting everything.

* * * *

Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

* * * *

The world you see-hear-smell-taste-touch is all imagined in a quantum matrix dreamtime.

* * * *

Your destiny is right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs

2023

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should you.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when you discern your Self.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

Yet another weary moment flowers, through the endless projection of vanity.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well, so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair.

* * * *

I, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
I, Awareness.

* * * *

Looking to be a footnote in the history of mystery books.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.

The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

* * * *

If you believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If you believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as you are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

I thank the gods every day for being born in the Rome of current times.
And also to have been born a peasant, free of the weight of political and religious dogma.
With enough of an education, enough of a frame of reference, enough of a mind-body, enough of a spirit,
To rationally observe the human paradigm play out, through many lenses, its endless absurdities.

* * * *

Everything in this opus to the mystery is subject to editing,
Which generally means to a better rendering,
At least in the editor's eye.

* * * *

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be a large amphitheater where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many evil characters throughout history,

Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, I bow.

* * * *

I am not saying there is not a God, or that aliens are not all around us; it is just nothing I have seen.
That we exist is an unutterable mystery that makes anything possible, but until I witness it for myself,
Or see proof that scientific method can verify, why should I waste time speculating or pondering hearsay?
Long ago, I a few times wandered hills in the starlight offering myself up for abduction,
And here I remain, a true don't-know-don't-care, bona fide agnostic.
At least it is from-the-keyboard-pulpit honest.

* * * *

Oblivion is no worry to me.

* * * *

Oblivion is alright by me.

* * * *

I have many fathers, many brothers.
All the teachers, all the thespians, all the comedians.
All the men, of every character, in whose presence I have ever been;
They have all contributed to who imagination pretends to be,
In this absurd dreamtime born of sensory illusion.
In reality, I am but absolute awareness,
Austere, free, immaculate.

* * * *

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

* * * *

What happens after death? … Don't know … Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

I, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
I, Quantum.

* * * *

In another moment, these writings would have had time to percolate, to distill,
Into a recognized work, that might have been influential in the play of human affairs.
But now, now time is no longer a luxury, and good intentions fall upon deaf ears, blind eyes.
What author can ever know, how his life work will ripple through time, how his snowflake will roll.

* * * *

Have always been partial to oblivion.

* * * *

Awareness is my deity, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

Let the one-percenters and their minions have their moment in the sun.
Let them spend their daze, churning madly, to keep their worlds afloat.
They make my world, my dance, possible; and much, much freer for it.

* * * *

Toying with oblivion, before oblivion toys with me.

* * * *

Nothing like starting the day with a good ponder with a stranger.

* * * *

I was commissioned by eternity to scribe it, not sell it; take it or leave it, no matter to me.

* * * *

Alas for fame that I relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that I have more than enough.
Alas for power that I allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that I know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

Have written off the human species as anything I would ever do to my Self again.
Why I keep talking and writing and uploading all this babble-babble is the mystery.

* * * *

Remember, all these thoughts, are the timelessly time-bound You, pointing to the timeless You.

* * * *

Another day behind the curtain, jousting quantum fairy dust.

* * * *

They keep coming, and I keep scribbling them down.
What else have I got going besides movies and the gym?
As pointless a life as can be imagined in this pointless arena.
All for a time that will far more than likely never come,
In our arrogant little playhouse of consciousness.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

What could be more timeless than now?

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

Imagination allows me to point out all its dirty little secrets,
Because it knows a gnat can do it little bother, much less any real harm.
There is no reason for it to fear the truth, to dread we will wake up.
It owns the human paradigm, and there is absolutely nothing,

Anyone can do to stop the inevitable decline and fall.
The Tralfamadorians are nodding their heads,
As I wander down the ‘so it goes’ isle.

* * * *

The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

My religion, if it must be called that, is embracing all that is, all that is not – the mystery – of which I am.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

It is a sleeping world that allowed me to awaken, and leave this work for those who feel the call.

* * * *

Another day serving the mystery as best as vanity allows.

* * * *

This opus must find its own wheels; and whether it does or not, is nothing I can ever more than wonder.
No farmer can do more than abide the whimsies of Mother Nature to see the results of his labor.
No skin off my nose, what may or may not become, of all that has been set into digital.
My prize is having the good fortune to transcribe and edit it all, who know how many times.
The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

The task was to scribe this using current means;
To quietly disseminate it in Johnny Appleseed fashion.
For those who serendipitously find themselves in its possession,
To serendipitously pass it on to others, who might discern it for what it is,
And thereby perhaps pass it on and on and on and on as the moment ever morphs forth.
Hopefully, without the fingerprints of the revolutionary, the world could-never-will-never-shall-never,
More than vaguely imagine, as it has every other bygone willy-nilly visionary-slash-sage,
Leading-pushing-driving the human paradigm toward its certain extinction.
Quantum-absolutely no different than any microbial organism;
Our wandering meander through all things imaginary,
Through all things narcissistic-hedonistic,
Is but a twinkling in eternity,
The ineffable void,
Now.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,

At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But you need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony you can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

I know when that aphorism is done,
And it is with a little blip of satisfaction,
That I attentively move on to the next moment.

2024

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
"Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars."
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to you in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things you cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are you if you are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to you and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if you deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to you to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Return to Wonder

Under Construction

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.